THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXX JANUARY, 1910 No. 5

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Heart of Poe

A very beautifully printed and illustrated volume from the Messrs. Lippincott very nearly accomplishes something that was greatly to be desired. It is entitled *Selected Tales of Mystery* and it contains sixteen stories by Edgar Allan Poe. If the selection had been made with unerring judgment, this volume would be practically a complete collection of all of Poe's fiction that is worth preserving. Unfortunately, there have been left out two of his most remarkable stories. One is, *The Purloined Letter,* and the other is, *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt.* We do not think that we are expressing a purely personal opinion when we say that these two stories might well have taken the place of *Eleonora* and *The Spectacles. The Purloined Letter,* to all intents and purposes, is the first of a series of great detective stories, while the second gives a remarkable exhibition of Poe's own gifts as a practical detective. Therefore, in a certain sense, this handsome volume represents a *coup manqué;* but none the less, it is a very desirable book to own, and one that gives very nearly all the fruit of Poe's peculiar genius as an imaginative prose writer.

Again the Letter "C"

Two years ago we called attention to the reasons that exist for believing that Mr. Winston Churchill has a superstitious regard for the letter "C." The titles of all of his novels thus far have contained this letter, which is otherwise curiously associated with his career. Mr. Churchill, however, has apparently never noticed the amused comment which our paragraph evoked, and the titles he has chosen have been so obviously suited to the books that one might, after all, wonder whether the recurrence of a particular letter in them was not mere coincidence. But every recurrence is greater evidence of design. Mr. Churchill has published six novels, *The Celebrity, Richard Carvel, The Crossing, The Crisis, Coniston,* and *Mr. Crewe's Career.* The seventh is to appear this winter, and its title will be *A Modern Chronicle.*

"The Iron Cardinal"

It is a rather curious popular belief that literary men are as a rule impractical dreamers, incapable of taking an active part in the affairs of the world. Probably the statistician could show from the actual records of history that statesmen have been recruited from the ranks of literature as often as from any other profession; and it is certainly true that the great political leader who has not betrayed some leaning toward the pursuit of letters, or attempted some cultivation of it, is a rarity. Not the least interesting pages of Mr. Joseph McCabe's *The Iron Cardinal* have to do with Richelieu's literary activities. The good Dumas, it will be remembered, in *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* first showed the Cardinal in the act of scanning the lines of his comedy *Mirame,* and for the time entirely oblivious to the affairs of state. It is hard to tell, Mr. McCabe asserts, whether the Cardinal, a statesman through and through if one ever lived, prided himself most on his knowledge of theology, his military skill, or his ability to write comedies. Both in his château at Ruel and in the Palais

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IRVING BACHELLER, AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER," AND HIS SON

Cardinal he had splendid private theatres, in which he insisted on giving his own productions. Of course they were applauded, but the author betrayed a somewhat pitiful eagerness for praise which he could count on as genuine. Unfortunately none of his comedies has survived, but Mr. McCabe thinks there is no doubt that they were worthless. His patronage of the arts had more lasting results. With all his great achievements in statecraft, he is perhaps more often thought of now as the founder of the French Academy than in connection with any of the political events in which he had a hand, and a creditable case might be made for the assertion that no single act of his has had more beneficial results for France.

Concerning William Watson

We do not feel that we care to take any positive stand in the matter of Mr. William Watson, Mrs. Asquith, Miss Asquith and the much quoted poem. The newspapers have had a great deal of copy out of the case, newspaper readers have been mildly entertained, to say the least, and Mr. Watson has enjoyed some exceedingly timely and presumably profitable notoriety. Possibly the English poet did not say all the things that were ascribed to him, and again possibly the wine of American journalism went to his head. While it is not likely that there is a reader of THE BOOKMAN who is not by this time quite conversant with "The Woman with a Serpent's Tongue," we are reprinting it here, by permission, from Mr. Watson's recent book. Critical estimate of the poem will be found elsewhere in this issue.

She is not old, she is not young,
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue,
The haggard cheek, the hungering eye,
The poisoned words that wildly fly,
The famished face, the fevered hand—
Who slights the worthiest in the land,
Sneers at the just, contemns the brave,
And blackens goodness in its grave.

In truthful numbers be she sung,
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue;

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Concerning whom, Fame hints at things
Told but in shrugs and whisperings;
Ambitious from her natal hour,
And scheming all her life for power;
With little left of seemly pride;
With venomed fangs she cannot hide;
Who half makes love to you to-day,
To-morrow gives her guest away.

Burnt up within by that strange soul
She cannot slake, or yet control;
Malignant lipp'd, unkind, unsweet;
Past all example indiscreet;
Hectic, and always overstrung—
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.

To think that such as she can mar
Names that among the noblest are!
That hands like hers can touch the springs
That move who knows what men and things?
That on *her* will *their* fates have hung!—
The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue.

WILLIAM WATSON

This is not the first time that William Watson has been the subject of considerable controversy. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, after Alfred Tennyson had died, and before poor Mr. Alfred Austin had been appointed poet laureate, a vigorous battle was waged in England over the merits and demerits of Mr. Watson as a poet. Mr. R. H. Hutton of *The Spectator*, Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. H. D. Traill were Mr. Watson's particular champions. The leader of the other side of the controversy was the editor of the *Saturday Review*, in whose columns there appeared blasts of contempt under such headings as "Mr. William Watson, Mi-

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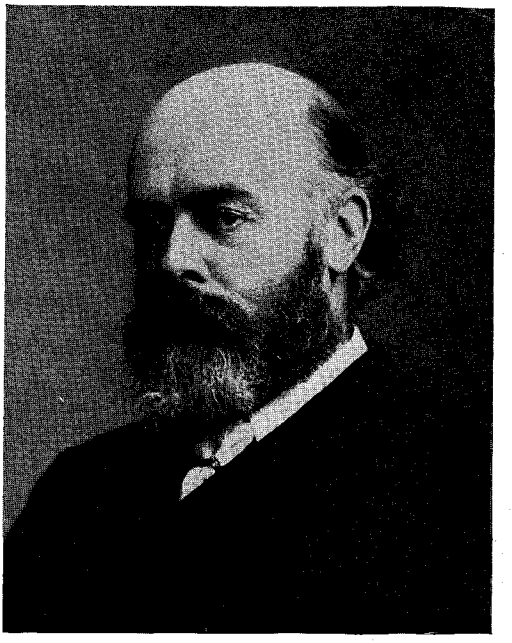
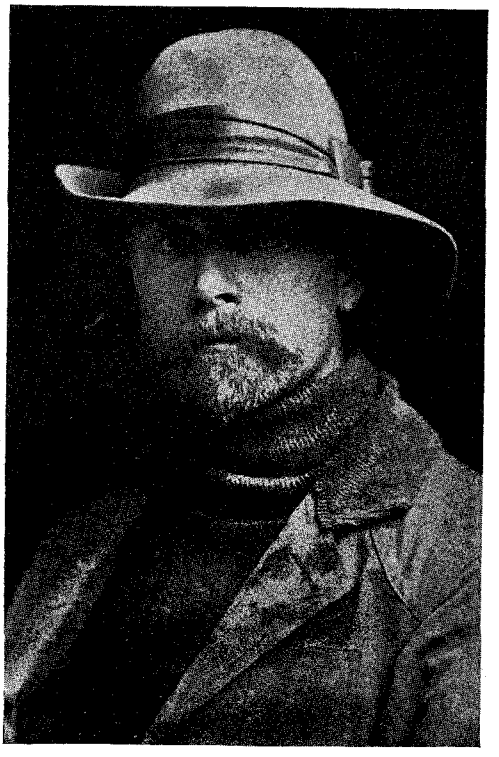
ISADOR H. CORIAT, M.D.

Co-author, with Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb, of *Religion and Medicine*



SIR OLIVER LODGE

Author of *Science and Immortalit*



EDWARD S. CURTIS

The illustrator of *The Flute of the Gods*

MARAH ELLIS RYAN

Author of *The Flute of the Gods*

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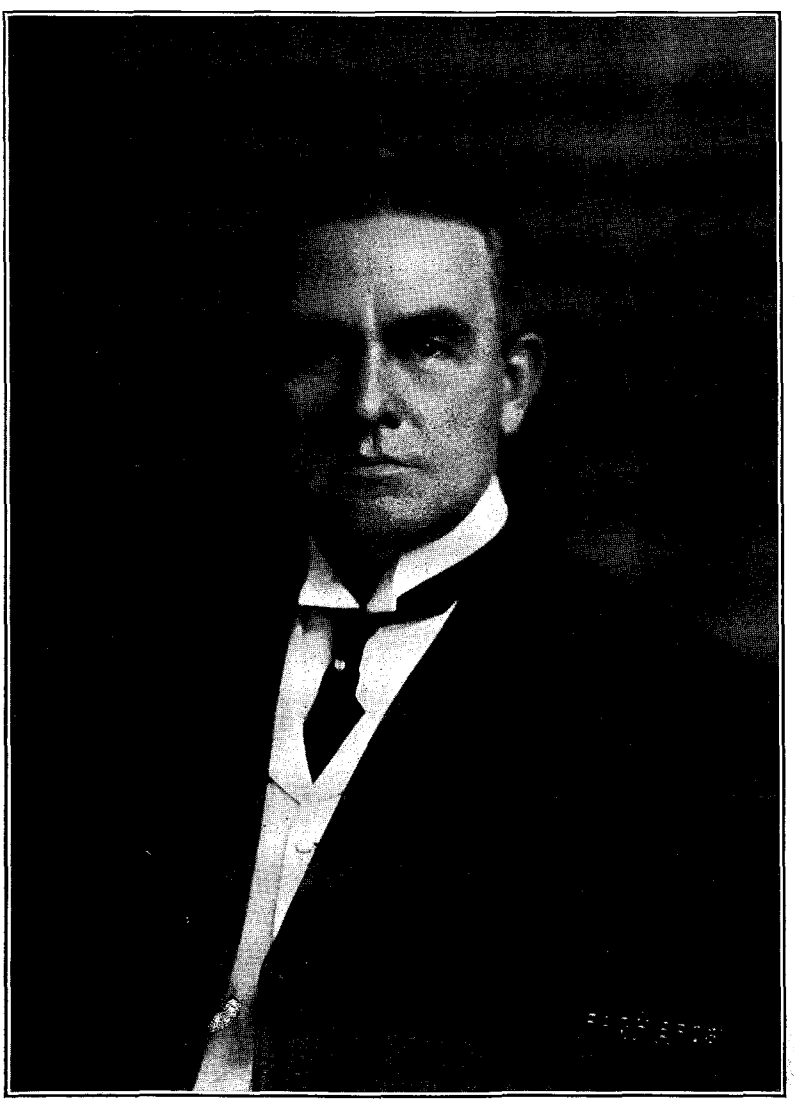
nor Poet." The *Saturday Review* fleered at his pretence of classical learning, described his inspiration as "all second-hand," and said that "his genius was not vigorous, full-blooded, independent, but feeble, anæmic, and derivative.

Cleveland Moffett

Two years ago we called attention to Tyler De Saix's *The Man Without a Head* as a sensational yarn that was entirely adequate and satisfactory. A friend whom we had persuaded to read the book said: "When you find anything else of the kind as good as this just let me know." We recalled that request two or three weeks ago. The tale that we took to him this time was Mr. Cleveland Moffett's *Through the Wall,* which contains all the proper ingredients, and which may be guaranteed to stir the blood of the most exacting and lethargic of readers.

Of late years Mr. Moffett is probably better known as a playwright than as a novelist. He has four plays in hand at present, and all will be running in New



CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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York this winter. There is *The Battle,* which is now in its second season, and Mr. Moffett is actively engaged in the production of three other plays lately come from his pen. For a number of years he has made his home in France, and now spends about half of his time there. He has a villa in Paris, shut off from the world outside by high walls and tall trees. During his long residence in

JOHN BIGELOW

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Paris, where he did much newspaper work, he acquired a familiarity with the French tongue which enables him to use it both in speech and in writing, practically as well and as easily as he does English. In fact, he has now selling in France a novel, written in collaboration with a Frenchman, called *La Femme Bien Aimée de M. Queench.* The central theme of this is the same as that in one of his forthcoming plays, *Esther Frear.* On the other hand, *Through the Wall,* written first in English in Paris, has been translated into the French; and with a few modifications, it is being brought out by a well-known French novelist in that language, as a collaboration.

Thackeray on Tennyson

Here is another bit which should be added to the controversy that has been going on about the Personal Tennyson. It is an offhand comment made by Thackeray in a letter to Mrs. Procter. Thackeray, it will be remembered, knew Tennyson from the early, undergraduate days at Cambridge. Indeed Thackeray's verses "Timbuctoo" were written in good-natured parody of Tennyson's prize poem. "Alfred Tennyson," wrote Thackeray, "if he can't make you like him, will make you admire him—he seems to me to have the *cachet* of a great man; his conversation is often delightful, I think, full of breadth, manliness, and humour; he reads all sorts of things, swallows them, and digests them like a great poetical boa-constrictor as he is. Perhaps it is Alfred Tennyson's great big yellow face and growling voice that have made an impression on me; manliness and simplicity go a great way with me, I fancy."

The Bigelow Recollections

There is much interesting "Thackerayana" to be found in John Bigelow's *Retrospections of an Active Life.* Mr. Bigelow first met Thackeray when the latter was in this country delivering his lectures on *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.* The evening when Thackeray was the guest of the New York Press Club, Mr. Bigelow was the presiding officer. Readers who remember the fulsome *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* which appeared originally serially in the pages of *Harper's Magazine* will appreciate the following anecdote:

In a casual visit one day at the office of the Harpers (who were Thackeray's publishers in America) Thackeray quizzed the brother, who later became our Mayor, about a superlaudatory life of Napoleon Bonaparte by a Mr. Abbott which the brothers were publishing. He called it "the Napoleon romance."

The Mayor replied: "Mr. Thackeray, I once told Mr. Abbott I thought he was laying it on to Napoleon pretty thick. Abbott gravely replied: 'Mr. Harper, I never have taken my pen in hand to write a line of that work without first getting on my knees and appealing to the Throne of Grace for light to guide me.' What, Mr. Thackeray, could we say after that?"

Mr. Bigelow again met Thackeray in London early in 1859. It was Mr. Bigelow's first visit to England. Under the date of February 20th of that year Mr. Bigelow has recorded:

Russell and Thackeray called and informed me of my election to the Garrick for three months.

Thackeray said that a letter from Macaulay's brother informed him that the deceased Thomas Babington was reading the *Cornhill* when he died; that he had been in the habit of giving away a third of his income or more every year. Thackeray added that the sale of the *Cornhill Magazine* had gone up to 95,000 already, and that he had told Lord Palmerston at Lady Palmerston's reception, a few nights ago, that he was now also a power in the state.

He said the story of *Lovell the Widower* was an old play which he had written years ago and would have gladly sold then for £50, but which his publishers did not think available. He now gets £1000 and upwards for it. In his next number, he told me, he means to give the true version of the story about Mrs. King of Charleston and himself. As I heard that story, Thackeray was reported to have said to her, "Mrs. King, I thought you were a fast woman." To which she replied, "Mr. Thackeray, I thought you were a gentleman." Thackeray said "nothing of the kind ever passed between them"; that she was eternally teasing him with her attentions till finally she said to him one day,

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"Mr. Thackeray, I was told I should like you, but I don't." "I replied," said Thackeray, "'Well, I don't care a pin if you don't.' The other story," he said emphatically, "is a lie."

Again Mr. Bigelow writes:

We arrived in London on the 28th. The next morning we walked around to Russell's. I found him and Mrs. Russell at breakfast. Presently Thackeray, who lived in the near neighbourhood, came in also. The second or third number of his new magazine, the *Cornhill,* had appeared only the day before. It at once became the subject of conversation. Each in turn expressed his opinion of the merits and demerits of the several articles in the number. After they had all pretty much said their say, my wife, who had been silent, said, "Well, for my part, I enjoyed the story about the school of girls better than anything else in the number." "Did you?" shrieked Thackeray, jumping up and seizing both of her hands. "Did you? My daughter Emmie wrote that." He was completely overcome by the genuineness and unaffected sincerity of the compliment, for of course he knew that no one in the room but himself was aware of the authorship of the story, nor had any of the other persons present alluded to it. I doubt if Thackeray ever received a compliment for anything he wrote himself that gave him the pleasure he got from this involuntary tribute to the maiden effort of Miss Emmie. He said he thought the verses about Washington Irving in that number rather small beer—a kind of beer of which he admitted he was very fond.

On the 10th of March, 1859, the Bigelows dined with Thackeray. There were present, in addition to Thackeray's own family, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Dr. Quin, a Mrs. Caulfield, Sir Henry Havelock, son of the famous defender of Lucknow, Mr. Oliphant, and several others. Thackeray was suffering with his usual chills and fever. Mr. Bigelow narrates that he drank a great deal, and garnished his food with red pepper and curry to excess for the purpose of staving off or drawing off the chills. He and Dr. Quin kept sparring with each other throughout the dinner. Quin frequently called him a humbug and other names of that nature. Thackeray said at an early stage of the dinner, "Look here, Quin, you must not be so familiar. My daughter told me the other day that you were too familiar." Thackeray said that the advertisements in the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* were a loss, as they had calculated on a sale of but forty thousand and they sold one hundred thousand, so that the extra paper consumed all the profit for that number.

In his account of this same dinner at the Thackerays Mr. Bigelow throws a curious light on the subject of the trouble between Charles Dickens and his wife. He describes the latter as "not a handsome woman, though stout, hearty and matronly; there was something a little doubtful about her eye, and I thought her endowed with a temper that might be very violent when roused, though not easily rousable. Mrs. Caulfield told me that a Miss Teman—I think that is the name—was the source of the difficulty between Mrs. Dickens and her husband. She played in private theatricals with Dickens, and he sent her a portrait in a brooch, which met with an accident requiring it to be sent to the jeweler's to be mended. The jeweler, noticing Mr. Dickens's initials, sent it to his house. Mrs. Dickens's sister, who had always been in love with him and was jealous of Miss Teman, told Mrs. Dickens of the brooch, and she mounted her husband with comb and brush. This, no doubt, was Mrs. Dickens's version in the main."

Mr. Bigelow gives a letter from Mr. Thackeray's daughter which gives a glimpse of the attitude a writer's family may take toward his books:

Papa, I am thankful to say, has been pretty well this summer; ill, indeed, but not quite so ill as usual. He's going to work very hard at another book. Yet if anybody knew how I hate the sight "a new book by Mr. Thackeray," I think they would be kind enough not to buy a single copy. I'm sure "writing-books-and-going-out-to-dinner-to-shake-them-off" is the real name of his illness. However, when he's well the work runs famously on wheels and then it's pleasant enough. Our new house is coming to life and costing O! such a deal of money; so this is another little incubus, though indeed we are such fortunate people with such good luck and so happy a home

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for us young women and so kind of Papa to take care of us that I have to make the most of any little disagreeables if I want to get any pity. Granny and G. P. are pretty well; he gave us a fright with a sort of paralytical attack and brought us back in a hurry from our touring but is all right again, I am glad to say, and Granny and he think of nothing but Spiritual Manifestations and Garibaldi. Because, you see, we have no Presidents to work for and talk about.

That Alexandre Dumas the Elder once contemplated making a visit to this country will, we think, be something of a surprise to most of our readers. But one day early in October, 1864, Mr. Bigelow received from the creator of the *Count of Monte Cristo* a cordial invitation to take breakfast with the latter at St. Gratien. "I was only too happy," writes Mr. Bigelow, "to make the acquaintance of this extraordinary man."

On my arrival at St. Gratien he took an early opportunity of letting me know his purpose in calling upon me the previous day. He had been told, he said, that if he would go to America to write a story it would have a great sale there. He said that a lawyer in New York of French origin had recommended him to come, and if I thought well of it he proposed to leave in about two months and to be absent four. I suggested to him that the time was rather short to see our country and, as it was quite an epoch in our national history, that perhaps it would be better for him to come and deliver a series of lectures or addresses throughout the country. To this he made no direct reply, but allowed me to believe that he was very much in earnest about a visit to the United States.

Retrospections of an Active Life is a book that is almost impossible to treat in a conventional review. There is so much of it: three huge volumes running to some two thousand pages in all. In a few hundred words one might discuss it objectively, in formal terms of commendation. Given thirty thousand words in which to move about a reviewer of discrimination and conciseness could probably produce a fair epitome of the work. It is a veritable mine of anecdote, to be placed on a convenient shelf, and to be browsed over at leisure.

The Story of the Lists

According to the list at the end of our issue for December, 1908, the leading book was Miss Mary Johnston's *Lewis Rand,* followed in order by *The Testing of Diana Mallory, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The Man from Brodney's, The Little Brown Jug of Kildare,* and *Peter.* With the first number of 1909, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* had forged to the front with the remarkable total of 313 points, more than 100 points above its nearest competitor, *Lewis Rand.* The other places on the list were held by the books of Mr. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Ward, Dr. Mitchell and Mr. McCutcheon. In February the number of points credited to Mr. Fox's book was even greater. *Peter* had taken away second place from *Lewis Rand,* which book was third, with *The Man from Brodney's* fourth and *The Red City* fifth. In sixth position was Dr. Van Dyke's *Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land,* the one book not fiction that appeared in the lists. In the March issue, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* again led, though with a diminished point superiority. *Peter* was second and newcomers were *Septimus, The Missioner,* and *The Red Mouse.*

When the lists for the April number were sent in Mr. Emerson Hough's *54-40 or Fight* was in the full swing of its popularity. It held first place by a margin of some fifty points over the exceedingly vital *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,* with Mr. Locke's *Septimus* third. The other books were *Peter, The Red Mouse,* and *The Missioner* in the order named. The first four books in the April list were again the first four books in the May returns. *The Red Mouse* and *The Missioner,* however, had fallen behind in the race, and their places were taken by Mary Roberts Rinehart's *The Man in Lower Ten* and Elinor McCartney Lane's *Katrine.* That these two last-named books were not under full headway when the lists for the May issue came in was soon apparent. In the June number they were first and second, *Katrine* with 289 points and *The Man in Lower Ten* with 236 points. Mr. Vance's *The Bronze Bell,* another newcomer, was

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third and Mr. Grant's *The Chippendales* and Alice Brown's *The Story of Thyrza* were fifth and sixth. In fact, *54-40 or Fight,* in fourth place, was the only book which had held over from the previous month. Again in July there were radical changes. The anonymous *The Inner Shrine* was in the lead, with an advantage of 75 points over *Katrine.* Not far behind *Katrine* was *The Man in Lower Ten.* Fourth, fifth and sixth places were held by Alice Hegan Rice's *Mr. Opp,* Marion Crawford's *The White Sister* and *54-40 or Fight.*

In August it was again *The Inner Shrine,* leading with the second largest point total of the year. Nearly 200 points behind, in second place, was *Katrine.* With the exception of *The Inner Shrine* all the books in the August list were very closely grouped, only 26 points separating the second and the sixth position. Richard Harding Davis's *The White Mice* was third, *The White Sister* fourth, *Mr. Opp* fifth, and *The Man in Lower Ten* sixth. In September *The Inner Shrine* and *Katrine* were first and second for the third consecutive month. Third place was held by James Lane Allen's *The Bride of the Mistletoe,* with *Mr. Opp, The White Mice* and *The White Sister* following. In October a new contender appeared. This was Harold MacGrath's *The Goose Girl,* which held first place by a margin of four points over *The Inner Shrine.* Not far behind the latter book was William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man. The Bride of the Mistletoe* was fourth, *Katrine* fifth and Ellen Glasgow's *The Romance of a Plain Man* sixth. In the November list *The Goose Girl* had to be content with second place, giving way in turn to a newcomer. This newcomer was George Barr McCutcheon's *Truxton King,* which held first place with 226 points. In the third place was Rex Beach's *The Silver Horde,* and William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man,* Robert W. Chambers's *The Danger Mark* and Harold Bell Wright's *The Calling of Dan Matthews* respectively fourth, fifth and sixth. The last month of the year saw *The Silver Horde* leading by a margin of almost 80 points with *Truxton King* second, *A Certain Rich Man* third, *The Goose Girl* fourth, *The Danger Mark* fifth and Robert Hichens's *Bella Donna* sixth.

JANUARY

1.	The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	313
2.	Lewis Rand	202
3.	Peter	153
4.	The Testing of Diana Mallory	136
5.	The Red City	111
6.	The Man from Brodney's	88

FEBRUARY

1.	The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	339
2.	Peter	240
3.	Lewis Rand	195
4.	The Man from Brodney's	116
5.	The Red City	78
6.	Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land	77

MARCH

1.	The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	271
2.	Peter	195
3.	Septimus	155
4.	Lewis Rand	102
5.	The Missioner	92
6.	The Red Mouse	52

APRIL

1.	54-40 or Fight	240
2.	The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	191
3.	Septimus	187
4.	Peter	165
5.	The Red Mouse	141
6.	The Missioner	88

MAY

1.	54-40 or Fight	238
2.	The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	176
3.	Septimus	164
4.	Peter	149
5.	The Man in Lower Ten	102
6.	Katrine	89

JUNE

1.	Katrine	289
2.	The Man in Lower Ten	236
3.	The Bronze Bell	118
4.	54-40 or Fight	101
5.	The Chippendales	76
6.	The Story of Thyrza	70

JULY

1.	The Inner Shrine	296
2.	Katrine	219
3.	The Man in Lower Ten	205
4.	Mr. Opp	162
5.	The White Sister	99
6.	54-40 or Fight	94

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AUGUST

1. The Inner Shrine..... 329
2. Katrine 131
3. The White Mice..... 129
4. The White Sister..... 114
5. Mr. Opp 112
6. The Man in Lower Ten..... 105

SEPTEMBER

1. The Inner Shrine..... 281
2. Katrine 108
3. The Bride of the Mistletoe..... 94
4. Mr. Opp 90
5. The White Mice 84
6. The White Sister..... 74

OCTOBER

1. The Goose Girl..... 221
2. The Inner Shrine..... 217
3. A Certain Rich Man..... 186
4. The Bride of the Mistletoe..... 113
5. Katrine 80
6. The Romance of a Plain Man..... 72

NOVEMBER

1. Truxton King 226
2. The Goose Girl..... 218
3. The Silver Horde..... 194
4. A Certain Rich Man..... 134
5. The Danger Mark 101
6. The Calling of Dan Matthews..... 98

DECEMBER

1. The Silver Horde 240
2. Truxton King 161
3. A Certain Rich Man..... 149
4. The Goose Girl..... 125
5. The Danger Mark..... 120
6. Bella Donna 117

From the above lists the following comparisons may be made:

Six Times Mentioned

Katrine.

Five Times Mentioned

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Peter.

Four Times Mentioned

54-40 or Fight, The Man in Lower Ten, The Inner Shrine.

Three Times Mentioned

Septimus, Lewis Rand, Mr. Opp, The White Sister, The Goose Girl, A Certain Rich Man.

Twice Mentioned

The Red City, The Man from Brodney's, The Missioner, The Red Mouse, The White Mice, The Bride of the Mistletoe, Truxton King, The Silver Horde, The Danger Mark.

Once Mentioned

The Testing of Diana Mallory, Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land, The Bronze Bell, The Chippendales, The Story of Thyrza, The Romance of a Plain Man, The Calling of Dan Matthews, Bella Donna.

Twenty-nine books were represented in the lists for 1909 as against thirty-six titles in 1908, thirty in 1907, thirty in 1906, twenty-nine in 1905, thirty-one in 1904, thirty-two in 1903, twenty-eight in 1902, twenty-nine in 1901 and twenty-nine in 1900. In the ten years that we have been printing this annual summing up three hundred and three different books have been represented. In the lists for 1909 there appears no book that is the result of collaboration. One book, *The Inner Shrine,* was published anonymously. Of the other twenty-eight twenty-one books were written by men and seven by women. Last year the division was much more even when of the thirty-eight authors represented twenty-two were men and sixteen women. Of the twenty-eight books of 1909—*The Inner Shrine* again excluded—only four are of foreign authorship, these four representing the work of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. W. J. Locke, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim and Mr. Robert Hichens.

Mr. Chesterton's Latest Books

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's four latest books, *Tremendous Trifles, Bernard Shaw, The Ball and the Cross,* and *Orthodoxy,* show him at anchor in the Roman Catholic Church. That he was making for that haven might have been known from his previous books, especially from *The Man Who Was Thursday,* if it had not seemed unsafe ever to infer that the direction in which he happened to be heading was the way he intended to go. Besides, to a reader of Mr. Chesterton his direction has not seemed important, so great has been the pleasure of seeing him merely go. A fine clattering pace, whether on the right track or the wrong track, has been the chief thought of readers as they bounced along with him, not caring very much whether it brought up at Rome or among the Baptists or the

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Sun-worshippers. It has not been indifference to Mr. Chesterton's religion, but a disproportionate interest in Mr. Chesterton—the attitude of Milton's Eve toward Adam. Eve's eyes used to turn quite glassy when Adam talked of "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," not because she did not think the ideas important, but because she thought Adam more so. Perhaps the most foolish thing that has ever been said of Mr. Chesterton is the remark of a reviewer that "he has one attribute of genius—impersonality." No genius was ever impersonal, and Mr. Chesterton, apart from any question of genius, is one of the most intimately personal writers of the present day. These books of his are diaries—the first impressions of a delightful person who apparently did not think twice. They are the diversions of a man who, believing that a "yawn is a stifled yell," therefore prefers any sort of a warm half truth to a cold whole one. He is averse to all burrowing, and has always argued that truth is on the surface and that the first glance is the best. So one never forgets him in his subject, never loses sight of him dancing around getting views of it.

And being greatly amused by the personal and often irrelevant goings-on of his unrevised, unedited intellect, many are disposed to undervalue the substance of what he says. They unjustly rate higher the heavier books of slower minds. The hare and the tortoise theory is deeply ingrained, and they are not on the alert for the occasional exception. Almost any college professor of philosophy stands a better chance of breeding awe. Probably even Professor Hugo Münsterberg would be generally regarded as more profound than Mr. Chesterton. Many a good soul must have risen from the reading of Professor Münsterberg's latest book, *The Eternal Values,* with a sense of mental achievement far transcending anything he would have felt on finishing either *Orthodoxy* or *Tremendous Trifles,* which discuss many of the same themes. He would think he had accomplished more because he felt so much more tired, although, as a matter of fact, Professor Münsterberg is the more frivolous of the two. Each attacks relativism, for example. Mr. Chesterton, in *Tremendous Trifles,* disposes of it in this easy paragraph:

> The man who represents all thought as an accident of environment is simply smashing and discrediting all his own thoughts—including that one. To treat the human mind as having an ultimate authority is necessary to any kind of thinking, even free thinking. And nothing will ever be reformed in this age or country unless we realise that the moral fact comes first.

This was written for a newspaper, and it is always proper in a newspaper to assume that the enemy can be put to flight by a self-evident remark or two. But *The Eternal Values,* though respectably tedious on the subject, is not a whit more enlightening. There is the same jaunty assumption that the other men are fools, the same bland unconcern over the fact that if the affair were really so simple as all that there never could have been a debate on it. Not to imply that the author of *Tremendous Trifles* is not a trifler, but only that he is not so trivial as Professor Münsterberg and many of the professional philosophers. It is journalism of a sort, and few men in academic life would write it if they could. They would deliver a course of lectures on the points suggested in the first three pages. But it seems a pity that Mr. Chesterton himself cannot go a little more slowly in the making of books. It would be an advantage to all concerned if he would re-write one instead of writing another. By contrast with his earlier imaginative books his fancy in *The Ball and the Cross* seems at times somewhat goaded, and his defence of the Church falls more frequently into a monotonous singsong than in *Orthodoxy.* The following passage fairly illustrates the quality of its religious discussions:

> You hold that your heretics and sceptics have helped the world forward and handed on a lamp of progress. I deny it. Nothing is plainer from real history than that each of your heretics invented a complete cosmos of his own which the next heretic smashed to pieces. . . . I defy you to go back to the Freethinkers of the past and find any habita-

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tion for yourself at all. I defy you to read Godwin or Shelley or the deists of the eighteenth century or the nature-worshipping humanists of the Renaissance without discovering that you differ from them twice as much as you differ from the Pope. You are a nineteenth century sceptic, and you are always telling me that I ignore the cruelty of nature. You are an atheist and you praise the deists of the eighteenth century. Read them instead of praising them and you will find that their whole universe stands or falls with the deity. You are a materialist, and you think Bruno a scientific hero. See what he said and you will think him an insane mystic. No, the great Freethinker, with his genuine ability and honesty, does not in practice destroy Christianity. What he does destroy is the Freethinker who went before. Freethought may be suggestive, it may be inspiriting, it may have as much as you please of the merits that come from vivacity and variety. But there is one thing Freethought can never be—by any possibility—Freethought can never be progressive. It can never be progressive because it will accept nothing from the past; it begins every time again from the beginning; and it goes every time in a different direction. All the rational philosophers have gone along different roads, so it is impossible to say which has gone farthest. Who can discuss whether Emerson was a better optimist than Schopenhauer was pessimist? It is like asking if this corn is as yellow as that hill is steep. No; there are only two things that really progress; and they both accept accumulations of authority. They may be progressing uphill or down; they may be growing steadily better or steadily worse; but they have steadily increased in certain definable matters; they have steadily advanced in a certain definable direction; they are the only two things, it seems, that ever can progress. The first is strictly physical science. The Second is the Catholic Church. . . . Catholic virtue is often invisible because it is the normal. . . . Christianity is always out of fashion because it is always sane; and all fashions are mild insanities. When Italy is mad on art, the Church seems too Puritanical; when England is mad on Puritanism the Church seems too artistic. When you quarrel with us now you class us with kingship and despotism; but when you quarrelled with us first it was because we would not accept the divine despotism of Henry VIII. The Church always seems to be behind the times, when it is really beyond the times waiting till the last fad shall have seen its last summer. It keeps the key of a permanent virtue.

Mr. Howells as Critic

Grieved by Meredith's unpleasant comparison of the face of George Eliot with "its long proboscis and protruding teeth," to the face of the "Apocalyptic horse," Mr. Howells has recently freed his mind on the subject of Meredith's rank among the novelists. He does not address himself to the Meredith cult, for he knows, as we all do, that the authors of the various "appreciations" of the last few years, and of the tributes that followed Meredith's death, are not to be taken seriously. He thinks Meredith himself must have taken the measure of the Meredith cult:

> He must have known how many of his worshippers were of those weak souls who come in crowds to any shrine because the contiguity of others stays their feebleness, and because they hope for some reflected rays from the idol and from the high priests. When Meredith became a cult such flaccid spirits thronged to him, but they are still quite incapable of knowing the true from the false in their faith, and it is not to them that we shall address the counsel which will win us no friends.

But recent discussion of Meredith has been particularly vapid and one-sided, and he thinks it time to put in a sensible word or two:

> It is time for some one to say that the divine honours now paid to George Meredith are of those preposterous obsequies with which the English try to magnify some one in death whom they have neglected in life. The Americans who have not survived their colonial dependence are like the English in this as in other simple devices, but they claim to have discovered Meredith's greatness much longer before he died than the English. It is very likely, but the fact does not count. Together they are sending up shouts of acclaim and praises comparative and positive with which they deafen one another and hush the small voices of honest inquiry which will presently make themselves heard in unanswerable question.

This seems reasonable and arouses cheerful expectations. Now for an hon-

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est judgment, we say, that will take account of the great man's flippancies and his insight, express the irritation we feel on reading him and the delight. Instead of that we merely have Mr. Howells's tidy little theory of art, as consisting mainly in self-concealment, and applied so rigidly that Eden Phillpotts and Zola survive the test, and Meredith and Thackeray do not. We quote the passage as an aid to the preservation of a curiosity of criticism:

> Unquestionably Meredith is a poet, unquestionably he is a social moralist, unquestionably he is a great soul. But was he an artist, like the really great artists in English fiction, who could so wholly lose themselves in their creations as to make you forget their art? Was he such an artist as Jane Austen was, or George Eliot was, for all her proboscis and protruding teeth, or as Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Eden Phillpotts are? Is not he rather to be classed with Scott and Bulwer and Dickens and Reade, and with Thackeray in his least dramatic moments, or is he not still rather more of the like of Disraeli, a maker of arabesques in which the shapes of life are interwoven but life is not portrayed? If you go outside of English fiction, can you rank him with Galdós or Valdés in Spain, with Flaubert or Maupassant or the Goncourts, or even Zola, in France, with Björnson in Norway, with Tourguénief or Dostoievsky in Russia, or with the only Tolstoy? Is he to be matched with Hawthorne or with Mr. Henry James?
>
> We leave all these questions to remain questions till others supply the answers. What we say is that an author who mostly keeps the stage himself, and when he concedes it to his characters goes behind them and talks through them and for them, may be all the other good and great things in the world, but he is not a good or great artist. Of course an author creates his creatures, but he must not seem to have done so. An artist begins by concealing not only his art, but by concealing himself. A novelist has no more right to be personally present in his story than a sculptor in his statue, or a painter in his picture, or a dramatist in his action. This is the ideal which the novelist will always fall short of, simply because the ideal in æsthetics or ethics is unattainable; but if he falls short of it voluntarily he is not an artist, as in morals he would be no better than one of the wicked.

Now, the obvious conclusion from this is that if a definition of art which admits Zola and Eden Phillpotts is too tight for Meredith and Thackeray, it ought to be broken. Somebody ought to throw a bomb at it. This is precisely what has happened in any expanding period of English letters. For we come of a race of anarchists in literature, and bombs are constantly exploding under definitions. The greater a writer is, according to our racial standards, the more certain it is that the critics will have to mend their fences. Few as the great artists have been, the men who have been able to say precisely why they are great are even fewer. And though a critic has now and then partially explained what a great artist has accomplished, he has never yet succeeded in making plain what he cannot do. The above remarks of Mr. Howells have nothing to do with criticism, but only with the prohibition of variety. To ask why Eden Phillpotts is a great novelist, and Thackeray, Dickens and Meredith are not is not a question in criticism. It is a conundrum. It merely means that the word novelist needs a little looking after, so that it shall not exclude writers who are "unquestionably great poets," "social moralists," and "great souls," while admitting writers who are not. We have a right to consider somewhat our own pleasure in the matter, and it is especially hard on us to forbid an author "to be personally present in his story," when we particularly like to meet him there.

Blake's Madness

In Mr. Basil de Selincourt's excellent volume on *William Blake* there is one chapter which will make strange reading to any one who is not familiar with the excesses of certain Blake-worshippers. "Was Blake mad?" asks Mr. de Selincourt, and follows up the question with a discussion that seems as needless as the subtleties of a Thaw trial. "The question," he says, "is unpopular, yet all the vociferation of Blake's admirers has not been able to silence it." So he adds to the general muddle by debating it, without showing what he or any one else means by that most elastic, personal and whim-

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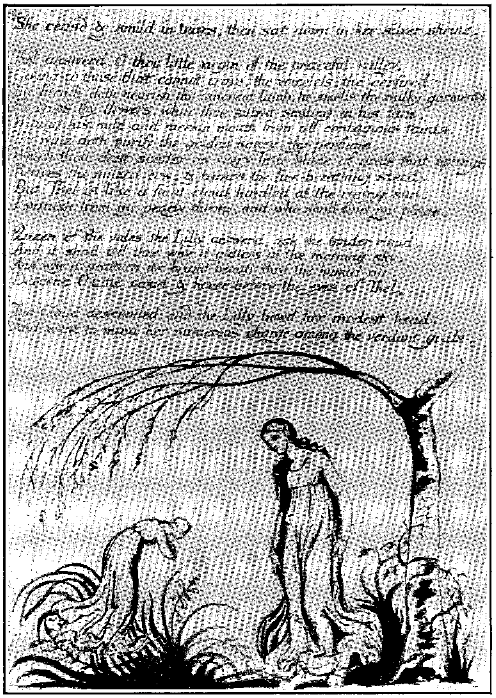
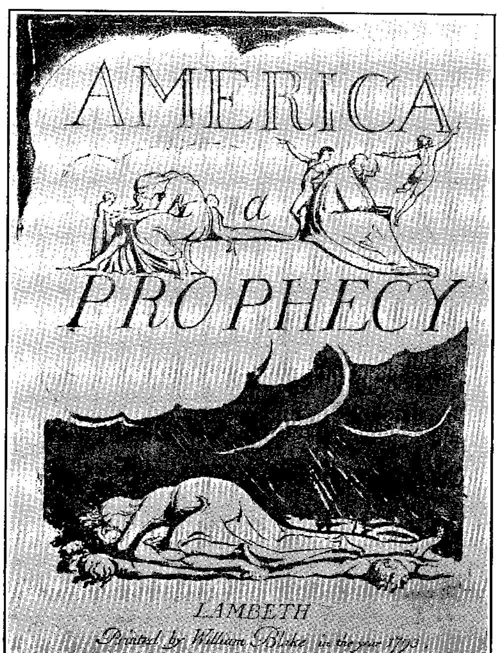
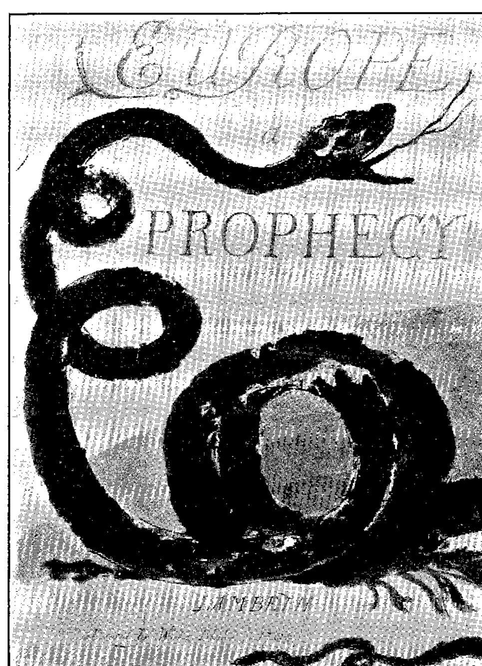


THEL AND THE LILY

"THE FURY OF MY COURSE AMONG THE STARS"



TITLE PAGE TO "AMERICA"



"THOUGHT FROZE THE INFINITE TO A SERPENT"

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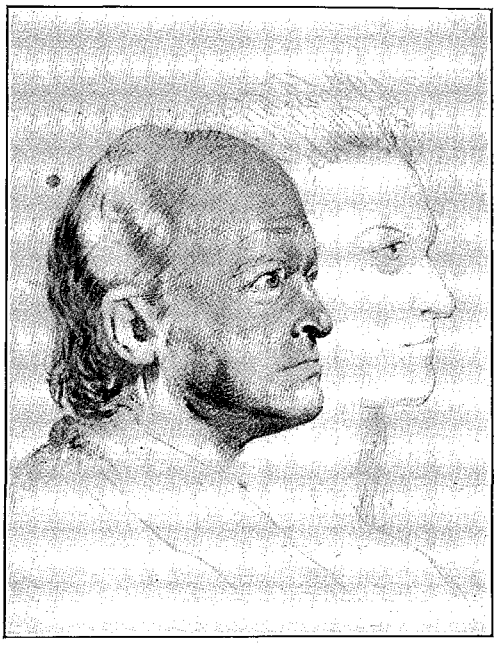

WILLIAM BLAKE

sical of modern words—madness. All that he needed to do was to quote freely from Blake's prophetic writings and leave each reader to guess the right name for it. Max Nordau and all the alienists would say mad, but few of the poets would stand the test of Max Nordau and the alienists and hardly any of the minor prophets. Professor Raleigh declares Blake to be "one of the boldest, most spontaneous, and most consistent of English poets and thinkers." But Mr. de Selincourt wants to know if "there is not something fell in a consistency so perfect," and whether after all Blake is not "half the time rather rigid than consistent," and he asks who ever bothers his head about Shakespeare's consistency. Then he loses himself for a time in the discussion of the difference between paranoia and prophecy, whence he emerges with the not very triumphant conclusion that whereas Isaiah was a prophet, Blake was not. But as a contribution to the controversy the chapter is interesting. The following passages show the drift of the argument:

Every one, of course, now knows that the language in which Blake thought right to dwell on his poetic visions was the language of religious ecstasy. In a famous letter addressed to Hayley in the year 1805 he writes, "It will not be long before I shall be able to present the full history of my spiritual sufferings to the spirits upon earth and of the spiritual victories obtained for me by my friends. Excuse this effusion of the spirit from one who cares little for this world, which passes away, whose happiness is secured in Jesus our Lord, and who looks for suffering until the time of complete deliverance." Or, again, in a letter to Butts (April, 1803), "None can know the spiritual acts of my three years' slumber on the banks of ocean unless he has seen them in spirit or unless he should read my own poem descriptive of those acts." . . .

These passages represent Blake's normal attitude toward his prophetic writing; and nothing in them comes out more triumphantly than the complete serenity of his self-confidence. There was no shadow of doubt in him that he was inspired and that his visions were as authentic as those of the prophets of old. "Mark my words," he reiterates in the *Milton*, "they are for your eternal salvation." It cannot, I think, be necessary to mention Blake's name

RICHARD III. AND THE GHOSTS OF HIS VICTIMS

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by the side of the names of Isaiah and Ezekiel to see that there is here a false note struck. Blake's visions could never come to be recognised as based on the same order of spiritual insight as theirs, but if they cannot, while yet to Blake himself it is a matter of triumphant conviction that they can, and if this false conviction is a ruling conviction of his life, I do not see that his admirers have any serious right to complain if the charge of madness is brought against him. . . .

Turning to the prophetic books themselves we find the integrity of inspiration which Blake claims for them threatened everywhere by the same incontinence of emotional expression. Questioned as to the source of his spiritual second sight, Blake answered: "You have only to work up imagination to the state of vision and the thing is done." He accurately describes his own achievement, but the description has its unhappy aspects. We get the picture of the lion lashing his sides with his tail and provoking himself to an artificial fervour. . . .

These meltings, groanings, burnings, howlings and all this violence of hate, jealousy and love are a mere fantasy. . . .

Again there is little doubt that Blake's belief in himself as called to prophesy led him to take the Hebrew writers as models of prophetic expression; and many of the eccentricities of his nomenclature are due to the fact that it is derivative and unintelligently derived. . . .

Following the Swedenborgian system of Biblical interpretation, Blake was led to believe that there was a mystic significance in these names as names used for their own sakes; with this opinion in view he writes: "Till Canaan rolled apart from Albion across the Rhine along the Danube, and from the land of Canaan suspended over the valley of Cheviot from Bashan to Tyre and from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekites." It must be borne in mind that the writings of the prophets were far more unintelligible in Blake's day than they are now, and there seems little doubt that Blake accepted this unintelligibility as part of the evidence of their supernatural origin: "Allegory addressed to the intellectual powers while it is altogether hid from the corporeal understanding is my definition of the sublimest poetry," he writes in a letter to Butts; and it is clear from this that he had got to regard unintelligibility as essential to the poetical and the sublime. That the Hebrew prophets are obscure to us in our time because they wrote at another time for other men and spoke of details which were then familiar but are lost now in complete oblivion, this seems not to have occurred to Blake. Of course, the original value of the prophecy lay in its living grasp of the contemporary issue; it is great because the contemporary issue is strictly related by the prophet to eternal truth; and thus he leaves to after generations a statement in which truth endures even when the circumstances which gave him his vision of it have been forgotten. But Blake writing in emulation of him weaves mystic symbolism into every reference to Moab, Israel or Philistia. . . .

Blake, looking at the ultimate manifestation of beauty and of life, believed and passionately proclaimed that he saw not life only but system also. In believing that private quarrels could be a proper medium for convincing of eternal truth, he committed a parallel mistake. In the first he denied poetry, in the second prophecy, and thus he was guilty of self-deception touching the very things that were dearest to his heart; self-deception so convincing that it still transmits itself to many of his readers. It was a mental obsession by which his whole life—that wonderful intensely glowing life of his—was coloured. It was a kind of madness.

W. C. Brownell

Criticism in America is not so flourishing a plant that a product like Mr. W. C. Brownell's *American Prose Masters* can be ignored. Mr. Brownell's style proves that he is fond of antithesis, and the six subjects of his latest book are nicely balanced against the six *Victorian Prose Masters* of an earlier volume. It is not to be rashly inferred that the six constitute his American pantheon, for this book is not a mere collection of eulogies of favourites. If he accords Cooper a higher place amongst romancers than many critics have given him, he affronts the literary patriot by setting Hawthorne on a distinctly lower plane than he has hitherto occupied. Emerson he admires as wholeheartedly as does Professor Woodberry; to Poe's perplexing talent he does full justice, and he is luminous if a trifle condescending in his treatment of Lowell. His most difficult achievement is to write understandingly and understandably, with penetration and yet with admiration, of Mr. Henry James.

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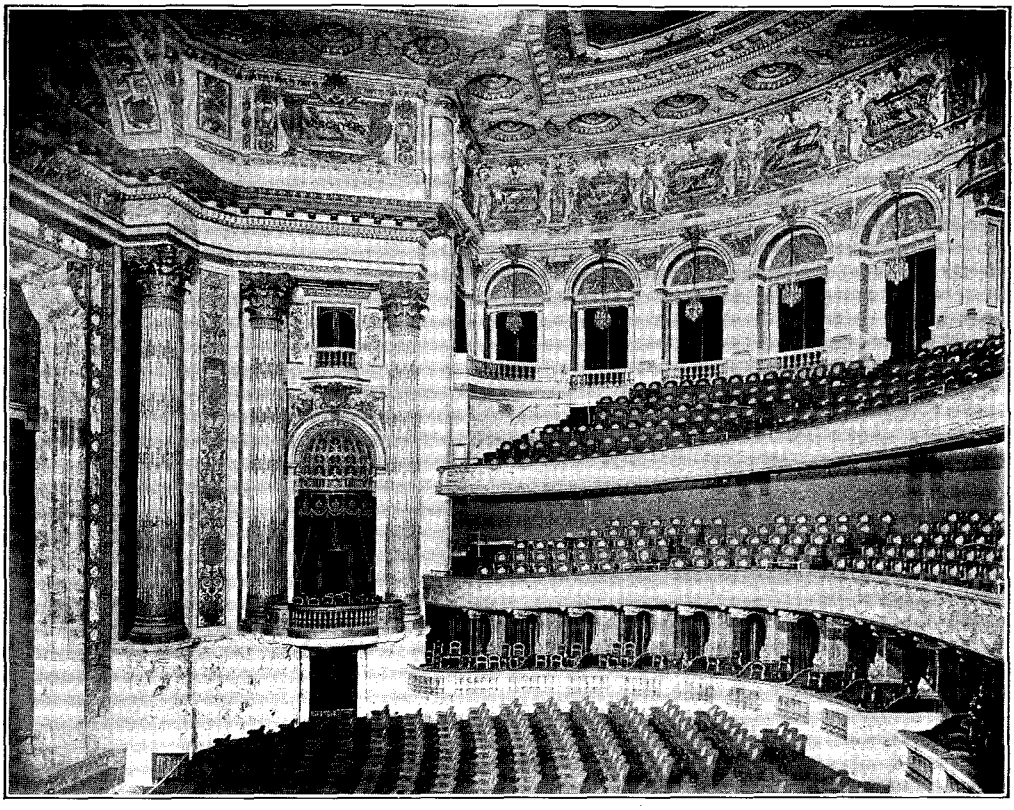

THE AUDITORIUM OF THE NEW THEATRE

"The immensity of the auditorium has been a great handicap to both actors and producers," because "the spectator is left conscious always that he *is* a spectator, and is not brought into any feeling of intimacy with the people on the stage."

THE NEW THEATRE AND CONTEMPORARY PLAYS

THE researches of recent years into the history of the drama have demonstrated that a fundamental and necessary relation has always existed between theatre-building and theatric art. The best plays of any period have been made to fit the best theatres of that period, and *vice versa;* so that any considerable alteration in either factor of the equation is likely to be detrimental to the artistic result. In order fully to appreciate such a play as *Œdipus King* it is necessary to imagine the theatre of Dionysus; and in order to understand thoroughly the dramaturgy of Shakespeare and Molière, it is necessary to reconstruct in retrospect the altered inn-yard and the converted tennis-court for which they wrote their plays. It may seriously be doubted that the works of these earlier masters gain more than they lose from being produced with the elaborate scenic accessories of the modern stage; and, on the other hand, a modern play by Ibsen or Pinero would lose three-fourths of its effect if it were acted in the Elizabethan manner, or produced (let us say) in the Roman theatre at Orange.

The Size of the New Theatre

During the latter half of the nineteenth century the art of theatre-building underwent a revolution, and the art of

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dramaturgy kept pace at all points with the gradual change. The tendency throughout this period was toward greater naturalness, intimacy, and subtlety in the drama itself and in the physical aids to its presentment. The supercession of the back drop and wings by the modern box set, the introduction first of gas and later of electric lighting, the consequent abolition of the apron of the stage, the evolution of the picture-frame proscenium and the resultant demand for a consistent picture to be set within the frame, the growth of a sense of verisimilitude in the details of setting—all of these physical inventions and innovations reacted upon the art of play-making and the art of acting. The increased efficiency of the theatre for imitating the attendant details of daily life has brought the drama home from other times and lands to deal with the place and date of the author. Especially has the art of acting altered, to keep pace with the complete change in methods of stage-direction. Whereas acting was formerly a presentative art, it has recently become a representative art. This epoch-making revolution has been accomplished within the lifetime of veteran critics like Mr. William Winter; and the change has come so quickly that it is hard for us to realise its immense historical significance. Actors like Edwin Forrest, treading the boards of an apron stage before a background which was merely pictorial and was not brought into intimate relation with the action, necessarily employed the resonant rhetorical method of the platform orator. They made their effects by sweeping gestures and full-throated utterance. But modern actors, like Mr. David Warfield or Mr. Forbes-Robertson, rely upon a more minute and subtle imitation of the actual, being aided in their art by an intimately natural stage-setting which they are free at all points to use in the business of the play; and they gain their best effects by a turn of the hand, a delicate quavering of the voice, or a subtle change in facial expression.

This revolution in the art of acting has in turn reacted on the art of theatre-building; and theatres, throughout the last fifty years, have grown steadily smaller, till now the prevailing and accepted type is a house only a little larger than the Court Theatre in London or the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York. In order to secure the best effects of contemporary dramatic art it is necessary not only that every change of facial expression, every minute gesture, every delicate vocal modulation, should be clearly visible and audible from all parts of the house, but also that the spectators should be gathered sufficiently near the stage to feel themselves intimately "among those present" in the scene depicted. This is, of course, a matter of history and is not susceptible of argument; but it should be borne in mind as the basis for any argument concerning the probable efficiency, for the presentation of contemporary plays, of the sumptuous and well-meant monument which has recently been opened as a repertory theatre in New York.

When Mr. Granville Barker was invited over from London to consider the possibilities of the New Theatre, he took one look at the plans of the house, which was then in process of construction, and said that the theatre was altogether too large for the effective presentation of modern plays. This prognostication, undesirous though we all were of accepting it, has been borne out by the issue. The immensity of the auditorium has been a great handicap to both actors and producers in the case of all the plays that have thus far been presented. Notwithstanding all that the newspapers said in their notices of the opening, the main difficulty is not the matter of acoustics. Now that the theatre is finished in all details, it is not noticeably hard to hear in it. At three different performances of *Antony and Cleopatra* I shifted my seat from scene to scene, and watched the play from every part of the house, from the orchestra stalls to the last row of the topmost gallery; and I found it possible, from all these different stations, to hear nearly every word that was spoken on the stage. Several other people have testified to the same experience, and the test would seem to be conclusive; but there remains to be considered the difficulty, not of hearing, but of seeing. From the topmost gallery it

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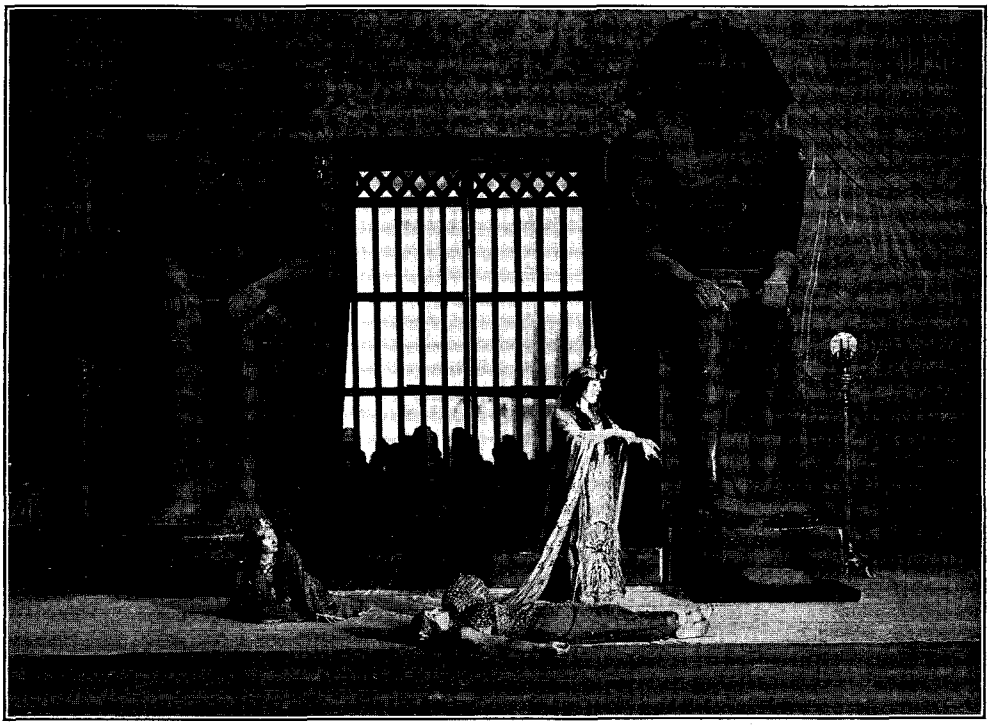
is impossible to see the back wall of the set; and the actors therefore appear divorced from their setting,—mere puppets moving on a platform-stage like that of Drury Lane in the eighteenth century. From the sides of the largest and most important balcony the view of the stage is so restricted that the spectator again is robbed of all sense of a relation between the actors and the setting. But by far the most serious defect of the edifice inheres in the fact that brought into any feeling of intimacy with the people on the stage.

However regrettable this condition may be, the matter is a fact; and it must be accepted frankly in any critical consideration of the offerings of the New Theatre. It is a pity that so noble an artistic undertaking as that which the founders of the New Theatre had in mind should be handicapped from the outset by an irremediable physical defect in the edifice they have erected; but



CLEOPATRA'S MONUMENT

"The actors, standing beside the sphinxes, necessarily look shorter than they actually are, and lose the desirable illusion of heroic stature."

from all parts of the house, excepting only the first dozen rows of the orchestra, it is impossible to perceive any alteration in the facial expression of the actors. Even from the founders' boxes and the foyer stalls their faces seem mere masks, and the sense of acting can be derived only from their gestures and the handling of their voices. And furthermore, the spectator is left conscious always that he *is* a spectator, and is not if the critic is to deal fairly with the dramatists whose works are presented under unfavourable conditions, he must accept frankly from the outset the fact that the conditions are unfavourable. In one word, the New Theatre, considered as an edifice, is an anachronism. It offers an ideal stage for Forrest's performance of *Metamora,* but a very unfortunate stage for contemporary plays acted in the modern manner.

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Understanding and accepting this handicap, we are better enabled to appreciate the fine quality of artistic endeavour which has been disclosed thus far in the productions of the New Theatre. The company, although by no means of even excellence, is well selected; and the performance of *Strife*, in particular, is far above the average to which we are accustomed in our ordinary theatres. The scenery and costumes have been designed with more than usual care and artistry; and the stage-direction of all four of the opening productions has been superlative in its efficiency. Great stage-management, beautiful and tasteful scenery, competent and (in many parts) excellent acting—these are very considerable assets, in any accounting of the New Theatre, to set against its arch defect of a too expansive auditorium. It remains for us to consider critically the plays themselves that have thus far been presented.

"Antony and Cleopatra"

The New Theatre was formally opened with a performance of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra;* and this play was probably selected because it was one of the Shakespearean tragedies which the average theatre-goer was least likely to have seen. The present production is of great value to students, because it reveals fully the defects of Elizabethan dramaturgy when held up in comparison with our own.

"THE COTTAGE IN THE AIR"

"A village of thatched-roofed cottages scattered in a hollow of Somerset downs . . . is one of the most beautiful out-door pictures ever shown upon the stage."

The mere mechanism of play-making, like the mechanism of clock-making, improves with the centuries; and a skilled labourer of to-day may turn out a more neatly finished fabric than a great genius of three centuries ago. For the uses of the modern theatre *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is more fitly fashioned than any Elizabethan drama; and we may admit this without implying in any way that Sir Arthur Wing Pinero is a giant of the race and lineage of Shakespeare.

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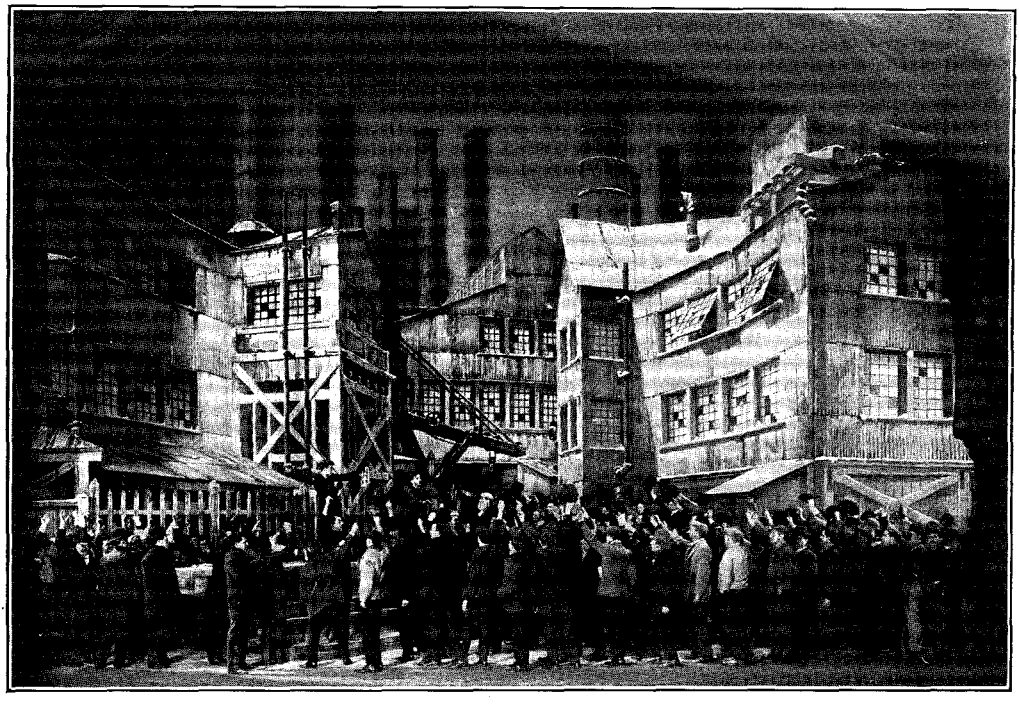
We show, therefore, no disrespect to the supreme dramatic genius of the world if we admit that *Antony and Cleopatra* is not, from the standpoint of the modern theatre, a good play. Elizabethan dramaturgy was far more loosely narrative in method than our own. The convention of a sceneless stage allowed the dramatist a dangerous liberty to scatter his action over many places and through long tracts of time; and this liberty Shakespeare pushed beyond the verge of



THE MOB SCENE IN "STRIFE"

"The stage grows gradually dark with the coming on of evening; . . . and two strikers, climbing on the platform, hold lanterns aloft so that their illumination falls full upon the face of Roberts throughout his last appeal to the mob. His face thereby becomes the highest light in the picture."

license in this world-encircling tragedy. The plot lacks unity and the play lacks structure. Shakespeare was dramatising Plutarch, and made the mistake of following the original narrative chronologically. The result is dramatised history, instead of historical drama. Great scenes emerge from the general chaos, it is true,—the scene in which Cleopatra strikes down the slave who brings her the news of Antony's marriage to Octavia, that in which Antony discovers Thyreus kissing Cleopatra's hand, the moment when Eros kills himself rather than slay his general, the final supreme moment when Cleopatra greets death with imperial condescension; but these great scenes are loosely strung together by intervening strands of non-dramatic narrative. Cleopatra is Shakespeare's greatest woman; but an incomparable character does not make a great play unless it be woven into a well-articulated pattern. Every now and then we listen to the voice of England's supreme poet: the famous speech of Enobarbus is the crown and summit of English style; but great writing does not necessarily make a great play, for in the theatre structure is immeasurably more important than style. From the standpoint of structure, and in adaptability to the modern stage, Shakespeare's greatest play is *Othello,* with *Macbeth* pressing hard upon its heels in second place. *Hamlet,* his highest work of all from

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the literary standpoint, stands third as drama. Compared with these, *Antony and Cleopatra* seems sprawling and disjointed. It is not nearly so good a play as Dryden's dramatisation of the same story in *All For Love, or The World Well Lost.* Dryden, although he lacked the poetry of Shakespeare, was trained to meet the requirements of a more modern stage; and his work is a model of direct and well-articulated dramaturgy. His great play held the boards for a hundred and fifty years; and it would be very interesting indeed if the directors of the New Theatre could be persuaded to revive it, so that the public might study it in comparison with Shakespeare's.

A word may be ventured in criticism of the scenic investiture of *Antony and Cleopatra,* which was designed by that delicate artist Mr. Jules Guérin, and executed by Mr. Ernest Albert. The scenery is, in itself, historically correct, very sumptuous and very beautiful; but in the two most important sets it has the unfortunate effect of dwarfing the actors. In Cleopatra's palace, and in her monument, there is a too evident insistence on tall, unbroken, vertical lines. The former scene reveals imposing lofty columns with lotus capitals, and the latter two gigantic, rigid, sphinx-like figures of inordinate height. In either set, the actors, standing beside the columns or the sphinxes, necessarily look shorter than they actually are, and lose the desirable illusion of heroic stature. From the standpoint of dramatic criticism, the sets would have been more effective if they had shown an insistence upon horizontal lines, such as is displayed (for example) in the heavy entablatures of the temple of Karnak. The actors, in that case, would have seemed to the spectator more heroic in stature, because they would not have been dwarfed by the emphasis of contrast.

"The Cottage in the Air"

For the first of all their modern offerings the directors of the New Theatre selected *The Cottage in the Air,* an adaptation by Mr. Edward Knoblauch of a story entitled *Priscilla's Fortnight,* by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* The reason for this selection remains a critical enigma. Mr. Knoblauch's piece is not a play; it is a long, slow narrative in dialogue. The young Princess of Loth-en-Kunitz is bored with life at court and annoyed at the prospect of being obliged to marry a young prince that her father has picked out for her. Therefore she runs away to England with her tutor, an elderly professor, in order to taste the delights of life in a cottage. She discovers that the latter sort of life is just as boresome and as bothersome to those who live it habitually as the life that she has run away from. She discovers also that she really loves the young prince that she is expected to marry; and when he happens along she decides to return with him to her former state. This pretty little story can best be told in a few thousand words of narrative; and there is no apparent critical reason why it need be told in three hours and a half of dialogue. There is not a dramatic moment in the entire story. The piece is admirably cast; but the actors have nothing to do. Throughout the dreary drift of dialogue, however, the eye of the spectator is interested by the scenery. The spacious second set, which discloses a village of thatched-roofed cottages scattered in a hollow of Somerset downs,—a landscape overgrown with greenery and trees in blossom, and fading into a distance of clear air over the hills and far away,—is one of the most beautiful out-door pictures ever shown upon the stage. It was designed by Mr. Hamilton Bell; and to that admirable decorative artist, rather than to the playwright, must be assigned the source of whatever æsthetic pleasure may be derived from *The Cottage in the Air.*

"Strife"

A strong contrast to Mr. Knoblauch's sweet nothing is afforded by Mr. John Galsworthy's powerful play entitled *Strife,* which is very worthy as a work of literature, and scarcely less worthy as a drama. The piece has been published, in a volume containing also the same author's *Joy* and *The Silver Box,* and will repay a careful study.* A great strike has been in progress for several months at the Trenartha

*Plays. By John Galsworthy. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. 1909.

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Tin Plate Works, on the borders of England and Wales; and we are shown the effects of this strike at their culmination, within a constricted period of six hours. The strikers are led by David Roberts, a crude, enthusiastic, single-minded workman, who has a grievance against the company because it has paid him insufficiently for a valuable invention that he has devised. Roberts's demands are excessive, and he has therefore lost the support of the trades union, represented by a diplomatic walking delegate named Simon Harness. The workmen themselves have grown disaffected under the hardships and privations of protracted disemployment, and are held to the cause only by the force of Roberts's fiery fanaticism. The directors are led by John Anthony, an elderly, iron-minded man, the founder of the company, and for two-and-thirty years its president. He has fought and put down four preceding strikes, and is absolutely inflexible in his attitude toward the present insurrection. His directors, however, are becoming worried over the losses to the company and the prospective necessity of passing the next dividend. The first act discloses a meeting in which John Anthony maintains his position unalterable, against the arguments and protests of Harness, Roberts, and his own directors. The second act reveals in one scene the sufferings of the women-folks of the strikers; and in another scene, the turbulent disaffection of the strikers themselves. A disordered mob of workmen listens first to a plea for compromise from Harness, then to various-mooded arguments from several workmen, and finally to a fanatical appeal from Roberts. The latter has just won the mob over to the side of strife, when news is brought to him that his wife has died of her enforced privations. He staggers home; and the crowd, bereft of his overpowering presence, turns against his policy. The last act shows John Anthony voted down by his directors and forced to resign the presidency of the company. He and Roberts remain intrepid and inflexible to the last; but both are beaten by their own followers, who seek relief in compromise. When terms are finally agreed upon, Harness and Anthony's secretary discover that they are the very same terms which they had drawn up together before the fight began; and Harness grimly expresses the inherent cynicism of the situation in the last line of the play: "That's where the fun comes in!" Nothing has been gained by either side through all the months of strife and misery and economic waste; nothing has been accomplished, except that the best man on each side has been broken irretrievably. Throughout the entire drama the author has refrained from tendering his own allegiance to either of the conflicting parties; and his final message seems to be that the only valid recourse in these modern instances of economic strife is to be found in compromise and arbitration.

This momentous material is set forth in a drama closely constructed, tense and nervous in action, vivified by a score of characters skilfully selected and drawn with unfaltering fidelity to life, and written in dialogue which is simple and direct and has at all points the ring of reality. *Strife* is a big work, thoroughly thought out and admirably executed. The New Theatre should be especially commended for setting it before the public, because it is a play that would undoubtedly fail financially if it were produced in one of our regular commercial theatres. The main idea of the drama is that absolutely nothing is accomplished in the conflict, and that the dramatic struggle ends at the precise point where it began; and this idea is so unusual in a play that it would scarcely seem satisfactory to the average audience. Furthermore, the greatest merit of the piece as a work of literature would militate against its success in a commercial theatre. This merit is that the author does not allow the audience to take sides either with Anthony or with Roberts, but forces a consideration of the entire struggle from a point of view that is external, impartial and judicial. But this attitude is not interesting to the average audience. The usual assemblage in a theatre is always actuated by the spirit of partisanship. It wants to take sides, and it wants its favoured side to win. A struggle in which neither side wins, but both may properly be said to lose, is of interest only to a

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spectator who can look upon the conflict with intellectual detachment; and such a spectator is rare in the theatre. A football game which results in the score of 0 to 0 will scarcely seem satisfactory to a partisan of either of the contending colleges, and can be of real interest only to a person, unallied with either side, who understands and can enjoy the technique of the game itself. *Strife* failed to make money in London; and Mr. Charles Frohman prudently decided not to produce it in America. The New Theatre is therefore properly fulfilling its function as a subsidised institution by making it available for that minority of theatre-goers who can enjoy an appeal to the intellect as well as an appeal to the emotions. The production, furthermore, is in every way commendable. The piece is carefully cast; and many of the parts are greatly acted. The stage-direction, which was intrusted to the painstaking care of Mr. George Foster Platt, is a really remarkable work of art. A novel and interesting idea is disclosed in the settings of the first and third acts. These acts are supposed to take place in a dining-room and a drawing-room which are adjacent to each other. In the set of the dining-room the drawing-room is revealed off-stage between double doors; and the drawing-room set similarly offers off-stage a view of the dining-room, looked at in the opposite direction through the same doors. This effect adds greatly to the spectators' sense of being present in an actual house. The crowd in the second scene of act two is one of the best-directed mobs ever shown upon our stage. A fine imaginative effect is used in this scene. During the harangues of the orators the stage grows gradually dark with the coming on of evening; lanterns are lighted and passed among the crowd; and a couple of strikers, climbing on the platform, hold lanterns aloft so that their illumination falls full upon the face of Roberts throughout his last appeal to the mob. His face thereby becomes the highest light in the picture.

For some inexplicable reason the directors of the New Theatre requested Mr. Galsworthy to shift his scene to America for the purpose of this presentation; and a few slight alterations have been introduced into the text to indicate that the scene is not at Trenartha, but somewhere in southeastern Ohio. The result is that the characters who speak the Welsh dialect are made to seem out of place, and a few minor motives in the action are destroyed. Patrons of the New Theatre are fully as able to imagine themselves in England as to imagine themselves in Ohio. The feat is not especially difficult: many Americans who have never been to England have heard that there is such a place, and not a few have seen one or two plays in which the action was supposed to happen in that vague and distant country. Pittsburg, of course, is, in the words of Wordsworth, too much with us; but some of the natives of New York are aware that there is a city overseas named London. Mr. Galsworthy must have been amused when he was asked to alter his geography.

"The Nigger"

The Nigger, by Mr. Edward Sheldon, is an interesting melodrama, conventional in incident and in the handling of the plot, but made real at many moments by truthful traits of characterisation and genuine sincerity in the writing. The scene is in the South; and the story is based upon certain political and personal problems which arise from the coexistence of two irreconcilable races—the negroes and the whites. Philip Morrow, the sheriff of Westbury County, is nominated and elected to the governorship, mainly through the political influence of his kinsman, Clifton Noyes, who is president of the Noyes Distillery Works. As governor, Morrow grows to believe that the problem of preventing violence among the negroes of the State will be greatly simplified by the adoption of a prohibition law. Such a law is passed by the legislature and needs only the governor's signature to go into effect. Noyes, whose business will be ruined if prohibition is adopted, pleads with Morrow to veto the bill; and when the governor remains obdurate, reveals to him the fact that he himself (Morrow) has negro blood in his veins, and threatens to make the matter public unless the governor bends to his will. Morrow determines to sacrifice

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himself for the cause of right and truth. He is engaged to a Southern girl of the usual type; but he forces himself to confess to her that his grandmother was a quadroon. She revolts from him in horror; but, forgetting the principles which have actuated his conduct up to this moment, he seizes her roughly in his arms and violently assaults her with undesired kisses. Three days later she comes to him of her own will, says that she loves him irremediably, and implores him to marry her. By this time he has signed the prohibition bill, and made up his mind to devote the rest of his life to the cause of the negroes. He convinces her that they must remain separate, and goes forth to make a speech in which he intends to inform the public of his racial origin.

This emphatic story is at many points inconsistent and improbable. Several single scenes are beautifully true; but the author seems incapable of representing a character consistently throughout the entire play. In the last act the heroine is by no means the same girl as the heroine at the close of the second act; and in the climax of the second act, effective though it be in sheer theatricism, the hero belies the nature that he has shown before and that he afterwards resumes. It is unlikely that Noyes, knowing the secret of Morrow's ancestry and knowing also that it might at any moment be revealed by Morrow's negro mammy, would have dared to put him forward for the governorship. Twice in the first act the negro mammy speaks three-quarters of a sentence which would disclose this secret and make impossible the subsequent progress of the plot; but on each occasion the playwright arbitrarily gags her, and, in defiance of all human probability, interdicts the revelation. The means by which Noyes himself has discovered the secret are exceedingly improbable. He finds a letter in an attic,—a letter which, in the first place, would probably never have been written, and, in the second place, would, if it had reached the original recipient, have been immediately destroyed. The story set forth in this letter is an intricate tissue of conventional materials, involving, among other matters, the substitution of a changeling for a dead child in order to keep an estate in the family. All of this is a very artificial foundation for a serious play. Furthermore, the structure of the piece lacks unity. A lynching episode is introduced into the first act which has no necessary relation to the plot. One of Morrow's negroes,—the son of his old mammy,—criminally assaults a white girl, and then slinks home, pursued by a mob of citizens led by the girl's father. Morrow, acting as sheriff of the county, defends the negro from his pursuers with a drawn revolver. The negro is turned over by Morrow to the deputy sheriffs to be taken to the jail; but on the way he is captured by the mob and lynched. If either Morrow's defence of the negro, or the subsequent failure of that defence, led to any later necessary development in the plot, the incident would be structurally justified. But the fact is that this episode leads to nothing. It is therefore extraneous, and merely introduces a needless element of unpleasantness.

The Nigger exhibits so many technical defects, and is so frequently false to life, that it is impossible to consider it, as a whole, very seriously. But it is extremely good in parts. The young author has a vivid sense of theatrical situation; and he captures the emotions of the spectator even when he fails to convince the intellectual judgment. He shows also a decided gift for writing dialogue. He can really characterise through speech; and this gift is much rarer than is usually understood. Furthermore, he shows a commendable earnestness in attacking great problems and wrestling with big motives; and his failure, in such scenes as are inadequate, is due merely to immaturity and not at all to insincerity. He is undeniably a man of promise. His future work will be worth waiting for; and meanwhile the New Theatre is to be commended for giving him a hearing.

Clayton Hamilton.

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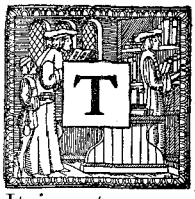
RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE



HERE is something wrong with an art of which people commonly speak with allowance and condescension; and that is in some degree the present case of Poetry. It is not unmeaning that in lists of new books the poetry is grouped under a miscellaneous heading with closet-dramas and works on Travel and Art. And still more suggestive is our habit of criticising all verse in a tone of timid commendation, much as we speak of amateur theatricals or graduation essays. The feeling behind this is that, on the one hand, the mere attempt at poetry is creditable; and that, on the other, no modern work can be really good. Now, the attempt at poetry may possibly be a virtue; but its publication is a challenge; and to condone failures is unjust to those who succeed. Moreover, the best of our present poetry is better than we know. And there appears no reason why this particular achievement should be patted on the head, or this particular class of barren good intentions rescued from its destined place in the infernal pavement.

Some contemporary poetry is well worthy of measurement by absolute standards: it may look the Immortals in the face. But we miss the gold among the dross. For this the practice of subsidised publication is partly responsible. It is a harmless vanity to print worthless verse at one's own expense; but it should be printed privately: the label should tell the truth. The difficulty of publishing good poetry may be left to the law of supply and demand: our trouble is that it is no more difficult to publish what is bad. And if publishers would bring out only such poetry as they could afford to publish at their own risk, we should the more readily discover the best. But no less responsible is the critical habit of lumping the whole output together in one limbo of faint praise. Instead of assuming that none of it is really good and pretending that none of it is really bad, we shall best serve both poet and public by separating the gold from the dross as widely as may be; and our praise may well be strengthened both positively and negatively, by redeeming it from timidity and by contrasting it with blame.

But this is only half of the matter. It is unfair to the poet to be hampered by competition with the poetaster; but it is equally unfair to make him compete out of his own class. Once while several entomologists were discussing the species of an insect, there appeared a yokel who asked what it was all about. And upon being told, "Why," said he, "I guess you hain't ben much in the country: that's a bug." It is similarly unilluminating to think of all verse as poetry, without classification. We measure Mark Twain by Cervantes, not by Hawthorne; we measure Holmes not by Homer, but by Pope. And the first step toward determining the measure of a poet is to determine the precise direction of his endeavour.

Mr. John G. Neihardt belongs more or less to that school of violence and virility whose remote ancestors are Whitman and Mr. Kipling, and which is now rampant in our fiction under the leadership of Mr. Jack London; whose typical quality is modernism expressed through the worship of a primeval brutality, and whose shibboleth is the adjective *big*. The virtue of this literature is an inspiring shout for vigorous humanity and open air, and its vice is the tendency of that clamor to rise into an epicene shrillness. In his affiliation with this school Mr. Neihardt is most honoured by his avoidance of its faults. One's first thought upon picking up a volume entitled *Man-Song* is the reflection that he who goes about protesting that he is a man is to be doubted. But this book is manly, despite its insistence upon manhood. It is the nature of the strong to take strength as a matter of course and reserve their worship for beauty; and Mr. Neihardt's work is wholesomely beautiful, often with a robustious exuberance, now and then striking a stronger note of tenderness. By escaping the fallacy that it is modern to write about railroads and American to write about Indians, he has made poems modern and American in the only true

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sense upon themes either ancient or timeless. And by respecting form and craftsmanship he has given his thoughts the expressiveness of good verse. He is rather too much preoccupied with the triangle of Lilith, Eve, and Adam. For to decorate Lilith at the expense of Eve is immoral by being untrue. The important truth about Lilith is that she is eternally a makeshift and an episode: Eve is not merely more wholesome but more seductive. And the whole criticism and promise of Mr. Neihardt's work might be found in a comparison of his *Vision of Woman* with Rossetti's *Jenny*.

An excellent foil to Mr. Neihardt is *Songs of the Open*, by John Myers O'Hara. Here we have all the shrieks of neurotic civilisation attributed to primordial nature, all the jargon of Biology and Anthropology and Medicine stirred up with phrases from the literature of revolt and called the voice of the wild. Those highly modern fetishes the Ethnic Consciousness and the Elemental Urge are celebrated in a style whose awkward latinism smells loudly of the laboratory. The effect of out-door nature upon Mr. O'Hara is to "engender atavistic thought."

> Old longings nomadic leap,
> Chafing at custom's chain;
> Again from its brumal sleep
> Wakens the ferine strain.

It may or may not be ironical that this reduction to absurdity of a morbid fashion in art was published at Portland, Maine.

The Tramp's Excuse, by Nicholas Vachell Lindsay, represents another phase of the literature of eccentricity. At first sight it appears either inspired or insane. The author declares himself a tramp by conviction (in which he is possibly not unique), reveals supernatural visions, and accompanies his poems with symbolic drawings in a manner suggestive of William Blake. Neither the poems nor the pictures of Mr. Lindsay do more than suggest Blake's, nor does he show comparably as a seer. But he has a spark of the same unearthly fire, at once crazy and kindly. When a self-declared prophet shows himself destructive, he is to be suppressed; but Mr. Lindsay seems at worst harmless. And at best, he repays you for reading through a good deal of nonsense by occasional flashes of beauty.

Mr. Hermann Hagedorn's *A Troop of the Guard* suggests at first sight the familiar label "promising." But that adjective as applied to new poets has become unmeaning through promiscuous use; and there is in fact nothing harder than to discern real evidences of future power in poetic beginnings. "Many men are poets in their youth," and there is often least early distinction in those destined to develop greatly. Promise aside, Mr. Hagedorn's collection is not unworthy as an achievement, although much of it is undergraduate work. In character, it is a contrast with those books which we have already considered: harmonious, restrained, orthodox in phrase and form, holding closer to the traditions of the art; less vigorous and striking than *Man-Song*, indicating perhaps (but this is a matter for doubt) a truer type of originality. Mr. Hagedorn shows, in common with too many of our potential poets, the erroneous feeling that the inspiration naturally drawn from immediate surroundings must find expression in terms of the same. A poem inspired by automobiles will often be the better for dealing with dragons; and Mr. Hagedorn's own title-poem is no less contemporary and more poetic than if he had written without metaphor of Harvard graduates in their parted hair. The play *Five in the Morning* would have been better in prose; for its familiar material treated in blank verse sets up continual discord in the style; and its best praise is that its dramatic force at times enables one to forget that the characters are talking poetry. It is by freedom from this fault that "Return" is so much more successful than its companion "A Parting"; the sympathy and vivid picture-writing of "Midnight in Europe—Twilight in New York" prevail in spite of it; and only this handicap upon the larger poems leaves the best thing in the volume a momentary song:

> Song is so old,
> Love is so new—
> Let me be still
> And kneel to you.

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Let me be still
And breathe no word,
Save what my warm blood
Sings unheard.

Let my warm blood
Sing low of you—
Song is so fair,
Love is so new!

To say of any work by Mr. Richard Burton that it always contains an Idea and shows a solid power of writing English appears rather superfluous. Yet that is the most that can be said for his collection of sonnets and short sketches *From the Book of Life*. Here is much that is well thought and well said; but nothing sung. The lack of emotional concreteness, the thoughtful generalising of the feeling, make it versified prose rather than Poetry. The strength of the book is in the Epigrams; and the nearest approach to a poem is a fine piece of metrical rhetoric, "The Salute."

Pæstum and Other Poems, by Alexander Blair Thaw, is a kindred failure, somewhat less arid in emotion and correspondingly less vital in thought and style. These are the meditations and appreciations of a cultured mind looking about upon the Old World and the New, feeling as many feel without the art to speak otherwise than as many speak. You read it with such pleasure as you would experience in an evening's talk with any observant traveller well-read and of a full mind; and you lay it down with just as little recollection of any particular thing that has been said. It would be well for our civilisation if every gentleman wrote such verses for his pastime; and it would be well for our criticism if they were regarded in no other light.

Any attempt at high and earnest poetry is ordinarily, even if it be a partial failure, a tribute to that Art which it cannot compass; and if it fail altogether, its divergence from the ideal is so obvious that it discredits only itself and not the craft into which it gains no entrance. But in the lighter and lesser kinds of verse nothing less than success is tolerable. In an Ode, mediocrity may leave room for merit, whereas a Rondeau which is not positively good is positively bad. Moreover, at the present time, when the ideals and limitations of the Art are blurred by popular inattention, anything which tends to caricature or to belittle it does practical harm in proportion to its publicity. In a great poetic period, the bad work no more discredits the good than the insanities of an ascetic could discountenance mediæval religion; but today, any trivial or absurd attempt at serious verse is as dangerous as a clown in the pulpit. It adds to the already abnormal number of those who see no worth in the whole matter. This is the only active objection to several recent volumes which otherwise one would merely pass over tolerantly. *Dreaming Back*, by Floretta Newbury Crawford, is in itself a perfectly harmless collection of unexceptionable sentiments and kindly sentimentalities, expressed in familiar phrases, and so mildly sincere that one represses the irreverent grin. It is really the fault of the times that somebody might commit the injustice of taking it for poetry. *The Blushful South and Hippocrene*, by Robert Loveman, is less excusable, being more ambitious. It shows an ear for sweet sounds and some lyric impulse; but it shows also a painful ignorance of metrics and of language. *Pæan* is rimed with *between*, *miserere* is made a trisyllable, and *impotent* accented on the second syllable; and an irregularly rhymed poem in two stanzas with no refrain is called a Ballade. One song, "I have not love," nearly redeems the book —but presently we come to this:

Into her mighty maw we go,
A gasp, a groan, a squirm—
Doth old relentless Nature know
Man from another worm?

No, it may not be: the vocabulary of speech contains some words not admissible to poetry. There is no apparent excuse for Mr. Edmund Vance Cooke's *Little Songs for Two*. It is put forward as a gift-book for sweethearts, and an appropriate blank is provided for its "dedication" by the giver. Its pale sentiment and occasional lapses of taste are of such quality as to suggest for its final destination a place on the plush piano-cover between the ormolu clock and the wax flowers under glass. *Jane Jones and*

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Some Others, by Ben King, contains the familiar drolleries "If I Should Die To-Night" and "The Pessimist." It is good to have these preserved, and some of the other humorous verses are amusing; but the scenes of the poet's childhood were doubtless justly dearer to his own heart than he succeeds in making them to the readers; and one pathetic effusion, "Didn't We, Jim," calls for more tears than any normal mortal is prepared to shed. The book is evidently and professedly a collection of light verse, whose failings deserve to be forgiven for its fun. *A Round of Rimes,* by Denis McCarthy, stands out among these lesser endeavours as an example of the popular singer at his best. There is plenty of trite emotion, but it is real; plenty of stock phrases, but they fall in the right places. And the simple thoughts and swinging natural rhythms carry you with them tenderly or merrily. This man does not give elaborate ineffectual concerts: he stands on the street-corner and sings—a little off the key now and then—and your heart goes out to his singing. He pleads for playgrounds for the city children in a way to make folk listen, slaps you on the back with a bit of good-natured heartsomeness, or makes such love-songs as people made in the singing time at the beginning of the last century.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily-blossom breaking,
And love-words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
And love-dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain—
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Yes, it is obvious enough, and it looks very easy to do—but it would be well for many an ambitious minor poet if he could catch the trick of it.

The principle that the lesser kinds of poetry must be excellently done sets a hard condition upon those types of light verse which happen also to be very difficult, as in the case of poems written for and about young children. Despite the constant and copious production of child-verses, it would be hard to name half a dozen who have done them well. And Mr. Madison Cawein's *The Giant and the Star* will not place him among the number. Improvised for the amusement of one child, they may easily have pleased him, since children are easily interested by their own folk, and delight especially in improvisations. But it will not, like the *Child's Garden* or the *Just-So Stories,* please many children. The verses are dull and long drawn out, full of laboriously mature fancies, and literary phrases that are off the key. You cannot imagine too wildly for a child; but he is a good critic of the coherent fitness of your fantasies. Again, he likes big words sometimes, for the sound of them; but not grown-up phrases in the midst of his own dialect. Furthermore, Mr. Cawein's besetting sin of careless versification, here given free rein, makes the form of the verses as slovenly as their substance is overwrought. That metre for childish ears should be simple and natural is no reason for making it clumsy. Mother Goose is worth studying for her prosody. The book has nevertheless one rare though negative merit; its tone is wholesomely remote from both the kindergarten and the Sunday-school. It neither sentimentally smoothes the child's hair nor scientifically tests his reflexes, but treats him as a young human being such as we may once have been.

The same author's *New Poems* are much more worth while. They show him at his full range and at his best, attempting nothing great but thoroughly master of his own modest provinces. No one in America has so intimate a love for outdoor nature in her gentler moods, nor sets them forth so delicately. It is true that purely descriptive poetry is restricted in emotional appeal, awakens at best only a quiet pleasure, and easily becomes cloying: landscape belongs rather to the painter than to the poet; and all great nature-poetry gains its power by refracting nature through humanity. But Mr. Cawein does pure landscape in poetry as well probably as it can be done. The poems of human dream and sentiment in the early part of the volume strike sharp-

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lier, and such lyrics of reminiscence as "Dream Road" or "The Place" are the most effective of all. The more ambitious "When I Came to the Grange" and "Lilith's Lover" fail by suggesting the one Browning, the other Poe; and the sonnet-fables at the end, although wise and cleverly written, are too rough a misuse of the form. Crabbe would have done them better in the Heroic Couplet. Now and then a discordant word mars the fragile emotion of a poem: you cannot say, "Where the rotted wood is punk" without breaking the spell of Witchery; and to call a picket fence by its name at the climax of a tender memory is unfortunate. Now and then, also, a line stumbles ambiguously upon the ear. "The waterfall deep in the wood" sounds anapæstic out of its context. But it is perhaps captious to take note of these things. Altogether, the book is more than worthy of Mr. Cawein's already established name.

Songs and Poems, by William Sharp, is intended as a definitive selection from that verse which he published under his own name, and as a companion to his other volume of verse, *From the Hills of Dream,* by Fiona Macleod. How far the two names represent merely what the author felt to be different types of work, the expression of different phases of his nature, or how far the union in one person of those two artists is to be taken as a case of that strange thing which we vaguely call Dual Personality, will perhaps never truly be known. At least, the difference in the work under the two names is far stranger than if they had been in fact separate individuals. And though the distinction is less marked in poetry than in prose, the contrast between this volume and *From the Hills of Dream* is still its most interesting quality. That strange and strong personal note, that nervous glamour transfiguring the face of earth, that unworldly sadness which was like incarnation remembering immortality, that yearning harmony of emotion and style which made the work of Fiona Macleod as unmistakable as the work of Poe, are here entirely absent. For a book of lyric poems often beautifully and always keenly felt, written with a fine ear for melody and sense of words, it is curiously impersonal. It suggests only the general character of the minor æsthetic lyrists at the end of the century; and it might have been written at that time by any one who could feel sensitively and write well enough. The element of mysticism in such poems as "Motherhood" and "The Weird of Michael Scott," and the pervading love of visual beauty are the chief points of what little resemblance exists; but these are qualities common to the whole neo-romantic group. They are also the strongest qualities of the book. Its weaknesses are the tendency to mere emotional impressionism without clarity of underlying thought and the superabundance of purely descriptive material. And these too serve to point the contrast; for Fiona Macleod had always some human thing to say, though it might be only the shadow of a half-forgotten dream.

There is not much that is characteristically Meredith in the little volume of his *Last Poems.* Many of the pieces are occasional, thoughtful and forcefully expressed, of course, but with the usual impersonality of the occasional poem. The fragments are perhaps most characteristic, with their lightning-glimpses into the Master's mind. He held his power of quintessential phrase to the last; and Meredith without an Idea would be unthinkable. "On Como," the opening poem of the volume, is not only more important than all the rest of it together, but will (unless it is buried among the mass of versified intellectualism in Meredith's earlier work) be remembered both as a great dramatic lyric and as showing what poetry can be written at best by a great man and artist who was not a poet. It cannot be described without quoting, and to quote less than the whole of it would be profanity. But it ought to be known to every one.

The *New Poems* of Mr. William Watson will at this time be read chiefly from an extraneous interest in the single piece which has leaped into newspaper notoriety, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." And that will be both unfortunate and unjust; for aside from the

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nine days' wonder of its personal intent, which concerns neither the critic nor the lover of poetry, it is in itself perhaps the least important poem in the collection. It is not a memorably scathing satire; it is not even tolerably good satire, as we shall realise when the dust has cleared away and we are able to consider it in comparison with the sharper satires of our own and other times. Indeed, the sonnet upon "Leopold of Belgium," in the same volume, is a far bitterer and more powerful piece of satiric writing. This is largely because of its greater composure of tone. For dignity and the upholding of the more classical traditions of his art have always been Mr. Watson's greatest strength. His "Tavern Song" is no more than an adequate bit of workmanship. The Augustan pungency of his epigrams and the grave sweetness of such work as "Wales: A Greeting," "To the Invincible Republic," and the noble "Sonnets to Miranda" are more worthy of his place. He stands alone among the babel of eccentricities, the formless cacophonies of our experimental poetasters, holding pure of all jarring overtones the true Dorian mood which is the inner spirit of our Poetry and of our tongue.

If all the thoughts of all the minds of men
  At last were stilled in night forevermore;
  If all the sea should fade from all the shore,
And all the earth be as a dried-up fen;
Would not the Maker and Destroyer then
  Look backward half-remorseful, and deplore
  The ruined world Himself might not restore,
His own creation withered from His ken?
Or would such things as here did bear in them
  Intenser life-fire than the rest attain,
    Live on, as at their highest, in spheres untrod
By meaner Being?—The might of Shakespeare's brain,
  The vast compassion born at Bethlehem,
    And Beauty perfect from the hands of God.

By such worship as this the Art is honoured; though it achieve no warmer beauty, its dignity is enough.

Brian Hooker.

INSPIRATION AND POEM

Within the brain we feel it burn and flit
  And waver, half alighting. Say who can,
Would not the glory on the wings of it
  Strike blind the eyes of man?

We lift the eager hand, again, again,
  Dreaming to catch it. (Surely it will fly!)
And, lo! a worm, stung with a freezing rain
  Of tears, crawls out to die.

Sarah Piatt.

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A BALLADE OF DESIRE ACHIEVED

What truths those ancient proverbs state;
For instance, this one I revere:
"All things will come to those who wait."
I've said that over every year.
I've hoped all through my print career,
E'en from my literary chrism,
That sometime—somewhere—I might hear
Some word of adverse criticism!

I've written rhymes that didn't mate;
I've built strange sonnets, out of gear.
Sestinas, blatantly ornate,
That fell like pebbles on the ear.
Essays, at which a child might jeer;
A dogma false; a ranting schism;
Yet none would give me, with a sneer,
Some word of adverse criticism!

But at long last, I'm now elate!
I've had an honest, heart-felt fleer;
I've found some one who will berate;
Somebody thinks my stuff is queer.
Somebody's white-faced wife (the dear!)
Approves her husband's cataclysm;
I've heard in language terse and clear,
Some word of adverse criticism!

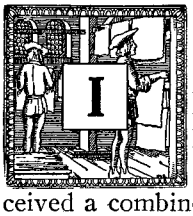
L'Envoi:

Proboan! take my thanks sincere;
Apostle of Eudemonism,
At last I've had, from pen austere,
Some word of adverse criticism!

Carolyn Wells.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I



F our readers will (as of course they will) read the good-humoured verses which stand at the head of the Letter Box this month, they will see that we have at last received a combined birthday and Thanksgiving present sent us from Rahway on the pale blue stationery so well known to us in days gone by. Miss Wells need not feel disturbed at any casual criticism which may come to us regarding her. To be sure, some one in Bridgeport signs a letter with the initials "A. P.," and says, speaking of Miss Wells, that "what appears to you to represent 'an irresponsible mood' is actually the result of careful training, plus delirious straining." But against this unfriendly dictum we would set another letter from Boston, the heartiness of which ought to gratify Miss Wells as much as it does us. It reads as follows:

DEAR LETTER BOX: 'Scuse pencil, please; I've *just got to write,* and nothing else is available. It beats the dickens, this point of view. I read THE BOOKMAN, and I introduced it to my wife, and with it Carolyn Wells. I take THE BOOKMAN to bed with me and read it (when Madame hasn't copped it out ahead

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of me) and we *both* think Carolyn Wells is almost abnormally clever. And now comes the man from Probo (don't you mean Provo?) who has a fit because Carolyn didn't write an Epic with current fiction for inspiration. I never saw Miss Wells and her pale blue stationery, but I am happy to think of her as cheery, full of good humour, and with a most deft and delicate touch. I hope she will be on THE BOOKMAN'S list of "best bests" for many years to come.

II

A gentleman writing us from Charlottesville, Virginia, evidently thinks that he has us on the hip. Here is what he says:

There was a bit of interesting information under "Chronicle and Comment" in your November issue when you told me of the willingness of M. Leblanc to burlesque Sir Arthur Doyle by using "Homelock Shears" as the buffoon in his *Arsène Lupin;* but I began to wonder if this same M. Leblanc changed the cognomen of the wonderful detective often, when I turned to the illustrations of the "Thrillers" and read on the cover of one *Arsène Lupin contre Herlock Sholmes.*

Please don't say "It is really too bad, but we can't help it now," but tell me what your writer had had to drink that afternoon.

Our correspondent is in the wrong. No one has had anything to drink unless, perhaps, M. Leblanc, who used the name "Homelock Shears" in one of his stories, and "Herlock Sholmes" in another. We are not responsible for M. Leblanc's idiosyncrasies.

III

From Shreveport, Louisiana, comes a letter which will be of interest to Frisco Fred:

DEAR LETTER BOX: Was Frisco Fred only joking, or did he really not know where to look for "unsanitary" in the dictionary?

In Lippincott's *Worcester's Academic Dictionary* he will find it. Judging by the rules generally followed in compiling dictionaries, I think he might find it in *Webster* under the same caption.

Best wishes and regards to you and THE BOOKMAN.

Sincerely yours,
LOUISIANA.

The word "unsanitary" does not appear in *Webster's Unabridged,* which gives only "insanitary." Our linguistic sympathies in this matter are wholly with Frisco Fred and *Webster.* "Unsanitary" is a hybrid word, having an English prefix and a Latin derivative, while "insanitary" is consistently Latin throughout. This is only one of the many instances where Worcester goes astray both in his word-formation and also in his orthoëpy.

IV

A rather interesting psychological question has been propounded to us by a gentleman writing from Prescott, Arizona:

Will you define for us the value of tobacco as a literary asset? The current story-tellers relate that Tom "lighted a fresh cigar," that Dick "thoughtfully rolled a cigarette between his fingers," that Harry "pulled vigorously at his briarwood pipe," that Tom, Dick, and Harry "strolled away, puffing contentedly on their fragrant Havanas." From a literary standpoint what is the supposed effectiveness of so much smoking? Why mention the fact that a man lights a cigar rather than that he brushes his coat? Macaulay once counted the number of times a young lady fainted in a popular novel. We have been tempted to list the occasions upon which some of our modern novel heroes "lighted a fresh cigar." What is the psychology of it?

And by the way, why do the "unconventional portraits" in THE BOOKMAN delight to appear with cigars and pipes in their mouths? Trace for us the workings of their minds. Isn't tobacco somewhat overworked by the litterati? If it is made to burn, where is your Inferno?

Evidently this gentleman is not a smoker or he would understand, without being told, the psychology of smoking. It is not merely in books that the cigar and cigarette play an important part, but on the stage as well. In this, both fiction and the drama mirror life as it is. When Dick thoughtfully rolls his cigarette between his fingers, it is very expressive of a certain state of mind. When Harry pulls vigorously at his briarwood pipe, he is evidently engaged in active thought or is verging upon decisive action. When Tom, Dick, and Harry stroll away puffing contentedly their fragrant Havanas, they are really in a peaceful and amiable

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mental state. There is nothing more significant than the manner in which a person smokes or refrains from smoking, whether he lights a cigarette slowly, or whether he dashes a half-smoked cigar upon the floor, or whether he lies back and sends hazy rings of blue up into the air. Does not our correspondent recall the famous passage in *Jane Eyre* where Jane recognises the presence of Rochester by the scent of his cigar as it drifts through the clustering roses? That one passage brought Miss Brontë five or six hundred letters. Brushing a coat is in no way comparable to smoking. You brush your coat when you see a feather on it, or a lady's hair, or a bit of dust. In doing so, your action is wholly objective and has no subjective basis whatsoever. But, as was said in the beginning, it is hard to inculcate the psychology of smoking when the learner himself is not a smoker. All we have to say is that if the gentleman in Arizona will carefully watch his tobacco-loving friends, he will find that all their moods are in some way perceptible in their smoking habits.

V

We don't quite know whether the writer of the following post-card from Indianapolis cares anything about Benjamin Franklin or not. But, anyhow, we print what he says, mainly because it touches upon another question concerning which we profess to have some expert knowledge.

DEAR BOOKMAN: I writhe in indignation—I smother with suppressed epithets—I boil with vituperation, and long for the objurgatory power of a sailor, that I may show my resentment at your insolence, dear BOOKMAN. (These endearments are sarcastic.)

Why, under the blue canopy of Heaven, must some one pick upon the memory of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin—a man who worked like a nigger that the country should prosper, and endured the stench of putrid tallow and malodorous soap that his mighty intellect might "pass through the fire," as it were? Yet this self-assured "Oklahomian" must assail the memory of this great person, and why? Franklin had incurred his "anger and contempt" because of his fitful nature, which was alternately carnivorous and vegetarian. But fitfulness is the chafing of genius within the fleshly bonds. All this tirade of the "Oklahomian" was bad enough, but I nearly fainted when I read the Senior Editor's final, and only, comment. He, too, estimable creature, "held a poor opinion of Mr. Franklin," and that staggered the undersigned. Now to drop this painful subject, and to ask some questions. What, if you can give an authentic answer, is the *real* name of that great oaf, Watson, chronicler of Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Unless I greatly mistake, he is many times referred to as "John," again as "Henry," and his own wife at one time calls him "James." (This confusion of Christian names is very distressing to one of precise mind.)

Don't you think H. Rider Haggard too voluminous? His latest effort, *The Lady of the Heavens,* is nauseous.

Can you tell me whether Mr. Haggard's *Doctor Therne* created any profound impression in England, and whether it exerted any influence on the vaccination laws? Who wrote the novel called *Nero's Crucifix?*

Thanking you in advance for serious answers, I am

CRITICASTER.

As to Benjamin Franklin, there is nothing particular to say. What concerns us most is the matter of Dr. Watson's Christian name. "Criticaster" is evidently not a Sherlockian, or he would not assert that "Watson is many times referred to as John," and "again as Henry." He is not many times referred to as John. The name John is given by Sir Arthur Doyle himself at the beginning of *A Study in Scarlet.* We may infer that this is Watson's real name. It sounds sufficiently matter-of-fact and British. Watson's wife just once (in *The Man with the Twisted Lip*) refers to him as "James." There are several deductions that may be made from these circumstances. One is that his full name was "John James" and that his wife preferred the middle name. The second deduction is that she called him "James" by a sort of heterophemy complicated with antiphrasis, just as we once knew a youth whose real name was Algernon, but who was regularly styled "Pete." A third possible deduction is that Sir Arthur Doyle made a slip, and in writing *The Man with the Twisted Lip* called the doctor "James" through absentmindedness. If this slip is an important one, we can

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find a parallel for it in *Vanity Fair*, where Thackeray sometimes speaks of Mrs. Bute Crawley as "Jane" and sometimes as "Martha." We should like to know in what passage of the Sherlock Holmes cycle Watson is described as "Henry."

So far as concerns Mr. Rider Haggard, we think that he is decidedly too voluminous, and that he should have ceased writing at least ten years ago. We are also not aware that any book of his ever created a profound impression in England. As to the authorship of the novel, *Nero's Crucifix*, is not our correspondent thinking of Eckstein's *Nero*, a romance of the early Roman Empire, translated from the German in two volumes in 1889?

VI

The following is from Troy, New York.

Even as Joseph R. Kipling, he will live in the hearts and minds of all thinking people, when H. T. P.'s small (and unworthy) thrust has long faded into oblivion. P. G. U.

P. S.—The Gentleman from British Columbia take notice!

We are authorised to say that H. T. P. cordially agrees with this estimate of Mr. Kipling. The writer of *Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, The Jungle Books,* and *Kim* is the most original genius who has blazed across the firmament of our literature in the last two decades. But H. T. P. was not writing about this phase of Mr. Kipling. He was dealing rather with the irresponsible, noisy little journalist who skimmed over our country in 1887, and wrote things for an Indian newspaper which afterward he was properly ashamed of, though he allowed their publication (expurgated) in book form a good many years later. We call the attention of the Gentleman from British Columbia to the sinister warning contained in the brief postscript.

VII

Some questions from a subscriber in New York City:

A few questions. Is the London *Bookman* the same as your publication? If not, where shall I write for a subscription? Can you give me the names of a few literary magazines, something similar to yours, that are published on the other side, and where to connect with them? F. R. Q.

Replying we would say that the London *Bookman* has no connection with this publication. You can subscribe to it, as you can to the *Academy* or the *Athenæum,* by simply addressing the magazine in London, and your letter will be received.

VIII

Some months ago we confided to our readers a pair of interesting problems connected with birthday gifts which we had received from anonymous friends. One of these problems has now been solved, greatly to our satisfaction. But the Problem of the Silver Loving Cup baffles us as much to-day as it did a year ago. We should not again refer to the matter and thus, perhaps, inject a personal question into these columns, were it not for the fact that a number of letters have come to us asking us to give more particulars. We fancy that our questioners are Sherlockians or perhaps Mycroftians, who wish to exercise their wits in deducing a definite result, though not without having all the data at their disposal. Let us then expound the problem. We may add that we will give a prize for its accurate solution—barring from the competition only the Junior Editor and the person who sent the cup. To begin, then, there was left at our residence while we were absent, a box wrapped in brown paper and tied with a red-brown string. It contained a silver loving-cup two feet in height. Upon the top stands a conventional figure of Fame, holding in her right hand a wreath, and in her left hand a long trumpet which she is blowing. Her wings are rather loppy at the ends, but this also is conventional. Encircling the lower edge of the cup's cover is the following inscription in antique lettering:

EIDGENOSCHISCHES SCHUETZENFEST—1904—ST. GALLEN

Suspended from the sides by tiny silver chains are the arms of the Swiss cantons. Under the pedestal of the cup in small letters are the words:

VEREINIGTE GOLDSCHMEIDE

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followed by a number which is imperfectly stamped upon the metal. So much for the cup. It may be added that it was enclosed in a box which bore the mark of the Gorham Company of this city. The box, however, was not a new one, being broken at the corners, nor, of course, was it possible that a cup made in Switzerland should have come to us from an American firm of silversmiths. Furthermore, the packing, though well done, was not the packing of a professional, and the same thing may be said of the wrapping. Now all that we have been able to deduce so far is that the cup was sent us by a man rather than by a woman; since it had not been cleaned for some time nor repolished. A number of scratches make the latter evident. We have at times been tempted to think that the cup was not meant for us at all; and yet our address was very plainly written upon it. Here is an opportunity for a real Sherlockian to do some brilliant deduction. We feel rather chagrined that we have not been able to do it ourselves.

IX

A letter from Cincinnati asks our advice on a subject which is of considerable importance to the person who addresses us. At the same time we do not feel like giving an explicit answer, though we cannot forbear making some remarks about it. Here is the letter, in which we suppress the name and street number:

MY DEAR SIR: I have been solicited to subscribe for stock in the ——— Magazine, and write to ask you whether or not it is a reliable publication? It is new and the office is at No. ——— Street, New York. The contributors are to be selected only from the stockholders, and that is why the thing looked suspicious to me. I want to know if the stockholders could in any way become liable. I have no other means of obtaining information; and so as an old and devoted friend of THE BOOKMAN I am daring to write to you.

Without answering directly the question propounded by this lady, we should like to say in the first place, that a well-conducted magazine would not select its contributors only from the stockholders. Suppose that none of the stockholders could write a page of ordinarily good English. Then the magazine would be full of ignorant slush. Suppose that three of the stockholders had some literary gifts. Then the magazine would be filled every month with contributions from these three persons only. The thing is preposterous on the face of it, for no such magazine could be financially successful. Our correspondent does well to entertain suspicion either of the honesty or of the ability of the management. Whether stockholders would or would not be liable for the debts contracted by the management, depends altogether upon the wording of the stock certificates. On the whole, going a little further than we had intended to do, we advise our correspondent to keep out of this affair altogether. Its only merit, so far as we can see, is the ingenious manner in which it appeals at once to a desire for pecuniary gain and (to what in many persons is still more strong) the desire to get into print without going through the ordinary apprenticeship and without relying upon the only thing that really counts—meritorious literary achievement.

X

Here is a letter which strikes a mournful note. We don't know that we can do anything about the crimes committed by the two important personages mentioned in it, beyond suggesting that no good Letterboxer would ever vote for their re-election.

EDITOR OF THE LETTER-BOX: Let no guilty one escape. You caught up Chancellor MacCracken of New York University sharply not long ago "along these lines"; but here is metal more attractive. President Taft and Vice-President Sherman *et al,* as officers of the Lincoln University Endowment Association, in the November *McClure's,* not only tell us that their University "was planned *along lines* suggested by the martyred President," but they cruelly cleave the defenceless infinitive in letting us know that a fund is needed "to properly perpetuate" the institution. Can't you do something about this?

Sorrowfully,
H. W.

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XI

Last month we grieved a little because no one had sent us any picture post-cards for quite a while. We imagined that our plaintive paragraph would bring us at least one or two from sympathetic souls; but our hopes still remained unfulfilled. The Junior Editor saw that we took it rather hard, and so he generously turned over to us two post-cards which had been sent to him by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. She wrote him that they came to her from "the blind poet of Shetland." We are grateful to the Junior Editor, and likewise to Mrs. Barr, but we should feel more comfortable about it if we knew who the blind poet of Shetland is. One card represents a Pictish tower in Mousa, Lerwick, and another has an abbreviated view of Scalloway. Judging from the views, we are tempted to remark that neither place is a proper one for a blind poet; since if he should go out alone, he would certainly fall off the rocks into the water. However, we have added these cards to our collection, with Mrs. Barr's autograph attached.

It may seem rather trifling to many of our readers that we should give any thought to picture post-cards. A picture post-card does not represent, perhaps, a very high order of art; but, you see, there is a great deal of difference between going out and buying a bunch of them haphazard, and having special ones sent you with little messages on the back or front. Then they become souvenirs of friends whom we have never seen and whom perhaps we may never see; yet who, none the less, by reason of these little pictures and the accompanying words, have a very real existence for us. In fact, in our meditative moments, we like to get our gallery of cards together and look them over, admiring their variety, and studying the handwriting of those who sent them. It is like communing with the writers whose moods have been fixed upon them indelibly in ink. As we do not wish in this holiday season to close the Letter-Box with anything so inappropriate as the Inferno, we shall instead gratify ourselves and indirectly thank our benefactors by publishing here a little catalogue of these cards with brief annotations. We style our collection

THE LETTER-BOX PICTURE GALLERY

1. Goat Ranch in Southwest Texas. (Donated by an anonymous reader in Comfort, Texas.) The goats look comfortable.

2. Flushing Bay, Long Island. (Presented by Mr. Ellis Parker Butler.)

3. Palms at Old San Diego, planted in 1769. (Presented by an anonymous reader in San Diego.)

4. Paquebot de la Companie Générale Transatlantique. (Presented by M. Charles Oster, avocat à la Cour d'Appel, Paris.)

5. Lincoln's Birthplace at Hogdenville, Kentucky. (Also presented by M. Oster.)

6. Scalloway. (Presented by the Junior Editor through the courtesy of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.)

7. Pictish Tower, near Residence of the Blind Poet of Shetland. (Also presented by the Junior Editor, through the courtesy of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr.)

8. Panorama di Sorrento. In sepia. (Presented by a distinguished Hellenist who signs only his initials.)

9. Two Cats Drinking out of a Blue Saucer. (Presented anonymously.)

10. Indian War Canoe Race off Victoria, B. C. (Presented by the Gentleman from British Columbia.)

11. St. Joe River. (Also presented by the Gentleman from British Columbia.)

12. Railway Train Falling off a Trestle in a Snow-Slide. (Also presented by the Gentleman from British Columbia.)

This, of course, is not a large collection, yet it has variety, artistic merit, and a personal touch added by those who have presented us with these admirable specimens. We rather stress the fact that the collection is a small one, because our readers have it in their power to make it larger. (This remark may be taken as a mild hint.) We especially salute the Gentleman from British Columbia, since a fourth part of our gallery is due to his munificence. To him and to all our correspondents we now wish, as we have always done in the past, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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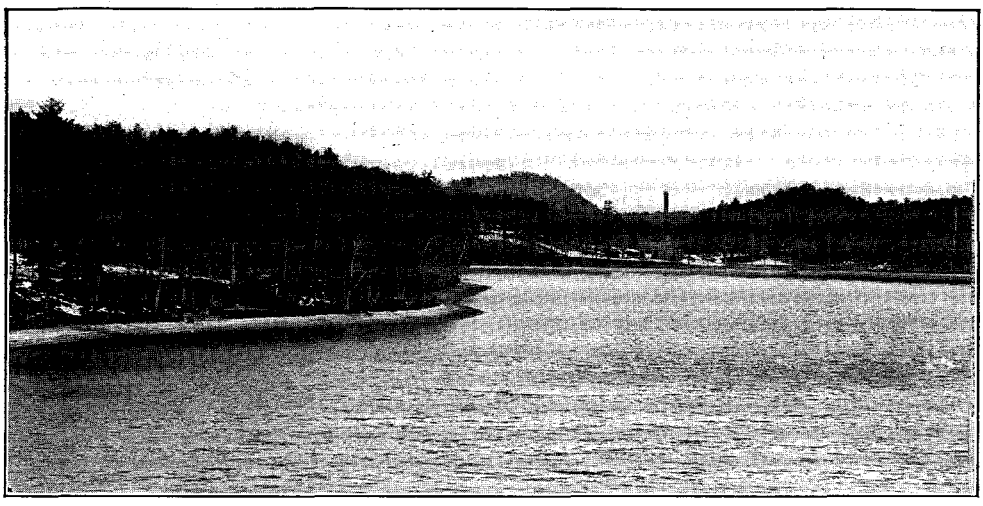
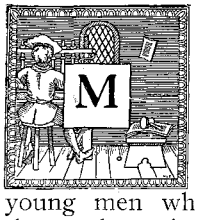


LAKE PLEASANT

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

XI—Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts



Y revered master and admired model, Herr Baedeker of Leipzig, makes a point of keeping his guide-books continually revised. He has an army of intelligent young men who fly over the face of the earth, eating, drinking and sleeping at every possible hotel, bestowing asterisks or removing them, out of the fulness of their knowledge, studying time-tables and jotting down new objects of interest everywhere. The result is that the guide-books of Herr Baedeker give you practically the very latest information about every place on the habitable globe. Being an irresponsible person, I cannot myself pretend to be quite so contemporaneous, nor have I at my disposal an army of intelligent young men. I do my own travelling and my own observing; and I have to do it as occasion serves. Consequently, in the present paper my account may not be wholly accurate as to superficial things, such as buildings, temples and eating-houses; but I am pretty sure that the essence of Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts, is just the same to-day as it was several years ago, when I hastened thither at the urgent promptings of an acquaintance.

This person was a strong believer in Spiritualism. He had talked to me about the subject for months. I knew the theory quite well; but, unfortunately, I had never seen any spirits. I reproached him gently for not having introduced me to those inner circles of Spiritualism where ghosts are as common as newsboys, and where you can both talk with them and actually see them. On one occasion I pressed him so strongly that he became a little nettled and remarked:

"Well, you needn't be so sceptical. When you are convinced I want you to

Preceding numbers in this series with the months of publication: I—Malines, September, 1907; *II—Utica, N. Y., December*, 1907; *III—Berlin, February*, 1908; *IV—Rome, November*, 1908; *V—Rouen, January*, 1909; *VI—Trenton Falls, March*, 1909; *VII—Harlem, May*, 1909; *VIII—Havre and Trouville, July*, 1909; *IX—Atlantic City, September*, 1909; *X—Boston, November*, 1909.—Editors.

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be absolutely convinced; and that is why I haven't taken you to visit any ordinary mediums. It happens that no really great mediums have been here for some time. But if you really want to investigate this subject in a serious spirit, go up and spend a week or so at Lake Pleasant during the annual gathering of Spiritualists from all over the United States. There you will find mediums who will show you things remarkable enough to convince you, just as Mr. Slade convinced Professor Crookes."

(I observe that no Spiritualist ever speaks of Spiritualism without mentioning Mr. Henry Slade and Professor Crookes. This particular conversion is, so to speak, the long suit of the Occultists.)

"ON ONE BALMY SUMMER NOON I FOUND MYSELF ALIGHTING AT A LITTLE STATION IN A HALF-CLEARED FOREST IN FRANKLIN COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS"

Well, at that particular time I was not yet ready to say with Plocamus, *Quadrigæ meæ decucurrerunt,* so I pricked up my ears and asked:

"Where on earth is Lake Pleasant?"

"Oh," he answered, "don't you know? It is a most beautiful place up in Franklin County, Massachusetts. In the summer, as many as twenty thousand Spiritualists gather there and you will find the most marvellous evidences to prove the existence of the human spirit after death."

"Good!" said I. "I'll go."

So that is why on one balmy summer noon I found myself alighting at a little station in a half-cleared forest in Franklin County, Massachusetts. As I looked about me I seemed to be in a sort of frontier settlement. All sorts of shacks and huts and two-story cottages made of unstained pine boards peered through the trees with a rawness that was odd enough in the heart of Massachusetts. There were also tents, and curiously constructed little cabins. Closer examination showed that a sort of design was apparent in the disarrangement of the whole; and that one might trace paths which were in the future to develop into actual streets. Some of the cottages had hammocks swung on their little verandas. The tents usually displayed big scrawling home-made signs with charcoal letters on brown paper. Now, it is my first principle on reaching a strange place—and this place seemed very strange indeed—to make at once for some coign of vantage where I can secure a shelter, a room and an assurance of some kind of food. So, without paying much attention to what was going on around me, I inquired my way to the hotel. The hotel was of unpainted pine and seemed to have been erected the day before yesterday. The uncompromising nails stood out against the pale yellow planking. The windows were in the experimental stage. A smell of fried things greeted me as I approached the front door of the hostelry. Presently, I

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had possession of a bedroom, the walls of which were also of thin pine planks while the floor was divested of any covering. The only furniture was a cot-bed, a cheap washstand, and a small uncertain chair upon which I preferred not to sit.

Nevertheless, here was a place that was for the time my own. I hastily removed the marks of travel from my person, and, being summoned by the sound of a huge cow-bell, I locked the door from the outside and went down to the dining-room for dinner, which in spiritualistic circles is served precisely at the *bourgeoisie* inhabit boarding-houses or ordinary lodgings.

The dinner consisted of fried ham and fried potatoes and fried onions, with some coffee which might have been brewed in the Black Hole of Calcutta. The bread likewise was of a weight entirely disproportionate to the surface of each slice. I had a dark suspicion that if I ate the meal which was slammed before me by a blowsy girl, I should certainly see spirits before midnight whether they were there or not. Consequently, the meal was not prolonged, and I wandered out into the sunshine to inspect more

"SOME OF THE COTTAGES HAD HAMMOCKS SWUNG ON THE LITTLE VERANDAS"

hour of noon. Sitting at a rough plank table, I could observe the types that were represented around me. Afterward I discovered that they were of a class very much superior to the ordinary run of people who frequent Lake Pleasant. This is because the "hotel" was supposed to be very luxurious and even aristocratic; and its denizens were surpassed in this respect only by such Spiritualists as dwelt in cottages. After all, *mutatis mutandis,* there is no great difference between Lake Pleasant and Newport. It is the cottage colony that makes up the patriciate. The upper middle classes belong to the hotels, while the closely this curious, half-frontier, half-gypsy camp. My attention was immediately attracted by a prolonged and monotonous bellowing. It proceeded from a grey-bearded man who was perched upon a huge pine platform whence he expounded his doctrines to about fifty men and women who gathered around him without, I must note, paying very serious attention to what he said.

"Yes, yes," he ejaculated, waving his skinny arms in air, "the soul goes right on developing. It has been developing for a million years and it will keep on developing right straight along and

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don't you forget it! I can prove it to you. Take the tadpole. The tadpole is first of all a little ordinary thing and then it gets to be a big tadpole with a tail. Then its tail is taken from it and it becomes a little frawg! After that, the little frawg gets to be a great big frawg. Now, doesn't that prove that the human soul was once a little ordinary thing? It grows until it is just like us. We are all of us in the tadpole stage. Our body is like the tadpole's tail. But pretty soon we shall shed it and then our spirits will be like the little frawg. At that time we can speak with those we left behind, but after we get to be like the big frawg, we will go too far away from them. We will be more and more spiritual and they can't get hold of us. It's the same way with the man and the monkey. First, the man was a monkey. Then he got to be a man,—at first, just a little baby, and then a boy, and then a real man. He could talk with monkeys once, but I can tell you that when the man gets into any scrap with a monkey, the man will knock the monkey every time!"

His grey beard wagged for half an hour as he piled up proof on proof. Some one told me that he was Professor Boggs from Idaho. I waited until his oration had ended because I wanted to ask him some questions. So, when his breath had given out and his throat was very hoarse, I went up and complimented him on his effort and also asked him if he could give me the names of any particularly powerful mediums who were then residing in the camp.

"Mediums?" he said with a touch of scorn. "I've got past all mediums. Still, I guess that you're a beginner; so I'll recommend you to Eva Dusenbury. She is *eng rappô* with some spirits that you can trust. Then I guess you'd better go to a *se-ants* of the Butts Brothers tonight at eight o'clock. They are materialising-mediums. I guess they're about the best around the camp."

Thanking the professor, I noted down the names and then went for a peaceful stroll, enjoying the bizarre conglomeration of huts and tents with their signs and hammocks. I passed the "temple," which was also made of pine, and I gazed into the lake, which at any rate looked clean.

There were some stalls at which small objects were for sale. One of them was a book-stall, and I lingered before it quite a while, looking over the literature which it displayed. Of course, it all bore directly upon Spiritualism; but evidently it lacked a certain theological unity. Some of the pamphlets seemed to hold that Spiritualism proves the tenets of orthodox Christianity. Others seemed to have cut loose entirely from any known religion. For instance, there was a huge volume of some eight hundred pages which I was given to understand by the bookseller was a new Bible written by an inspired dentist. I asked how he had come to write it.

"Well," said the bookseller, who was an extremely shrewd-looking person, "that's just where the merricle comes in. The author was setting at his typewriter one day when all of a sudden his fingers began to jump around the keys; and when he took the first page out he found that it was the beginning of a special revelation. So he went on for about six months and finally he finished the book which you see here."

I turned over some of the pages of the volume and tried to understand what they contained. But beyond the fact that they had to do with the life and observations of some people with very queer names, I could not grasp the thought. No sentence seemed to have any connection with any other sentence, and after studying for a little while my mind began to reel as though I had been thinking backwards. I said this to the bookseller and he gave me the usual answer.

"Of course you can't understand it because its thought is Infinite. If you buy a copy and take it home and study it for several years, you can kind of work into it. Then you will understand the revelation. You can have the book for six dollars."

Somehow the prospect of several years' study in the future and the loss of six dollars in the immediate present, failed to attract me, so I looked over the other wares and found a work in paper covers with the title *Christianity A Fraud!* Now this in itself was not excit-

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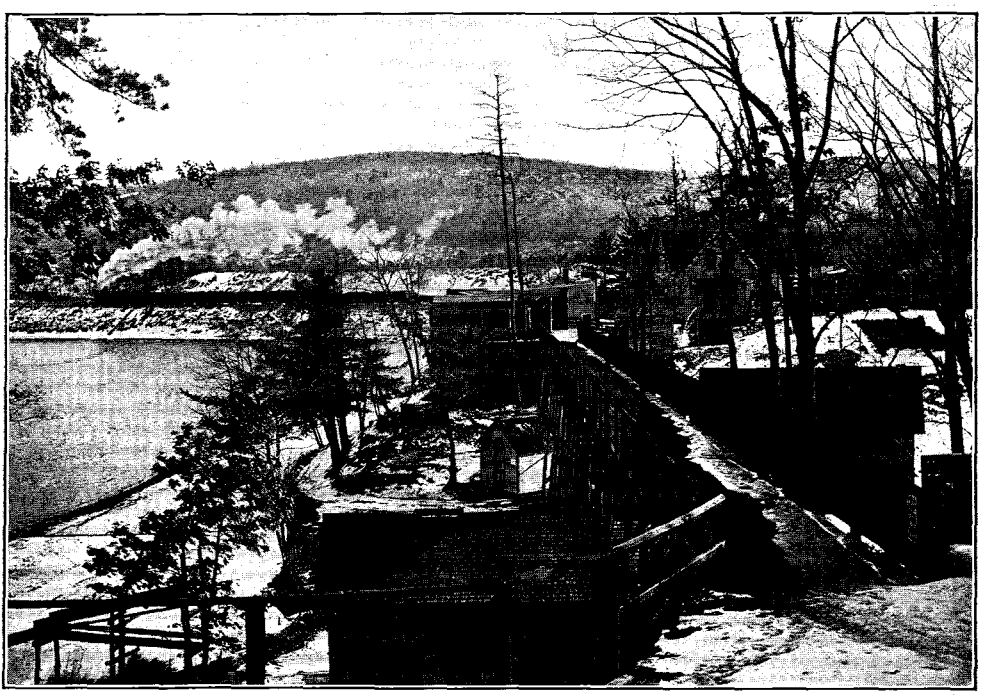
ing. People have been hammering at Christianity for nearly two thousand years and Christianity does not seem to be any the worse for it. But I gathered from other sentences upon the cover that the book contained some special communications from Roman authors, collected and written down by a very celebrated medium. This promised well. Perhaps I should find some of the lost books of Livy, or the missing chapters of Petronius or possibly some parts of Sallust that scholars have regarded as destroyed. So while the Butts Brothers were all right as mediums, he wouldn't trust them with a nickel even if it was nailed down to the floor.

I stopped at sundry other booths and stalls and got into conversation with their proprietors. It occurred to me as a neat thing to ask them what they thought of the bookseller. Every one of them informed me that he was a mighty smart man, but that he had served two terms in jail. In fact, in the course of the afternoon, pretty nearly every conspicu-



THE VIEW AT THE BRIDGE

I purchased the volume for fifty cents. Having done so the bookseller rather warmed to me and began to talk the gossip of the camp. I ventured to ask him whether the celebrated Eva Dusenbury was the best of all the mediums. He winked one eye and said:

"Oh, yes, she's a first-class medium all right; but I guess there's some things about her she wouldn't like to have me tell you."

He declined, however, to go any further into this mysterious matter, so I asked him about the Butts Brothers. Again he winked his eye and said that ous person in the camp had let me know in confidence that every other conspicuous person was no better than he or she ought to be; and, indeed, I have no doubt that all of them were telling me the truth. It appeared that there was a sort of queen of the whole community. I forget her name, but I know that she excited a perfectly frantic envy in all the clairvoyants, mediums and soothsayers who belonged to her own sex. I could not understand the reason for this feeling except that she was "awfully stuck-up," that she had too many clothes, and that the male mediums all regarded

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her as good looking. Strolling around to where her cottage was situated, I had the good fortune to behold the lady lolling in a hammock. I should not myself have thought her beautiful, though perhaps the standards of beauty at Lake Pleasant are different from those in Paris or New York. Nor, for that matter, should I have supposed that her clothes were anything to envy, though on this point, of course, masculine judgment is very fallible. Still, I must set down the fact that no great skill had gone into the bleaching of her hair and that she would have appeared much more attractive had she supplied a couple of teeth that were very obviously missing. As to her clothes—well, the combination of a purple waist, a yellow belt and a bright green skirt involved a colour-scheme which may have been daring, but which was certainly a bit too much so for my taste.

Turning away from such shining lights as she, I inspected very carefully the ordinary population of the camp—the people who were packed in tents, in little shanties, and who seemed to be honest and sincere and to have come there with that sort of spiritual longing which may seize upon revealed religion for its satisfaction, or which may possibly go wandering off after strange gods and the cheap phenomena of Occultism. There was something pathetic about these people. Their speech and accent told me that many of them had come great distances—from the Middle West, and even from the Pacific Slope. And they had come to be consoled, perhaps to speak with the spirits of those whom they had lost, to hear the familiar voices of mothers and fathers or of little children who had (to use their phrase) "passed over," but who were still hovering about the earth to comfort those who mourned their loss. These people represented the profoundest depths of ignorance. To look at them, you would say that they were capable of no emotions, that the bitterness and hardness of their daily lives had crushed out every aspiration and every hope. The men, dressed in homespun, had faces that seemed sullen. The women in faded prints and wearing tattered shawls, sat silently for hours upon the stumps of trees when they were not preparing the rude meals which their menfolk ate in equal silence. Heaven knows what sacrifices these men and women had made, so that they might come a thousand miles in emigrant trains to be comforted by Eva Dusenbury and the Butts and inferior mediums. Pennies had been hoarded painfully. Every form of pleasure had been given up. They had stinted themselves in food and clothing for this one great week at Lake Pleasant, where they could commune with beings from another world. It was sad, yes, infinitely sad; and yet perhaps to undeceive them would have been a cruel thing. Doubtless they went back to months and months of toil and destitution, strengthened and uplifted by the firm belief that they have seen and spoken to their lost ones. Doubtless they were robbed and cheated and egregiously fooled; and yet would any one have the heart to change their infinite belief into a scepticism which would make their lives an utter blank? Who shall say? For my part I take refuge in the ancient maxim, *populus vult decipi,* which is one of the profoundest sayings that I know of in the philosophy of the human mind.

About five o'clock, having made the circuit of the camp, and having meditated much and acquired a good deal of information, I made my way to the abode of Eva Dusenbury. Eva was sharing a tiny cottage with another priestess of the Occult. Both of them were sitting on the porch; and in response to my inquiries, Eva rose and introduced herself. She was a haggard little woman with a sallow skin seamed thick with wrinkles. Her hair was like that of the Witch of Endor's. Her hands seemed like the claws of some large bird, and I should judge that she was not overfond of soap and water.

"Come upstairs," said Eva.

I went upstairs and found myself in the medium's sleeping apartment, which must have measured about six feet by eight. However, it contained, besides her truckle-bed and a little dressing-table, two chairs, in one of which I took a seat, while Eva occupied the other.

"The fee for a *se-ants* is fifty cents,"

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said the medium, by way of opening the conversation. It was obvious that Eva had a practical mind.

When she had received the coin and had deftly slipped it down into her stocking, she surprised me considerably by seizing my right hand and giving three convulsive shivers. Then her eyes rolled upward in a most disconcerting fashion and she shuddered quite a little more.

I am afraid that I did not play the game quite fairly with Eva Dusenbury. I was sceptical enough to think that she was going to lead me on into admissions which she would take advantage of. So perhaps I helped her just a little. Presently, in a strange and hollow voice she said, speaking from her trance:

"There is a spirit near you. She is one whom you have cared for very much."

I gripped her hand as though in agitation.

"Yes," she continued, "it is, as it comes to me, one of your relations."

Again I gripped her hand.

"She is trying to speak to you through me. She knew that you were coming. She cannot exactly tell me who she is. She might just possibly have been your sister."

I started violently. My emotion nearly overcame me. Eva felt encouraged.

"Yes," she continued, "it *is* your sister, but I cannot tell how old she is. She may have passed over a good while ago. Let me see, she might be eight——?"

I remained passive.

"No, she must be more than that, at least fourteen."

I still maintained a passive attitude.

"No, even more than that," said Eva, keeping the pupils of her eyes somewhere in the top of her head, "I think she is eighteen."

This time I pressed Eva's hand and made the chair creak.

"Yes," said Eva, "she is just eighteen. She controls me now completely. We are *eng rappô*. She wishes me to tell you that she is very happy—yes, very, very happy and that you are not to sorrow for her. She is always near you and she knows how much you think of her. She will stay in Spirit Land until you come, and there you will be reunited."

Eva went on for some three minutes more in the same inspired strain. I was deeply moved—the more so because I had never had a sister; but, of course, I hadn't the heart to tell Eva that. It might have hurt her feelings, and then again she might have said that, after all, it was somebody else's sister who was interested in me. Therefore, I let it go at that; and presently, after Eva had given full value for my fifty cents, her eyes came down to normal, she released my hand and intimated that the *se-ants* was over. So there was nothing else to do but to go away. I had learned something about Spiritualism, though not precisely what my acquaintance in New York had desired me to learn.

Strolling down to the margin of the lake, I lit a cigarette and began to read the volume which was intended to prove that Christianity is a fraud. It was a great book. The author began by saying that the priests of ancient Rome, having gradually lost their power, had invented a new religion in the shape of Christianity and had promptly transformed themselves from pagan *sacerdotes* into Christian priests. In doing this they had forged certain passages in the ancient writers in order to give an appearance of veracity to the new faith. Thus, said the writer, Christianity has been propagated for many centuries. It has flourished and has exercised great influence over the nations of the world; but now the mediums were getting after it. They had summoned up the spirits of the ancient historians and these spirits had exposed the frauds of the Roman priests. Then came a series of documents in the shape of letters communicated to the medium who wrote the book. I was rather interested in the epistolary style adopted by these noble Romans. In their own time they would have put their names at the beginning of the letters together with the name of him to whom the letter was addressed. But apparently they had made concessions to modern usage. Not only in this matter but in the forms of their own names. Thus Gaius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus—a gentleman who prided himself upon good form—had

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TURNER STREET

"I PASSED THE 'TEMPLE,' WHICH WAS MADE OF PINE"

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signed his letter simply "Pliny." Doubtless he adapted his name to the English system, but it rather surprised me that he was so abrupt. A person of his urbanity should at least have said "Yours faithfully, Pliny," while Pontius Pilate, who also wrote a letter, ought to have used some official style, as, for instance, "I beg to remain, Sir, your obedient servant, Pontius Pilate." But these, after all, were minor matters, and I read the volume for an hour with unfeigned interest and edification, especially the foot-notes, which contained archæological lore of a nature which no savant of modern times had ever even suspected and which would tend to overthrow all the notions that we have of ancient life. It also completely contradicted what the Romans themselves have left to us engraved on stone and bronze. But that, of course, is a small matter to a medium.

* * * * *

At six o'clock the cow-bell rang tumultuously for supper. A fine meal was spread before us—pork-chops, pork and beans, doughnuts, and a kind of tea which I should be afraid to put my finger in lest it should shrivel up. I was pretty hungry by this time, yet not hungry enough to consume pork-chops and doughnuts. So I trifled with the beans; and, finding my right-hand neighbour a fairly intelligent and well-informed person, I told him about what had befallen me in the *adytum* of Eva Dusenbury and asked him whether this did not discredit her value as a medium.

"Not at all," said he; "she was controlled by a spirit, only, of course, it was not a reliable spirit. It was merely fooling you, just as it was fooling her. Undoubtedly it was a diakka."

"A what?" said I.

"A diakka," said he. "Don't know that the spirit of James Victor Wilson once gave an explanation of the diakkas which clears away the charge of fraud when made against mediums like Eva Dusenbury?"

"No," said I, "and I never heard of James Victor Wilson, either."

"Well," returned my friend, "Wilson was a good man when he was alive, and his spirit gives you straight talk. He was the control of Andrew Jackson Davis, and through him he explained all about the diakka. The whole thing stands to reason. You see, when very good and upright people die, their spirits go at once, as a rule, to a place so far away from earth that most mediums can't get into contact with them; but when a mean, ordinary citizen passes over—what does his spirit do? It isn't fit for the great Draco Major Belt. It is still keen about things here in the world. So it just hangs around and gets mediums into trouble. That's what a diakka is—just a low-down ordinary spirit. No, sir! I wouldn't believe a diakka under any circumstances, and you must have struck one this afternoon. But Eva Dusenbury is all right. She's a friend of mine."

I asked him about the Butts Brothers, and he said that they were very fine. They could tell a diakka as far as they could feel him, and if I went to their *séance* I would be convinced and not be fooled by contemptible, lying spirits. No, *sir!*

Supplied with these bits of information, I went out into the woods at half past seven. They presented a weird sight. Innumerable lights twinkled among the trees and underbrush, for every tent had at least one candle, while here and there a great flare of flame streamed out from a naphtha torch and cast a lurid and unearthly glow down the dim forest paths. The Butts Brothers had a large tent, into which a number of persons were already filing. One of the brothers, in a grey flannel shirt, was collecting twenty-five cents from each of those who entered. Within there was scarcely any light at all save that which was afforded by two kerosene lamps. At the inner extremity of the tent was a sort of cabinet about three feet high. Heaped around its base were garments that had apparently been thrown there loosely.

Facing the cabinet was a semicircle of seats which were gradually filled. The dim light, the awe of all those present, and the strangeness of the place itself, created an effect at which one may very readily laugh, but which was none the less quite real. It was an effect of oppression and of anticipation. Something was going to happen in the gloom. What would it be?

At eight o'clock the flap of the tent was

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closed. I whispered to my neighbour on the left:

"What is that cabinet? Is it not going to be searched to see that no one is concealed there?"

But he merely shook his head and shrunk away from me. He was under the spell, the spell of mystery and uncouthness which were curiously blended. At my right sat a thick-set, burly man with a wiry black beard. His face was partly muffled in the collar of a pea-jacket; and somehow or other I got the impression that he was or had been a sailor. This impression was deepened by the fact that I could see dimly a tattooed anchor on his hand. The tent was not sufficiently well lighted for me to make out the features of the other persons present, but they were evidently men and women of the sort that I have already described, ignorant, hopeless, stolid creatures to whom this evening was very important in the history of their lives.

In a few moments, the man who had stood at the entrance of the tent went from one lamp to the other and turned the wicks down until we were sitting in what was almost utter darkness. Thus we sat for at least five minutes with no sound audible save the heavy breathing of the men and an occasional nervous clearing of the throat. Then the person in charge said to us in a peculiarly vibrant voice:

"Will you not sing? It helps the controls to get *eng rappô*."

There was a moment more of silence, and then, somewhere in the darkness, a woman's quavering voice began to sing the hymn beginning:

I am so glad that our Father in Heaven——

She had gone no further than this, when another high-pitched voice cried out:

"Oh, we don't believe that stuff!"

A sort of hysterical giggle ran around the circle. These poor wretches had cast out all religion and yet they were afraid of it even while they sat there lending their presence to the grossest form of superstition. But soon the man in charge began to sing a song in which nearly everyone took part. I can remember only the refrain:

Shadowland, Shadowland,
We'll meet once more in Shadowland.

They were crooning this out with long-drawn notes, when of a sudden a hush fell upon them all. What had happened? Peering through the darkness, I saw a diminutive figure clad in white rise from the front of the cabinet and make its way clumsily, like a child learning to walk, toward the farther end of the semicircle. It approached the edge of the spectators, and after moving along for a short distance, it stopped. Then a woman's voice —such an anxious, strained, pathetic voice!—said with a tremor:

"Is it 'oo, Dotty?"

"'Es," came the answer in a faint squeak. "'Es, I'se Dotty."

One could feel the thrill of a mother's love going out in that grotesque place to this simulated spirit child.

"Is Dotty happy?"

"'Es, Dotty very happy."

The gaunt, frowsy woman seemed to be lost in an ecstasy of joy. With no imagination and no gift of speech, she could ask no questions, save this single one, which, after all, was the question nearest to a mother's heart. If her child was happy, what more was there to say? And so, after the small falsetto voice had once more said "I'se happy," and after the mother had sobbed, out of the fulness of her emotion, the figure melted away into the darkness and was lost beside the cabinet.

There was more singing and there was more waiting; and one figure after another would emerge, all of various heights and shapes, and would be recognised by one or another of those present. The questions and answers were almost stereotyped. No one but myself was there to question or to criticise. They were all believers and they all seemed anxious to know the one thing which possessed their minds—whether he or she who had "passed over" was really happy. This went on for three-quarters of an hour, and it would have been monotonous had it not been so pitiful. But then at the last there occurred something which shook me from my attitude of criticism and produced, however crudely, an effect that was really startling.

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After a long interval of slow, discordant song, there fell upon the assemblage a silence which seemed likely to remain unbroken. I believed that the *séance* had come to an end, and was about to rise and leave the tent. But just then there rose up into the gloom a figure about as tall as that of a man upon his knees. It came slowly to the farthermost end of the semicircle and paused before each person sitting there. Its pauses elicited no response, and it kept on moving clumsily, and with a sort of horrible lurch, from seat to seat until it had completed more than half the arc. By this time my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and I could make out that the object, whatever it was, appeared to be a man moving upon his knees. As he came nearer and nearer it was possible to see the dim outlines of his garb. A sort of tarpaulin and an oilskin covered him. Nearer and still nearer he came on. At last, thought I, one of these spectral apparitions is going to pass before my very eyes. As it approached, my attention was attracted by the thick, hard breathing of the man who sat close at my right. There was something awful in the vague suggestion, something which made me feel that here was no ordinary imposition. My flesh crept as the figure drew near the place where I was sitting, and I was startled by the agitation of the person beside me. At last the moving object reached the place immediately next to mine and stopped there. The man with the black beard leaned forward as though fascinated hideously, and I leaned forward filled with curiosity. At that very moment the figure was seen to be the figure of a man. It threw its head back with a sort of unnatural, gruesome movement. Dark as the place was I could see that it revealed a throat that was cut from ear to ear.

The sailor next me gave a frightful shriek such as I have never heard before or since.

"My God!" he cried, "not that! Not that!"

The lights went out as at a single stroke. The tent was in confusion. Men and women ran to and fro, stumbling over benches and hurrying toward the entrance. With them must have gone the sailor, and with them, also, I very gladly went; for the horror of it all had become insupportable. Out among the cool woods, dotted with flickering lights, we made our way, each to his own abiding place; and I must confess that I was extremely glad when I reached the bare plank front of the inn where I had taken lodgings.

It was steadying to the nerves to shut myself in my little room and light a lamp, so as to think over the whole episode which had just occurred. Of course, a believer in Spiritualism would have accepted the obvious explanation of it: that the black-bearded sailor was really a sailor and had, at some time, murdered the man whose spirit that night came back to haunt him. But as I am a close student of the methods of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and not a follower of Professor Crookes, I sought a purely natural explanation; for it is only after testing and rejecting all natural explanations that one should turn to the supernatural or even to the supra-normal. Therefore, it was plain enough that the whole thing was a preconcerted arrangement. The sailor was hired to play his part, and one of the Butts Brothers impersonated the man with the knife-slit throat. The more I thought of it, the more I was impressed with the cleverness of the Butts Brothers. This little performance neatly ended the *séance,* and it did so in a most dramatic and thrilling manner. Here was art in the crudest possible form; and yet the crudity, the bareness, the simplicity, all heightened the effect.

Having settled the thing satisfactorily in my mind, I went to bed and tried to sleep; but the thin wooden partitions of the room made sleep impossible. On one side of me several rough-voiced men played poker until morning broke. On the other side, a Scandinavian couple wrangled incessantly in a jargon that was partly English and partly Norse. Morning found me entirely worn out. I would not have stayed another day in Lake Pleasant even if I could have seen Palladino herself at her best and escorted by visible diakkas. No, without waiting for any breakfast, I left the place and hurried over to the beautiful old town of Greenfield. There its broad street with

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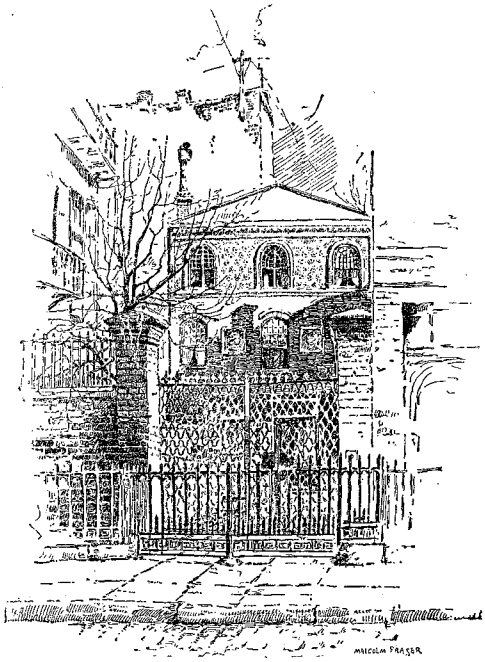
its elms, through which the sunlight sifted down so peacefully on this Sunday morning, offered me a most comfortable shelter, a delicious breakfast, and a quiet broken only by the ringing of the church bells.

It was like passing from hell to heaven to hear those church bells and to know that I had left behind me all the mountebanks, the mediums, the clairvoyants, the purveyors of blasphemy and superstition. The taint of them left my soul. It was something more than a satisfaction—it was actually a joy—to join the throngs of orderly, right-minded, decent people who were making their way to church; and the harmonious singing of a fine old hymn with its organ accompaniment brought me up out of the very Pit and made my brief stay at Lake Pleasant seem only like the memory of a troubled and disturbing dream.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER. AN APPRECIATION

The following appreciation of the late Richard Watson Gilder, written by Hamilton Wright Mabie, will be read at the annual meeting of the Authors Club of New York.

RICHARD WATSON Gilder was one of the founders of the Authors Club. Its first meeting was held at his house in East Fifteenth Street, and his was a notable interpretation of its spirit and purpose. His verse is singularly winning in its expression of high poetic ideals; he was a workman of exacting standards; he was an ardent and efficient servant of the arts in America, and a friend of artists in all fields of endeavour, using his editorial position to give practical effect to his sympathy and encouragement. As a practitioner of the art of writing and a supporter of organised art, he made himself an authoritative spokesman of the Club.



THE EAST FIFTEENTH STREET HOUSE

He was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, on the 8th day of February, 1844; he died in New York on the 18th day of November, 1909. He skirted the edges of the Civil War; became a journalist in Newark, New Jersey, in 1865; accepted a position as assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, with Dr. J. G. Holland as editor; was made editor of *The Century Magazine* in 1881, and was in full tide of active work at the time of his death. Under his direction, with the loyal co-operation of his associates, that periodical became a leader in the literary and artistic life of the country during a critical period of its growth. It gave intelligent interpretation of the work of a group of rising writers, painters, engravers, sculptors, and architects; it opened its pages generously to young artists in all these fields, and it speedily became an educational influence of high importance among a people who are beginning to understand the representative character of the arts and their relation to national life. Mr.

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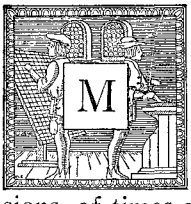
Gilder was a citizen of New York and of the nation, whose spirited and tireless endeavour it was to give the organic life of the American people purity of character and nobility of expression. He was an idealist with a genius for practical service, who spent himself lavishly for little children and for the poor, and held it no interruption of the artistic career to heed the cry of the helpless and the unfortunate. His poetry was a varied and finely modulated interlude between the old and the new practice of the art in this country. He honoured the traditions with a free mind and held to the older standards while using the more modern methods. The unforced and spontaneous note in his verse gives it an intimacy and frankness, a quality of emotion, and a sincerity of feeling which reveal the heart as clearly as the mind of the poet. He knew the complexities of modern moods and the divergence of modern views of art; but he kept the freedom, the single-heartedness, the vision of a singer whose inspirations are more powerful than the outward influence of his time. He was a lovable companion and a loyal friend.

MR. GILDER'S POETRY



R. GILDER'S life was both ardent and arduous and whatever he set his hand to do was done with warmth of emotion as well as with a steady sense of values and occasions, of times and means; so that in the breadth and energy of his services to his city and country his poetry seems a partial and inadequate expression of his spirit. The altruistic passion was so strong in him and at times possessed him so completely that to many who worked with him his verse writing must have had the air of an avocation. From the beginning to the end of his career, however, Mr. Gilder was always the poet; sometimes the poet in repose, often the poet in action but always the man of vision, to whom utterance was a matter of compulsion as well as of joy. Perhaps nothing so clearly distinguishes the poet from the facile and cultivated verse-maker as this inward pressure, this pain of the soul which nothing save expression can ease.

Now that these activities have ceased and the man of vision, who never flinched before his task, rests from his labours while his works follow him in the beautiful order of the spiritual harvesting, Mr. Gilder's poetry, detaching itself from his practical interests, will more and more reveal its essential and final authority as the expression of the man, the very heart of his life. "You forget that the artist is not free" was the answer of a painter of eminence to the suggestion that another man's work would have gained greatly by certain slight readjustments. In one sense no man is so free as the artist; in another sense no man is so bound by compulsion. Was it not Schiller who said, in effect, that talent may do what it chooses, but genius must do what it must! That high degree of skill which we call talent may be directed at will, but the elusive magic of genius imposes its own terms on the man whom it possesses, but to whom it never wholly commits itself. The compulsion of temperament, of an imagination to which power of sight and power of emotion contributed determining elements, of a physique both sensitive and vital are plainly seen in Mr. Gilder's peotry. It is in rare degree a disclosure of a man in whose nature integrity was so inwrought that it was part of its very fibre, and upon whom there rested the further compulsion of perfect sincerity. No one could know Mr. Gilder without recognising in him a certain ethereal quality in combination with directness of action and practical efficiency.

Perhaps the first impression that a reader fresh to Mr. Gilder's poetry would receive, would be its unforced ease and freedom, its unconventional and courageous simplicity of response to the poet's mood or thought. It has often a

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detached, unworldly note which reminds one of notes heard in the deep woods. This sincere, simple and free mood was characteristic of a poet whose career was a patient response to the call for help from men, women and children under the crushing weight of evil social conditions; but it was very misleading if it hid from view the subtlety of perception and the mystical feeling which runs through much of Mr. Gilder's work and stamps it, notwithstanding its modernity of theme, as not entirely of our period. The intensity of emotion, the almost esoteric delicacy of phrase, the fineness of line with which shades of feeling are suggested seem to indicate a reverent study of Italian models without a hint of subjugation to the little masters who found a sonnet a world large enough to contain a fully developed art. To this subtle strain in Mr. Gilder's genius the sonnet made an irresistible appeal; and he has given us in poetic form a characterisation of the sonnet of illuminating beauty, and a group of sonnets which form a Book in Praise of Love as full of delicate analysis of the supreme experience as the canzoni of the later Renaissance, as devout and reverential as the most chivalric modern celebrations of the master passion, in which the flame burns into a still, white light:

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Dear heart, I would that after many days,
When we are gone, true lovers in a book
Might find these faithful songs of ours. "O look!"
I hear him murmur while he straightway lays
His finger on the page, and she doth raise
Her eyes to his. Then, like the winter brook
From whose young limbs a sudden summer shook
The fetters, love flows on in sunny ways.
I would that when we are no more, dear heart,
The world might hold thy unforgotten name
Inviolate in these eternal rhymes.
I would have poets say: "Let not the art
Wherewith they loved be lost! To us the blame
Should love grow less in these our modern times."

The lyric quality of Mr. Gilder's verse not only determines its form, but the manner of its production, and relates him to the happy company of song-makers in the singing age of English poetry. It is true, the singing note which seems to pause on the very edge of music and waits only the touch of the vocal impulse to take wing is not often sounded in Mr. Gilder's verse; he was not a song writer and the beguiling rhythm was not his. But he had the singing temperament and attitude toward life. In reading his verse as a whole one is struck by the brevity of the great mass of his poems, and by the absence of long pieces and of sequences of any kind. The group of small books of song which appeared between 1875 and 1909 contain a very substantial body of work, but in the Household Edition the titles fill eighteen pages! The poet walks through life with a certain detachment, not from its claims and needs, but from its roaring activities, its insolent demands on the spirit; with a wistful expectation of voices from beyond the turmoil, of glimpses over the horizon; and with a sensitive imagination that answers every intonation of the things of the spirit veiled behind personal experience, civic struggle, social disturbance.

On casual examination it would seem that much the greater number of Mr. Gilder's songs were evoked by the pressure of life on his spirit, the cry of life for interpretation, for a voice, for help. If the sun breaks from the clouds, the man of lyric temper makes a little song of gratitude; if it is swallowed up in darkness he makes a little song of hope or courage; if life climbs to a new height in some noble person or deed the verse is jubilant in its overflowing joy; if the outgoing tide of integrity shows the shore lined with moral wreckage the outraged singer flings his indignant protest on the air and strikes the great note which keeps poetry in eternal alliance with freedom, faith and the clean soul. And in all the confusion of aim and turmoil of contending forces through which this poet walks he is always the lover, the worshipper at the hidden shrines in woods and fields, a celebrant of the victories of music, of sculpture, of painting, of building. For the detachment which strikes one in Mr. Gilder's work is not withdrawal from the actual world into

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the stillness of the ideal; it is rather a high and consistent selection of paths, a resolute and joyful obedience to calls which the spirit never fails to hear. Mr. Gilder was neither purchased nor silenced by the immense material prosperity of his time; it neither elated nor confused him. He weighed it in the scales and read its exact value, and his report of its worth is recorded in the inscriptions he prepared for the buildings devoted to industrial processes at the Columbian Exposition; examples of monumental English of a noble dignity and poetic vision.

With growing freedom in the use of relaxed metres and of rhythmical prose, and, in spite of a very nice sensitiveness to the potencies of craftsmanship, with occasional indifference to verbal felicity and melody, Mr. Gilder had command of the happy phrase and of that magic of imagination which lights the way of narrative with imagery and illustration:

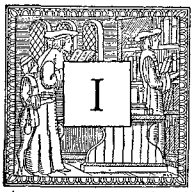
It was as on the opening of a door
By one who in his hand a lamp doth hold
(Its flame being hidden by the garment's fold),
The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

From roses to red the level heaven turned:—
Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
A blade of gold flashed on the ocean's rim.

It is too soon to make the attempt to apply to Mr. Gilder's poetry those ultimate tests which await all work in the arts; when our hearts are still sore with the sense of loneliness, now that his voice has gone silent, it is enough to recognise the bravery of his song, who felt the sadness of life so deeply, the purity of his endeavour not only to offer the gift of music, but to render the service of the hand. *Hamilton W. Mabie.*

STORIES OF STRANGE ADVENTURE: NEW AND OLD

III—The Scarlet Mushroom



HAVE told how Tom Brooke and I wandered over the face of the earth until my small inheritance had been exhausted and until I felt the need of settling down to a domestic life. Perhaps I ought to tell how I came into that small inheritance inasmuch as the story connected with it is a story about Tom Brooke. He and I were at college together; and we saw a great deal of one another. It was what was called "a rich man's college," and yet I had been sent to it because both my father and my grandfather had received its diploma in the days when everything was simple. If Brooke had been the usual type of student I should have seen little of him; for he had a handsome suite of rooms outside the college yard, and with his income he might have associated mainly with men of his own kind.

But, as I said before, his tastes were Bohemian and unusual. Just as he neglected his college work in order to read omnivorously all sorts of books which had nothing whatever to do with the curriculum, so he sought me out persistently in my modest rooms, where he would lie and smoke by the hour, discoursing on every possible theme from alchemy and the mysteries of Mithras to the latest discovery in science or the most recent sensation in the underworld of crime.

I shall never forget the day after our graduation. I was about to pack up my belongings when Brooke appeared, and taking possession of my battered couch he filled his pipe with strong tobacco and smoked with that peculiar comfort which only a meditative smoker knows. After awhile he looked at me lazily as I packed my boxes and asked:

"What are you going to do next?"

"Anything that comes to hand," I answered.

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"Come with me and travel," said Tom Brooke. "We've got only a glimmering of things as they really are. My plan is to see the world, and to see it in my own way."

"That's all very well," I replied. "But you are free to do precisely as you choose. As for me, I must go to work and make some money—grind still harder, get some sort of place, and gradually work up."

Tom puffed awhile in silence and then he asked abruptly:

"How much money have you got?"

I hesitated for a moment. He had never asked me anything so directly personal as this. But, after all, why should I hesitate to tell the truth?

"I have exactly six hundred dollars of my own," said I. "This is what was left over and above the sum which came to me at my father's death. My mother has an annuity which enables her to live in comfort; but, of course, I couldn't take a cent from her. I have now gone through college; and the rest of my education I must get by contact with the world."

Tom puffed away for a few minutes longer, and then he asked again:

"Haven't you any other money coming to you?"

"No," said I. "I was brought up to expect a considerable sum from another source, but it turned out to be nothing."

"How is that?"

"Why," I answered, "there was an old gentleman, a close friend of my father's, who was supposed to be fairly well off. He was a bachelor and had no relatives living. He used to say many times that when he died his money should all go to me. But when he actually did die, about six years ago, it turned out that, although he had willed me everything, he really had nothing at all except some books and furniture. It was rather a disappointment to me, because my father had to go to considerable expense in sending me to college."

A gleam came into Tom Brooke's eyes.

"So he willed you all of his possessions as though he actually had some, and yet the very contrary turned out to be the case. That seems rather odd. Who was this very disappointing person?"

"His name," said I, "was Dr. Gregory Harden; but at the time of his death he had long since given up his medical practice and was living very comfortably up in New Hampshire—in the city of Nashua. But my father, who was his executor, found that the house he lived in was only rented by him, and that, as I told you, there was no real estate and no more than a few hundred dollars' worth of personal property left after paying some current bills."

"That's odd again," said Tom, refilling his pipe. "If he had no property, how could he live without practising his profession? Who was with him when he died?"

"Ah," said I, "that is the curious thing about it. No one knows exactly how he died, or even where. He used to take long tramps among the hills and from one of these long tramps he never returned. He was traced to the little village of Benham, where he spent the night, and set out in the morning across the country for New Boston—a distance of about fifteen miles. Yet he never reached New Boston and no one saw him on the way. It was thought that he had accidentally fallen into a large pond or lake up there, though they couldn't find his body when they dredged for it. It's a very lonely sort of country there and so it is very likely that he drowned without any one hearing him when he called for help. The fact is that my father knew nothing about his disappearance until after he had been missing for a month or two, and the country people thought that by that time he must have been eaten by the fishes. You haven't an idea how voracious the pike are in those country ponds."

Brooke seemed to pay no attention to this theory. He kept asking again and again about the supposed wealth of Dr. Harden. I could tell him very little about it, except that after the doctor's death, inquiry showed that he had no account in any of the local banks and that none of his papers and memoranda gave any clue to the possible possession of securities or other property. I remembered also that he was said not to have consulted a lawyer for fifteen or twenty years. Even the will in which he bequeathed his property to me was a holograph, witnessed by two servants."

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Brooke caught at this with eagerness.

"What!" said he. "Did the Doctor keep two servants? As he was a bachelor, it seems as though two servants were something of a luxury."

"Yes," said I; "in fact he kept three servants—two maids who took care of the house, and a man who was in charge of his stables."

"Stables?" repeated Brooke.

"Yes, he had a rather complete stable with two excellent roadsters and a saddle-horse. If he walked, as he did, considerable distances, it was only because he thought it was the best and simplest form of exercise, and because he was rather fond of botanising."

Brooke smoked for at least ten minutes longer, but I could see that he was excited. Instead of blowing rings and lazily enjoying the tobacco, he puffed hard and fast, filled and refilled his pipe, and then dashed it down upon the floor and sprang to his feet.

"My dear Mayne," he cried, "you must excuse me, but really you and your people seem to have been the most easy-going creatures that I ever heard of! Can't you see that the old Doctor *must* have been very well off and that you haven't gone more than half an inch in trying to get at the truth of this whole affair?"

I was a little offended by his tone, which was almost contemptuous; but before I could answer he said:

"Come, I don't believe that it's yet too late. We must be off to Nashua by the next train. I will show you some of the things which you failed to do, and maybe even something more than that."

Brooke was irresistible. In half an hour we were on our way to the railroad station, each with a small hand-bag containing our necessary luggage. Brooke wore a Norfolk jacket and tweed trousers, a pair of stout walking shoes, and on his head a grey cloth cap which had evidently been in his wardrobe for several years. In his hand he carried a stick which might better perhaps have been called a bludgeon from its size, and because its knob-like head was loaded heavily with metal.

When we reached Nashua, Brooke seemed to have forgotten the meaning of fatigue. For twenty-four hours he went up and down that little city, making inquiries, seeking out different persons and asking questions without end. We saw Dr. Harden's former residence, a large and rather handsome house. Brooke ascertained from an agent just what rent the Doctor had paid for it. He traced one of the maids who had been a servant there and also the man who had had charge of the Doctor's stable. Finally, at the close of the second day, he expressed himself as satisfied; and once more resumed his pipe in a private parlour of the hotel. Finding him again himself, I asked him what he thought he had accomplished.

"I have accomplished a great deal," said he. "The house agent tells me that the rent which the Doctor paid was twelve hundred dollars a year, which is a good deal of money for house-rent in a town like this. He says that the Doctor always paid the whole year's rent at once, in advance, and in cash. The maid, Mary Bride, says that she was also paid each month in bills, and the man, Andrew Smith, tells precisely the same story. Likewise, the grocer and butcher and other tradespeople with whom the Doctor dealt were paid each month—always, like the others, in cash. Now what do you infer from this?"

"Well," said I, "it seems to show that the Doctor distrusted banks."

"It shows a great deal more than that. It shows in the first place that he had an abundance of money, and that through some whim or other he always kept it in bank-notes. As only a few dollars were found in his library after his disappearance, it is probable that he carried large sums upon his person. But there is something more curious still. It seems, according to the lawyer to whom he showed his will after he had drawn it up himself, and who was an intimate friend of his, that the Doctor had a sort of fad for collecting gems. His case is exactly like that of Henry Ward Beecher, who used to carry in his waistcoat pocket, unset diamonds and emeralds and other precious stones, slipping them out, now and then, into his hand to admire their brilliancy, just as another man would ad-

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mire a beautiful painting or a statue. So I think that we have established two facts: first, that Dr. Harden was really possessed of a considerable fortune, and second, that he carried it all upon his person—some of it in bills and some of it in the shape of precious stones."

"Well," said I, "this may be so; but I don't see what good the knowledge does us now. The Doctor is evidently dead, and his death occurred six years ago. If the fishes have eaten him, the bank-notes must long since have been reduced to pulp and the diamonds are very deep down in the bottom of the lake. You would hardly drain the lake, would you?"

I meant this as a little thrust at Brooke's cocksureness. In fact, his wild goose chase, undertaken at a moment's notice, had not only inconvenienced me, but had made me feel that both Brooke and I were acting like two fools.

"No," said Brooke slowly, in answer to my sarcastic question, "I wouldn't drain the lake; but there's no harm in looking into this matter a little further. In the morning we shall be off to Benham, and I propose that we walk from Benham to New Boston over the same road by which Dr. Harden must have travelled, and near which he must have met his death."

This made me even more impatient than before. I protested with some irritation. But Brooke had a calm and somewhat masterful way of making plans and imposing them upon me; and so in the end I yielded with a sufficiently bad grace. Hence, early the next morning we took the train, which left us at a little station within a few miles of Benham, to which we walked, arriving there by noon.

Benham was only a country hamlet, a typical New England village, drowsy and remote. Its single street was lined with small white houses, each with a patch of green in front of it and shaded by a double row of elms. We found a sort of inn, where we consumed what is known as "a New England boiled dinner," during which Brooke asked some further questions of the landlord, who remembered Dr. Harden very well.

"Yes," said he, "the Doc used to come here once or twice a year when he was walking for his health. I guess if I'd been him I'd have took a kerridge. He didn't have no call to walk, with all the money that he had."

"What money?" asked Tom, biting into a piece of carrot.

"Wal," returned the landlord, "the last time he was here, the day before he was drownded, he set around a spell and we got to talkin' about furrin lands, and he said that there wa'nt no dimins like the dimins they dug up in Brazil. Then he hauled out a handful of them and spread them out right here on this table. Gosh! They did jest sparkle some! But he chucked them around just as though they was beans. Then the next mornin' when he asked me what he owed me, he pulled a big bunch of yellow bills out of his inside pocket, and the smallest of them was too big for me to change; so he sez: 'Never mind, Hopkins, I'll pay you on my way back from New Bosting.' But you know he never come back, and so I guess I'm out about a dollar. 'Twan't very much, though, and the Doc had always give me his trade, so I didn't say nothin' about it when them fellers came up here to find out how he died."

"How do *you* think he died?" asked Brooke.

"Oh, I guess he must have fell into the pond. That's what they say. There ain't any tramps around these parts, so I don't see what else could have happened to him. It doos seem funny, though, that a wide-awake feller like the Doc should have gone and got drownded in a pond in the middle of the day."

"We're going to walk from here to New Boston," said Brooke. "Are there any houses on the way?"

"No, it's a pretty lonesome country hereabouts. After you leave Benham you won't strike any houses except Jim Smithers's, the blacksmith's, about a mile beyond, and then the Murdock place, three or four miles further."

"What sort of a man is Smithers?"

"Oh, Smithers is a quiet sort of chap. He's a pretty good blacksmith, too; only he don't ketch a great deal of trade, because his shop is too far out from Benham."

"And the Murdocks?"

"Oh, them two boys are kind of shiftless. They've got a considerable big farm,

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but you know what farms are, hereabouts —all rocks and huckleberry bushes. Jabez—that's the older brother—has some gumption; but Bill, the other one, is kind of shangle-dangle. They make a living, but nothing very much. I've heard tell, by the way, that they're building a new barn. I guess they've had to mortgage their place to do it. Then there is old lady Murdock, who kind of drags them down, for she's as crazy as a loon."

I had finished my "boiled dinner" and was growing restless at the landlord's babble. But Brooke seemed to be interested in it all, and we sat there half an hour longer before he arose and asked directions for our journey. The landlord pocketed seventy-five cents for the meal which he had given us and seemed rather sorry to lose two such good listeners.

We soon left the neat cottages of Benham behind us and were tramping steadily along the little country road. It certainly was "lonesome." Occasionally there were patches of trees, ill-nurtured by the impoverished soil; and there were fields of juniper and huckleberry bushes and the taller plants on which blueberries grow. Presently we passed the little smithy before which the blacksmith was stretched out in the noonday shade, quite fast asleep.

"Don't you want to stop and question him?" I asked Tom with just a little malice.

But Tom only grunted and strolled on. Quite evidently he had something on his mind. Occasionally I questioned him or made some casual remark, but got no answer. On we went, mile after mile. The sun was hot, as befitted the end of June. After a while we passed over a small hill and saw on one side of the road a sheet of water extending in various curves for nearly half a mile.

"There," said I, "is the pond which contains Dr. Harden's bones. Don't you want to walk around it and see whether a person who was botanising might perhaps have fallen in?"

"It might be worth our while," said Tom. "This confounded heat is most uncomfortable. Let's find a shady place and sit down for half an hour. But, hullo! There's a house. It must be the Murdock place. Maybe they'll give us a drink of water from their well."

So we pushed on a little further until we reached a farmhouse at the right of the road. It was situated at a little distance back, and was half concealed by an orchard of apple trees. Behind it we could see the framework of the new barn which had been mentioned by the landlord. The house itself was an old one and apparently had, at one time, been in bad repair, but there were now patches of new shingles on the roof, while it must have been repainted within the past few years. We opened the gate and walked about the place until we saw two men standing near the rising barn. At the sound of our footsteps they turned around and walked to meet us.

It was plain enough from their appearance which was the elder brother and which the younger. A man of powerful frame with a firm jaw and a shock of thick black hair formed such a contrast with the other that we knew him to be Jabez Murdock—the one who had "some gumption." The other was sandy-haired and freckled-faced, with drooping shoulders and an uncertain gait which marked him out as being the brother who was "shiftless."

"May we have a drink of water from your well?" asked Tom.

"Why, yes, come 'round the other side and you can have a bucketful," said the dark-haired Murdock.

Following his lead, we came to an old-fashioned well-sweep. When we reached it Murdock said, as though a new thought had struck him:

"Well, I guess I kin give you something better'n water. Mebbe you'd like a drink of good hard cider."

"Just the thing," cried Tom eagerly; though for my part I should much have preferred the cool water that was dripping from the bucket into the well below. But Tom was always a leader, and so I followed him and Jabez Murdock into the house.

The room that we entered was a large one, which must have been formerly a kitchen, but which was now turned into a sitting-room, with some attempts at decoration of the sort to please a rustic taste —gilt ornaments on the mantel, some

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wax flowers, several subscription books with gaudy covers, and a large kerosene lamp with a painted globe. There was no fire in the big fireplace, and yet beside it and half bending over it in a rocking-chair was an old woman, very much shrivelled and with a face the colour of chalk. Jabez Murdock jerked his thumb in her direction and said to us briefly:

"That's my mother," and then he touched his head significantly as he looked at her, while he added:

"Come this way. Here's the cellar door."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the old woman, who might before have been taken for a mummy, became galvanised into life. She gave a sort of muffled shriek and began babbling words which appeared to me quite incoherent.

"Don't mind her," said Jabez Murdock rather roughly. "She's out of her head."

But Tom Brooke had suddenly crossed the room to her side and I heard him saying:

"Excuse me, but you've dropped your handkerchief." Then he bent over her and placed in her hands a handkerchief which had apparently fallen on the floor.

"Don't mind her, I tell ye!" cried Jabez Murdock; and he called to his brother:

"Come here, Bill. Mother's had another of them spells."

Then Jabez, Brooke and I went down a flight of narrow steps into a dark and rather musty-looking cellar, although it was altogether spick and span. When our eyes had become accustomed to the half-light we could see a huge woodpile at one end, a potato bin, a row of boxes, and at the other end at least a dozen cider barrels which were ranged in line. At the end stood an enormous hogshead —a gigantic affair, a very behemoth among hogsheads.

"Now," said Murdock, "I'll give ye some cider such as I guess ye've never had before. It's made out of the very pick of all our apples."

He produced two tin dippers and turned a spigot in the giant hogshead. The cider which he gave us was indeed remarkable for its coolness and pungent taste. It was too hard to suit me, but was exactly the sort of cider which farmers love to drink in the long winter evenings after the day's work has been ended. Tom sipped his brew very slowly, as though to get the flavour of each drop.

"It's a fine large cellar that you have here, Mr. Murdock," he said, "and your cider is finer still. I suppose it came from that orchard of yours which almost hides your house. The floor looks as clean as any kitchen. By the way, I notice that this part here has no flagging over it."

"No," said Murdock, "a good part of the cellar used to have no stones on it, but we've gradually been filling them in."

"Ah," said Tom, suddenly bending over the unflagged earth, "you'll excuse me, but I'm something of a botanist, and there seem to be some mushrooms growing there."

"Toadstools, I guess," returned Murdock.

"No," said Tom, "not toadstools, but mushrooms. That one in the corner is a particularly fine one." And he touched it with the ferrule of his stick.

I looked carelessly down and saw a small fungus growing among three or four others, but entirely different from the rest. They were of a dull greyish hue, but this one was red. Had the light been better I have no doubt that the vivid colour of the mushroom would have been still more noticeable. However, nothing more was said, and we returned presently to the light of day,—not, however, through the upper room but by a door which opened into the orchard. There we thanked the elder Murdock for his cider and took leave, walking down the grassy field to the open road.

"I thought," said I, "that you were going to lie down for half an hour's rest in the grass."

But Brooke answered me with suppressed excitement:

"Not one moment's rest. As soon as we are around the corner we must walk as though we were sprinting for a prize."

And in fact, in a few minutes he hit up the pace so vigorously that I had no breath to ask him any questions. Mile after mile we walked, until the afternoon sun was well down in the west, and

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then we saw before us from the top of a hill another village somewhat larger than Benham, but with the same neat cottages, the same elm-shadowed street, and the same general air of drowsiness and indolence.

"Perhaps," said I, "you will let up a little now and tell me what on earth has come over you. At any rate, sit down beside the road for a few minutes."

Somewhat to my surprise Tom did so. Both of us were covered with dust, and I was streaming with perspiration, which I wiped away as we sat in the shadow of a tree, and lit a pipe.

"We can't rest here for more than a few minutes," said Tom. "I must find the village constable."

I stared at him with utter amazement.

"What in Heaven's name do you want with the village constable?" I asked.

"I want him to come and serve a warrant of arrest on the two Murdocks."

"Arrest? For what?"

"For the murder of Dr. Gregory Harden six years ago!"

"You must be crazy, Brooke," said I. "I am the person most interested in this matter, and I shall not let you do anything so foolish unless you give me at least a partial reason."

"Reason?" said Tom. "Well, if you like, there are several reasons for you to hear. In the first place, Dr. Harden is supposed to have died somewhere between Benham and New Boston. Any one can see at a glance that he couldn't possibly have fallen by accident into the pond beside the road. On the other hand, it is quite natural that he should stop as we did at the Murdocks' and that like us he was taken down into the cellar. Did you notice the conduct of the old woman when the precious Jabez offered to guide us there? You must have done so. She screamed as loudly as she could, and spoke, as it seemed to you, quite incoherently. But I, under the pretext of picking up her handkerchief, made out what she actually said. Do you want to hear it? Well, as I bent over her she gasped: *"Three men went down into the cellar and only two came up again."* The woman is no doubt insane, but we can guess what made her so."

"Well," said I, "all this seems something like a clue, and yet it will hardly be enough."

"There is more," said Brooke. "The Murdocks were 'shiftless' and unprosperous until six years ago, the year when Dr. Harden disappeared. Since then—and rather cautiously, I should judge—they have repaired their house, and are building a new barn. Give them another year and they will be very well off indeed."

"You can't convict them by guessing what they will do in the future," said I. "Is there nothing more?"

"Yes," said Brooke, "and this is the most convincing thing of all. Listen." And he lowered his voice. "Did you see that scarlet-headed mushroom?"

"I saw a mushroom that was different in colour from the rest," I answered. "But what is the meaning of it?"

"Only this," said Brooke; "it is a specimen of the *fungus mortigenus*, and it grows only where dead men have been buried."

I leaped to my feet.

"Are you sure of that?" asked I.

"Quite sure. I may not know some of the things they teach in college, but I haven't read for nothing. Dr. Harden's body is beneath that unflagged patch of earth. We must not lose a moment in disinterring what remains of him, and in arresting the two men who killed him. Even now I fancy that Jabez Murdock is uneasy in his mind. We must be on him before he has time to make any changes in his cellar."

I was now as eager as Tom himself. We routed out the village carpenter, who was a justice of the peace, and got a warrant from him on our affidavits. Then we discovered the village shoemaker, who was the constable—a slow-moving, clumsy, lazy man, yet big and strong enough to throw a bull. He shook his head rather dubiously when we explained to him our business. It was not convenient for him to leave his shop, and he had no belief in the tale which two "city fellers" had brought to him. But after an hour or so, when we had completed our arrangements and had hired a two-horse wagon, he came with us, and Tom urged the horses at a gait unusual to them over the road by which we had

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just come. The animals were in a lather when we drew up before the Murdock place just as the sun was setting behind the hills. Entering the yard, we were met by Jabez Murdock, who was carrying a spade in his right hand. He looked at us with an inscrutable expression as he said:

"Well, so ye're back ag'in, are ye? And ye've got company with ye. What ye want?"

"Nothing," said Brooke, "except perhaps another drink of cider. What you gave us was so good that we have come back for more."

The man's small pig eyes gleamed ever so slightly, and then he said:

"Of course! Of course! Come right down into the cellar. We'll all have a drink together—you and me and Bill."

The four of us went down the gloomy steps, Murdock and the constable leading the way, and Brooke and I following close behind. There we found the younger Murdock, still shambling and irresolute, but with a look of fear upon his feeble face. Brooke went straight to the patch of earth where he had seen the mushrooms. The mushrooms had disappeared, and it was quite obvious that the earth had been disturbed. Brooke seized the spade from Murdock's hand and dug down into the ground.

"Well," said Murdock, with an ill-concealed air of triumph, "what are you doing, digging in my cellar?" Is there anything that you think you're going to find?"

"Yes," said Tom, stooping hastily and drawing something from the upturned earth; "there is this." And he showed to all of us a button which had once been covered with cloth, but which now was eaten away until only the metal part was left.

"I don't see much in an old button," said Murdock; and the constable grunted an assent, saying, however:

"Well, now that we are here, we might as well look around a bit. These two fellers have brought me out eight miles, and I might as well do something."

We searched the cellar eagerly, pulling out the wood from the bins, shovelling the potatoes into the open space, and sounding the foundation stones. But nothing was revealed. We all felt that, whatever might be our suspicions, we were absolutely destitute of proof. We had turned to leave, when just then the devil entered into the soul of Jabez Murdock. He looked at us with a wicked, diabolical grin and said:

"I thought ye came to get a drink of cider. I guess ye'd better have some before ye go—some of that fine, cool cider that ye liked so much this afternoon."

His expression was curiously changed. He seemed like some mocking fiend. An inspiration seized on Brooke. Out of his pocket he flashed a revolver and placed it at Murdock's head.

"Constable!" he cried, "break open that hogshead!"

Murdock gave a roar as of a bull and leaped forward savagely. A pistol shot rang out, but the ball flew past the hairy head for which it was intended. There was a brief struggle, in which brute strength was pitted against science. Soon Murdock fell heavily, with Brooke above him. The blow of a revolver butt stunned him; and then, with the spade, we broke in the staves of the great hogshead. There gushed out a stream of cider, flooding the floor; but with it came some rags and bits of clothing, while at the bottom of the huge cask were human bones.

"Take your prisoners, constable," said Tom. "Mr. Mayne and I will help you tie them and go back with you to New Boston."

There was something among the bones besides bits of cloth. A sort of liquid pulp which not long before had been treasury notes was raked out in a clotted, oozy mass. Searching carefully, we found also what seemed to be at first a handful of small pebbles. When cleansed, however, they resolved themselves into six large diamonds and several smaller ones, four rubies, and four emeralds,—the gems which Tom had first learned of in his researches at Nashua. Their value proved to be nearly twenty thousand dollars; and this was the inheritance which I mentioned in a former story, and which made it possible for me to spend those years of travel and adventure with Tom Brooke.

Walter Mayne.

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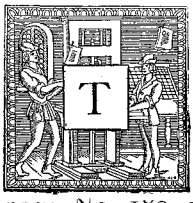
INSIDE VIEWS OF FICTION

II—Detective Stories

BY J. C. CUMMINGS

(*Chief of the New York Special Agents of the United States Secret Service*)



HE chief difference between the contemporaneous detective of fiction and the real detective is that the former's most important clue rarely reveals itself until about page No. 180, while, in the actual pursuit of crime, the living pages from one to five frequently uncover an important element in the trail for the real sleuth. In fiction, it may always be taken for granted by the reader that the long chain of initial clues will lead to nothing. In the real work, however, many cases have been solved from early clues.

I realise, of course, that if first clues counted for anything in detective novels, we would not have many of the latter. Why? Not because a good detective story could not be developed from a first clue, but rather because readers are so used to fooling themselves (with the help of the authors) that they would be unforgivably angry both with themselves and the writers if first clues turned the trick finally on the criminals about whom they are reading. This state of affairs in detective fiction may be attributed to habit. The authors of the style of stories under discussion are afraid to break away from the established fiction way of tracing crime and, as a result, those who are fond of the detective in fiction must necessarily read, if they read at all, of the sleuth whom the author purposely keeps in acute suspense until the last page. Thus has there been brought about this habit of which I speak.

I should like to see an able writer of detective fiction put himself to the task of evolving a specimen of this form of literature along strictly real lines. In other words, I would like to read a detective novel with a central figure detective who solved his mystery step by step from the first clue instead of, as in so many cases in fiction, step by banister. The detective of fiction takes one step, two steps, and then usually slides back down the "suspense banister" to where he started. Of course, I am speaking generally. In a number of works of detective fiction the sleuth hero does start out ably from one of his early tracings, yet, even in these latter instances, I believe he would make more effective reading if his author did not attempt to check him by various incongruous subterfuges that are intended to add to the reader's excitement.

To illustrate what splendid, intense reading a *real* detective story can make, I need only refer to the stories of the actual experiences of the Pinkertons, collected in book form and published, if I am not mistaken, under the title of the vigilant eye that is used by that organisation as its trade-mark.

With most other readers of detective fiction I suppose I shall be in accord when I say that among the best is the series exploiting "Sherlock Holmes." The fluency of Conan Doyle's literary style has a great deal to do with Holmes's fascination, naturally, and yet, aside from that, the detective-hero himself has many qualities to recommend him to even his living detective critic. In the first place, Sherlock Holmes is more natural than most of his brother fiction sleuths. Inasmuch, however, as Doyle modelled him after a man in real life, this is probably to have been expected. So many fiction detectives are more like Hindoo magicians than the men we are accustomed to.

Sherlock Holmes stands forth in prominence firstly, because his creator has not muddled him up in any silly romances with women; secondly, because he works his way up faithfully from early clues; and thirdly, because he keeps his mouth closed most of the time. A great many fiction detectives are responsible for most of the "conversation" in their respective books. Sherlock Holmes's method of deduction, so called, makes interesting analysis on the part of the man whose profession is the detection of

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wrong-doing in one channel or another. His deduction really owes much to his standardisation. He makes standards of various clue elements, such as cigar ashes, footprints, etc., and, instead of using these as conclusions, he makes use of them only as premises from which to infer possible associations with individuals whom he has "diagnosed" from other sources of information or intuition. Sherlock Holmes uses his brain where many other detectives of fiction use their legs. He would have made as great a newspaper reporter as a detective. He could have gathered the threads of a news story and focused them with rare finesse.

Nick Carter, who, I understand, has been elevated recently from the dime class to the French stage, is more of a prize fighter than a detective. Where Holmes uses his brain, Carter uses his fists. He seems to be prouder of his prowess with the latter than of his ability in the solution of crime. He is just the sort of detective, however, whom small boys and their unworldly big brothers regard as the "real thing." A majority of readers, I thoroughly believe, are convinced that the detective in real life is a spectacular character like Carter. If they only knew the prosaicism of the actual sleuth! And yet, to be sure, it is the case rather than the detective that makes for interest. A case of deeply entangled mystery arouses tense excitement without regard to how or by whom it is being unravelled—both in and out of fiction.

Probably the most interesting case in my own thirty years of experience was that of the old *City of Merida,* a vessel that once ran between New York and Havana. We received word that the ship had left the Cuban port with tens of thousands of cigars aboard. These cigars were to be smuggled into this country. I was assigned to keep my eyes on the vessel when it arrived. I did, but nary a cigar could I find. I saw a man on the ship, however, whom I recognised as an old smuggler, but against whom we were never able to get any evidence. Not finding the cigars, I watched this man. Seeing that he made no move to betray the cargo of cigars—if there really was a cargo of them on the ship—I did the next best thing. I went back to Havana with him on the same ship. We became friendly and joked about the cigars, but I could not draw him out. I felt sure, finally, that the tobacco was somewhere about the vessel, but, search as I might, I could not locate it. At Havana, no attempt was made to take the cigars off, and again the smuggler and I started back for New York.

It was a case of the man against myself and I assure you neither of us kept our eyes off the other. To cut a long and intricate story short, however, a fire broke out during the trip near one of the boilers. The passengers were called upon to aid in extinguishing the blaze, and I followed the rest to the scene. Seizing a fire axe, I swung with all my might against a hot steel coil on one side of one of the iron boilers. Smash! The "iron" gave way and a cataract of the hidden cigars tumbled down upon me. They had been concealed for smuggling purposes in a dummy boiler.

I quote this experience so that the reader of this article may judge without comment from me just how good a plot a real adventure in Secret Service work would afford for a detective novel.

It has been asserted that there are only three great detectives in fiction—Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin, Emile Gaboriau's Lecoq and Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. The latter I have already spoken of. Lecoq is primarily a detective for fiction purpose only. Dupin, however, is a wonderful creation, wonderful indeed, because his solutions, in the spectacular instance of *The Mystery of Marie Roget,* were subsequently shown to have been absolutely accurate in real life. The story mentioned, you know, was a transcript of the real story of the murder of a New York shop-girl named Rogers, and, long after the publication of Poe's novel, the actual solution of the real mystery proved to be precisely the same as Dupin, through his creator, had figured it out. More remarkable than this, however, was the fact that the final clearing of the real case worked itself out exactly as Dupin had indicated in detail, a long time before, in the novel.

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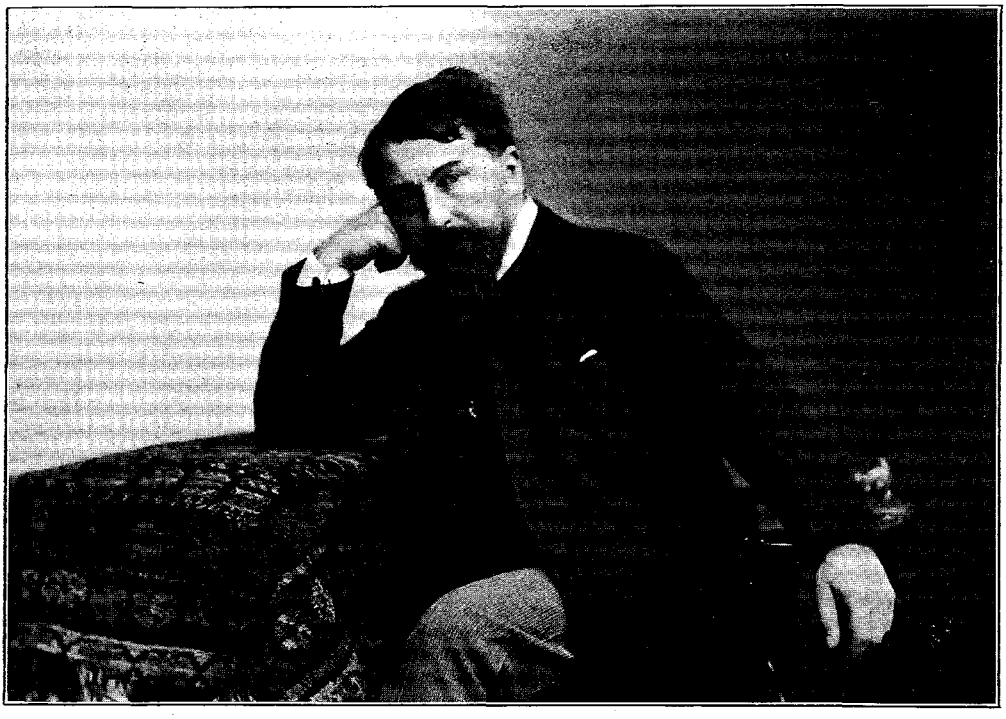
SOME CONTEMPORARY GERMAN TENDENCIES

A PERIOD of decadence, deformation and experiment began some years ago among the present generation of German authors and artists. New styles were attempted, unconventional roads were opened and readers were bewildered and shocked by the young reactionaries and revolutionists. The movement, at first individual, has already become almost national. Feeling cramped by the stale and too staid Teutonic formulas, men are seeking new solutions for old problems, tasting the products of their neighbours, quite content to make serious blunders in their search for freedom and in the avoidance of well-worn devices. Perversity of form," to quote from Arthur Symons's admirable remarks on Decadence, "and perversity of matter are often found together." This unrest, fortunately, almost invariably results in broader ideals, even though it does not necessarily make for excellence. When the traditionally heavy, dignified, beer-drinking German, suddenly takes large doses of French absinthe or Irish whiskey, the effect is sure to be startling, and the recent queer pranks of Teutonic literary men and artists can be directly traced to the flamboyant enthusiasm with which they have accepted the works of Félicien Rops, Toulouse-Lautrec, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Baudelaire, Maeterlinck, Verlaine, D'Annunzio, George Bernard Shaw, Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde.

Wilde's Influence

Wilde's popularity has been tremendous. The remarkable furor which his works created found expression in innumerable translations, criticisms and lives of Bunthorne. Whereas, in England and America, even his books are still men-



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

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tioned with a certain hesitancy, the strange career of the man is freely discussed in Germany, and seems to interest even more than his wholly unobjectionable works. Their keen interest in him is pathological as well as literary. He seems to fascinate because of the dark shadows. Wilde often posed as a dandy and Germany can boast of many dandies now. They speak blithely of the apostle of Beauty as a martyr to "little Socratic diversions." *De Profundis, The Duchess of Padua,* and *The Florentine Tragedy* appeared in the excellent translations of Dr. Max Meyerfeld before the originals were printed in England. It is to be regretted, however, that the work which perhaps, more than any other, established his fame in Germany is *Salome* and one may add that it owes much of its notoriety to the sensational musical setting of Richard Strauss and the highly original drawings of Aubrey Beardsley.

The wayward genius of the unfortunate English artist not only added to the ill repute of Wilde's play, but is also responsible for many eccentric artistic manifestations of young Germany. Any doubt that may have existed in our minds about the significance of the frightful figures and lips of Beardsley's strange creatures has recently been removed by some of his misguided admirers, who have published the complete manuscript of his Tannhauser travesty to satisfy the curiosity of students of his genius. It is a lamentable artistic confession. Only Beardsley's own sick words can describe its weird, unnatural pageant, and fortunately only a few copies of the work have been privately printed, in England and Germany.

No such reserve was exhibited in the case of an equally audacious work, Schnitzler's *Reigen,* over fifty thousand copies of which are circulating freely in Germany and Austria. These dialogues, marvels of technical perfection, are so brazen that they cannot be discussed here. The prominent German critic Alfred Kerr, who displays affinities to Gilbert C. Chesterton, goes into ecstasies over them, in his suggestive book *Das Neue Drama,* and describes them as the miniature Decameron of our day.

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

It is significant that Arthur Schnitzler is a physician. A brilliant psychologist, his favourite themes are the foibles and weaknesses of humanity. He has achieved success with many prose forms, and all his best work has the nervous poetical grace and the heart-breaking quality of a Viennese Waltz by Strauss. He may be described as a lyric dramatist who uses prose as a medium. One of his most delightful, and perhaps his most characteristic book is a series of dialogues entitled *Anatol,* being the amorous campaigns of two young men about town; in Schnitzler's native city Vienna. The characters are Anatol, a melancholy young libertine whose chief interest in life is centred in the souvenirs of his dead loves,—faded flowers, ribbons and locks of hair; his gay, light-hearted, rather cynical chum Max, and their various mistresses. The delicious scene in which one of Anatol's sweethearts is hypnotised in order that she may reveal the true state of her feelings toward her lover would carry any play to success. The sentimental lover does not dare to be disillusioned and at the last moment refuses to find out whether she has been faithful to him. In common with most of Schnitzler's men and women, no matter what their social status may be, they discuss wistfully and philosophise subtly about love, death, our ephemeral existence, or fear of the unknown,—and always in faultlessly elegant phraseology. *Liebelei,* the Vie de Boheme of Vienna, first made Schnitzler popular, but his greatest dramatic success artistically is *Zwischenspiel,* one of the sensations of the German stage. Schnitzler strikes his characteristic feminine note in both plays. In *Zwischenspiel,* an unconventional musical married couple have agreed to be absolutely straightforward toward each other. A fine sincerity was to take the place of the usual hypocrisy. Lovers appear on the scene for each, just when their mutual passion is waning. But instead of vulgar divorce they determine to accept the conveniences which matrimony affords them and live together as comrades. When their affairs with the countess on the one hand, with the prince on the other, come to an end, and

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they think of resuming their old relations as real husband and wife, they find themselves in an incomparable theatrical dilemma. She refuses to become her husband's mistress, and tells him that the result of their truth-telling has made her see that she can never be sure of ever becoming anything else. They part probably forever. It would have been wiser for two ordinary mortals to accept the traditional ideal of the marriage institution, since the attempt to accept truth without reservation in its place, has rendered their existence together for the time being impossible.

Among Schnitzler's finest works are his short novels and one-act plays, some of which have already been given in New York City. *Sterben,* which reminds one strongly of D'Annunzio, is an account of the last agonising days of a moody egoist, morbidly passionate and sensitive, who knows that he will soon be the victim of consumption. It exhibits Schnitzler's power of treating unpleasant subjects verging on tragedy with the utmost delicacy. *Lieutenant Gustl,* in gayer key, is a long monologue in which the dream expedient is cleverly used. It is an excellent example of that lightness of touch which his distinguished friend Hugo von Hofmannsthal, also a Viennese, praises above all Schnitzler's qualities.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal

Hofmannsthal himself is best known to us here as the author of the adaptation of Sophocles's *Electra,* which was translated by Arthur Symons and produced some years ago by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It has the quality of Salome rather than of Sophocles. The play furnished the text of the opera by Richard Strauss, and the author is now at work on another libretto for the composer. Hofmannsthal has written many essays and one-act plays. Some of the latter have been given in the private shadow theatres of German dilettantes. Among moderns, the hyperæsthetical influences, D'Annunzio, Wilde and Maeterlinck, are strongest; but Hofmannsthal is also strongly indebted to the Elizabethan dramatists (he has modernised Otway's *Venice Preserved*) and the ancient Greek classics. His chiselled verses and fine words have been compared to a statue of the beautiful Bythnian slave Antinous. His art is too aristocratic ever to become popular. Moreover, he is rarely sufficiently dramatic. Words are everything to him, and occasionally he reminds us of Otto Julius Bierbaum, the interesting musical word painter and well-known poet, who is waiting for a German Debussy to make him a cosmopolitan figure.

Franz Blei

Hofmannsthal is now a contributor to *Hyperion,* the sumptuous bi-monthly magazine—the most advanced German periodical of the day. The volumes brought out by its publisher, Hans von Weber, are a delight to the lover of beautiful books, and share with the *Insel Verlag* publications the honour of being among the most artistic now being printed. *Hyperion* is edited by the industrious Franz Blei, to whom we are indebted for translations of and introductions to many rare literary treats. Blei represents the æsthetic tendency and the cosmopolitan element. His writings might serve as an index to the tastes and hobbies of the cultured German reading public. Like Arthur Symons, he is interested in all the arts, familiar with all literatures, and has introduced writers, dancers, singers and all other kinds of artists to Germany. Blei first attracted the attention of English readers by a brilliant essay on Wilde, exquisitely printed at the Insel Verlag, and he was among the first, if not the first German writer, to draw attention to Beardsley. Last year he brought out an interesting volume of letters addressed by Beardsley to his friend and publisher, Leonard Smithers, the English originals of which have not yet been published. Blei has also written imaginary portraits in the style of Walter Pater; illuminative essays on Gilles de Rais, Ninon de L'Enclos, Abbé Galiani, Brantome, de Laclos, de la Reynière, Piron and their contemporaries; a remarkable little volume, *On Amorous Woman,* and a small sane monograph on Rops. More recently he has written the *Lesebuch der Marquise*

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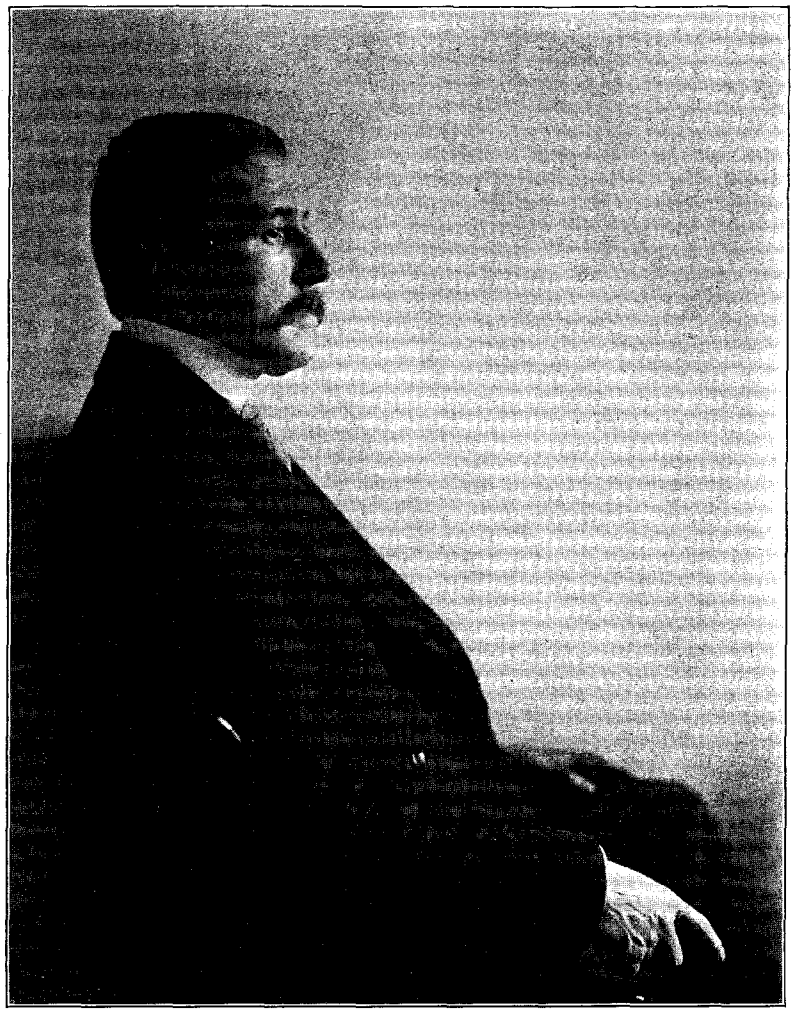

VON HOFMANNSTHAL

in the rococo style. This is sympathetically illustrated by Constantin Somoff and is one of the gems of the *Hyperion Verlag.* His *Puderquaste* (now being translated into English) is a book to be put on the same shelf with Max Beerbohm's *Defence of Cosmetics* and D'Aurevilly's *Beau Brummel.*

Carl Sternheim

Blei's co-editor for the first number of *Hyperion* was Carl Sternheim, whose poetical tragedy *Don Juan* has been hailed by Hofmannsthal as the most original and promising among recent literary productions. Only a part of the play has as yet seen light. Sternheim is a genial young man. The beautiful chateau near Munich where he lives with his wife and children is a storehouse of modern art. *Ulrich und Brigitte,* his first book, demonstrated that he can write good verse. He is very daring, and one is soon convinced that he has imagination and inventive faculties of an exceptional order. Sternheim has deep convictions about the poet's mission and sets himself the highest standards. Tired of Ibsen's eternal feminine, his aim is to give us the eternal masculine, as it were; to create a character possessing all the qual-

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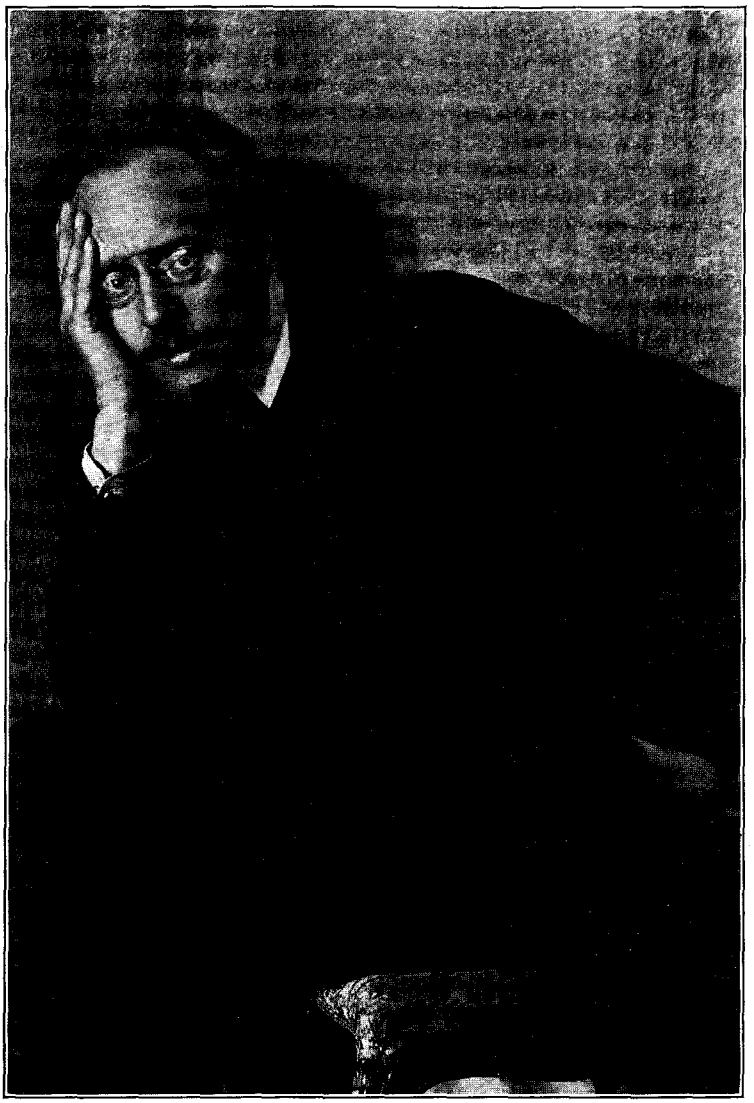

FRANZ BLEI

ities, the mental strength, the senses, the masculine charm, the nerves and weaknesses, of the finest example of a modern cultured gentleman,—necessarily a German, Sternheim will blandly tell you. He has attempted to explain the modern man to himself. How he has succeeded we will be better able to judge when the second part of his drama appears in the *Insel Verlag*.

MAYRSHOFER

The artistic contributions to *Hyperion* are as remarkable as the literary contents. Thomas Theodor Heine, with a wonderful line, is plainly inspired by Beardsley. Constantin Somoff's work also reminds one of the *Rape of the Lock* drawings. The doll on a chaise longue by Pascin almost surpasses in dreadful suggestiveness Beardsley's Messaline. The imaginative Kubin, who has illustrated his own novel, has recently made some fine designs for Poe's stories. Then there is Klimt, whose oil paintings in the Kunstaustellung mean so much to some and

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are ridiculed by others. The reproduction of his drawings of the nude illustrating Blei's translation of Lucian are extraordinary. Perhaps the most interesting among these men is Max Mayrshofer. Possessing tremendous technical ability and a fertile imagination, Mayrshofer is an exasperating example of a gifted man who instead of drawing his inspiration from the world of beauty, in the conventional sense, chooses to draw

GERTRUD EYSOLD AND FRANK WEDEKIND

with amazing and repulsive realism idiots in an asylum, bloated nudes, sweating, snoring creatures, interiors of vile dens and similar bizarre subjects. His lines and shadows are magnificent. His nudes throb with life, and are as wonderfully soft as Rodin's marbles. His grinning, red-haired woman is done with only a few strokes, but she is more terrible than Manet's sensational Olympia in the Louvre, and even most of Beardsley's distorted creatures seem virtuous by her side. The picture entitled "Death," reproduced in colours, is a masterpiece. Mayrshofer is still a modest young man, just beginning to experiment with brush and lithography. His studio, a dark hall bedroom above a baker's shop, in one of the side streets of Munich, is littered with physical culture magazines, for he is equally interested in the development of his muscles and his art. Drawings are scattered about in every corner—under the bed, in pasteboard boxes weighted down by dumbbells, in the cupboard from which a mild Madonna smiles down. Sheet after sheet of drawing paper is brought forth, and all are covered with wonderful grotesques, the most extraordinary we have ever seen, and all anatomically possible. Mingled with these are strange, slimy, brilliant-eyed amphibians, palpitating torsos, elegant smiling rococo marquises in patches and powder, jostling crowds of tramps, fat ladies in Russian baths, murderers, women promenading—every style and every subject is handled with superlative ease, and it is difficult to foretell to what heights he may rise.

Frank Wedekind

Frank Wedekind, the tragic comedian, is to literature what Mayrshofer is to pictorial art. He is described on the one hand as the greatest and most powerful artist of the day, the only one with a new message and a new way of saying it. The old conservatives, on the other hand, regard him as the most vulgar and beastly element in German literature. The first of his works the present writer chanced to read was *Die Büchse der Pandora.* Its strange crew of abnormal criminal characters are driven by the police from Germany to Paris, and thence to London. They speak German in the first act, French in the second, English in the third—and the delectable heroine comes to a fitting end at the hands of the notorious Jack the Ripper while the last curtain falls. Shades of Maxim Gorky and his depressing *Nachtasyl!* In the prologue to *Erdgeist,* the first part of this extraordinary cycle of plays, the playwright himself appears before the curtain pistol and whip in hand as a circus master or wild animal trainer, and in naïve rhymes, like those used in marion-

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nette theatres, dear to Müncheners young and old, he explains his thesis. The curtain is then raised and he proceeds to enjoy himself, mocking, poking fun at the tragedy and harlequinade of life. The grim author remains unmoved, or if he laughs, it is always up his sleeve. His is a sinister power coupled with a fund of Mephistophelian humour, which George Bernard Shaw, his admirer, possesses in a comparatively mild degree. He says the most outrageous things, and offers their naturalness as a plea. *Der Kammersänger* is almost the only work which approaches normality. Not satisfied with legitimate themes, he does not hesitate to attack the most gruesome problems. Everything that is awful in nature or the passions and desires of humanity is woven into his work. He employs the style and rhythm of Heine in addressing verses to Kraft Ebing, and writes lyrics on delirium tremens. His suppressed

FRANK WEDEKIND

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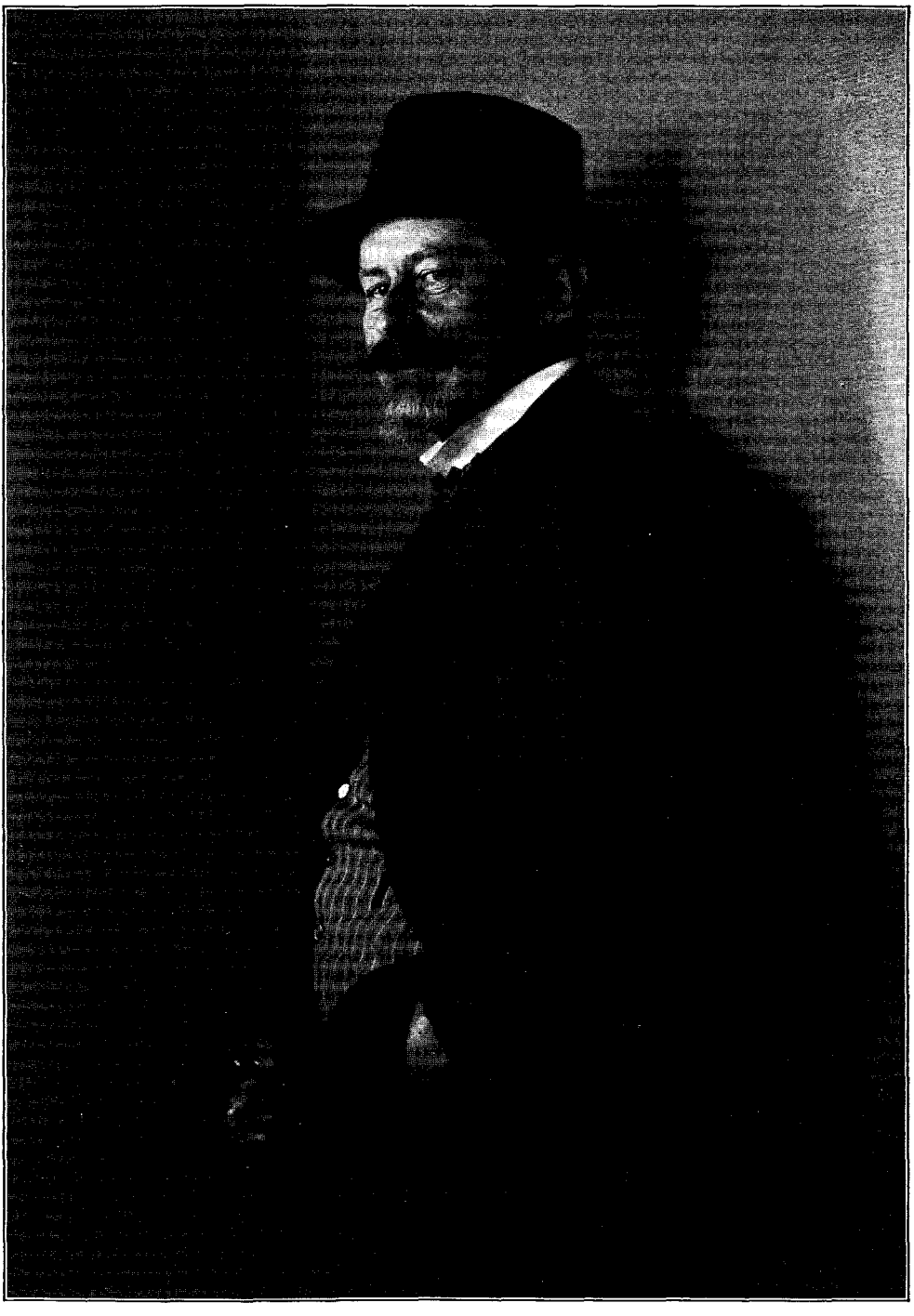

GUSTAV WIED

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volume, *Furstin Russalka,* goes even farther than Strindberg, who is a great force in Germany to-day. If it is true that no writer can give vital expression to a sensation or experience without having tested it himself, Wedekind must be unique among men. Although not a great actor, in his own plays, he is perfect. Even an impossible character like his Marquis von Keith becomes natural. There is much that is autobiographical in the checkered career of that bogus nobleman. Wedekind was born in Hanover in 1864, but is half Swiss. He has lived in various parts of the world; has been a law student and a gipsy, an advertising agent, and an itinerant circus or music hall artist. His difficulties came to an end in 1905, when Max Reinhardt, the brilliant and progressive manager of Das Deutsche Theater, not only engaged him as an actor, but accepted an old play, *Frühlings Erwachen,* written in 1891, for production. Its success was sensational. Ever since, Wedekind and his wife have been kept busy appearing in cycles of his works in all the cities of Germany. The threat on the part of American managers to produce the last-mentioned play has brought it to the notice of English-speaking people. *Frühlings Erwachen* is probably Wedekind's *chef d'œuvre,* and contains exquisite poetical passages. Most critics agree, however, that as a play dealing with the difficult problem of the ignorance of youth, and the dangers of co-education, any sound moral it may inculcate is neutralised by its sensationalism. He takes pleasure in making no concessions to conventional ideas of propriety. Audiences break out into laughter in spite of themselves, or sit frozen with terror at the appalling situations which arise from the innocence of the young people, their consuming thirst for knowledge, and the strain of certain scenes between parents and children.

Gustave Wied

Wedekind's rival in popularity is not a German but a Dane, Gustave Wied, whose play $2\times2=5$ was given at the German theatre a short time ago. Its amusing impertinent hero, Paul Abel, is the playwright himself. Wied has been aptly described as the Danish Simplicissimus. "I came into the world . . . ," he writes in his famous diminutive autobiography, "on March 6, 1854. Confirmed, 1873. Book dealer. Failed in final examinations, 1880. In a law office, 1881. Failed again, 1882. Tutor, 1883. For one day on the Seminary *Blaagaard,* 1884. Student, 1885. Cand. Phil., 1886. Private instructor, 1887. Poet, 1887. Hissed at, 1890. In jail, 1891. Married, 1896. Begot children; built a house; and shall eventually die, loved and missed, April 12, 1927."

He can be classified as a keen satririst, an ironical knave, the jolliest and most lovable of pessimists. His technique is as flawless as Schnitzler's; his humour as coarse-grained as Wedekind's, and the early English novelists at their very worst. He calls his characters in a volume of burlesques "Dancing Mice"—they dance in spite of themselves or because they have nothing better to do. At first our finer feelings are outraged, and then we recognise the truth of it all and hold our sides with laughter. He laughs at everything—at himself and all the others. There is nothing in the world that has not a humorous side, and Wied would cease to be happy if there were no life's dramas—erotic dramas especially—with which to amuse himself.

Wied, Schnitzler and Wedekind are by no means the only writers into whose work the erotic element enters so largely, but they are masters, and that makes the question of their popularity more serious and difficult to handle. The lesser men naturally follow their lead. We have been in the habit of expecting works like theirs from the Frenchmen, but the Gallic tendency is now quite in the other direction. Pseudo-medical magazines, dealing with subjects we have long held in horror, are sold in enormous editions throughout Germany. The foremost publishers—many, it is fair to add, in Vienna—are bringing out translations and reprints of the world's facetious literature like Petronius, the obscene works of the Earl of Rochester and what are technically known among bibliophiles as *curiosa.* Nothing seems too shocking for the now callous German reader. The more shameless and daring a work the

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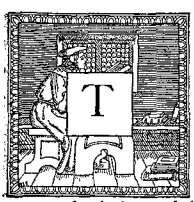
more surely will it obtain not only the approval of the choice few which is supposed to suffice in the final audit, but also of the masses. Even the rather old-fashioned Südermann, and Pastor Frenssen entertain their readers with strange scenes of sensual passion and depravity. The problem of sex has become the German literary and artistic obsession. Small wonder that we are tempted to confuse art and morality. Wilde once said that moral grounds are the last refuge of people who have no sense of beauty. There is, of course, much truth in this brilliant utterance of a *flaneur,* but, on the other hand, we need not be surprised if at present the German public finds it difficult to know just where to draw the line.

Martin Birnbaum.

THE PERMANENT INTEREST AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



HE ephemeral nature of the great mass of current fiction is not a matter worth debating. We all recognise quite cheerfully that at least nineteen novels quietly drop out of sight within the year to every one that holds its place somewhat longer on the probation list of novels that really count. But there is another and rather important distinction to draw even among the novels that have justified their right to live, and this distinction may be best expressed as the quality of permanent interest. There are, for instance, a certain number of books that we are expected to have read, and that the coming generation will be expected to read after us; they have their place in literature, and not to know them would be to confess a gap in that share of the general culture which we have made our own. But it does not follow that these are books which we shall ever care to read again. We have satisfied our curiosity; we have formed a personal impression; and there is no more temptation to renew the experience than to reascend Mont Blanc, or get a second glimpse of the crowned heads of Europe. On the other hand, there are the few books which retain quite literally their permanent interest; books which we number among our friends, and to which we return again and again without a sense of weariness, and it is a rather interesting question just wherein this permanent interest lies.

To some extent, the question refuses to be definitely answered. The charm of just a few immortal volumes is, of course, largely temperamental due to a certain magic personal element which eludes analysis. But this, at least, may be said without fear of contradiction: a novel, in order to possess permanent interest, must deal with known, rather than unknown qualities; it must be concerned with the universal and fundamental emotions, the simple and every-day experiences of life. Among the current novels of importance, there is one, entitled *It Never Can Happen Again,* of which it will be worth while to speak presently at some length. For the moment, however, the title serves admirably as an appropriate text. The situations and episodes which literally never can happen again are those least likely to achieve enduring interest. The unusual,

*It Never Can Happen Again. By William de Morgan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Great Possessions. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In Ambush. By Marie Van Vorst. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

John Marvel, Assistant. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Haven. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The John Lane Company.

The Severed Mantle. By William Lindsey. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

San Celestino. By John Ayscough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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the fantastic, the prodigious may appeal for a time to our imaginations; but it is the familiar, the actual, the essentially human that touches our hearts. The things which never can happen again are the things which probably lie outside of our own experiences, things which surely will lie outside the experiences of our grandchildren. And, after all, our interest in any fictional narrative is in almost direct ratio to our power to visualise it. To the reader who has never seen a battle, the grimest war story scarcely brings so keen a shudder. As a brief account of some casualty that suddenly recalls a child that he may actually have seen run over by a trolley car, a prehistoric conflict between a brontosaurus and a pterodactyl, though depicted with the fantastic power of a Gautier or a Poe, could never mean quite so much to us as a casual street dog-fight, taking place just around the corner. Even Mr. H. G. Wells's unbridled powers of invention cannot make the battles that the First Men in the Moon wage with the beetle-like aborigines impress us, even remotely, as actual warfare. It simply suggests the unpleasant necessity of putting out of existence a horde of overgrown cockroaches. And this is because, in spite of every intention to be fair to an author, we cannot help visualising the unknown in terms of the things that we happen to know. If we look over the fiction that is recognised as of some permanent importance, we will realise that the great mass of it contains a certain variable percentage of what never can happen again; and we shall also find that the degree of enduring interest, in the case of each novel, is in inverse proportion to the importance of this transitory, this dead and gone. Take, for instance, the average detective story in which plot, mystery, solution count for everything, character development for little or nothing. The more original, more clever, more startling a detective story may be, the smaller is the human likelihood of its ever happening again. It is quite conceivable that many of these stories may be good enough to be worth reading once, but after that the interest has gone, like that of a conundrum when you know the answer. Those who have not read Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone* have missed a treat, but it is a book which the wise man takes from a circulating library instead of buying. Once in a while you hear a person say, "It is twenty years since I read the *Moonstone*. I've forgotten all about it. I must read it again." In what a very different spirit one says of Thackeray, "Do you remember Pen's infatuation, and the breakfast at Captain Costigan's, and Miss Fotheringay talking of the weather, in a rich melancholy voice, and declaring that 'them filberts were beautiful'? Really I must read over *Pendennis* this very night!" That expresses the difference between novels possessing permanent interest and novels without it. The latter class we sometimes go back to, because we have forgotten; the former class we go back to because we remember.

The first question then to ask ourselves is how important a rôle the element of what never can happen again plays in a given book; whether it is merely part of the stage-setting, or actually woven into the warp and woof of the narrative; whether it is something so strange and foreign to ordinary human experience that it produces unforeseen and irrational developments of character, or whether, on the contrary, it simply serves to emphasise that sane men and women will usually do the normal and expected thing, even under abnormal circumstances. For instance, it does not matter in the least whether the plot hinges on an eccentric will, a unique divorce tangle, or some subtle and mysterious crime, none of which could be imagined as likely ever to occur again; provided that the men and women in the story act precisely as we should expect real men and women to act, when confronted in life with problems as nearly analogous to the imagined case as our own experience may suggest. In other words, it is quite possible for us to retain permanent interest in people who exhibit, even under strange conditions, that touch of nature which proclaims kinship; but we cannot feel such interest in people who, under any imaginable circumstances, do the abnormal, illogical, unbalanced thing, the thing that can never happen again.

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"It Never Can Happen Again"

The special application of this catch phrase to the latest volume by William de Morgan, of which it forms the title, has to do with the well-known peculiarity of the English marriage law regarding a deceased wife's sister. Alfred Challis, a successful English novelist, has defied public opinion by actually going through the ceremony with Marianne, who, though only half sister of his deceased wife, is so nearly within the prohibited degree that it is tacitly conceded in social circles that she is an "impossible person" who cannot be invited to their houses. Consequently, Challis, whose profession as a writer of social studies depends with his mingling freely in the upper circles, finds himself obliged not only to accept invitations alone, but to overlook continually the slight put upon his wife, and to manufacture certain conventional and formulaic excuses for her non-appearance, which deceive neither himself nor society at large. Now it happens, by a curious series of accidents, which only a genius of the first order can make plausible, that Marianne's deceased sister was after all not Challis's legal wife. Consequently, Marianne's position becomes socially beyond reproach, even in the eyes of the strictest and most old-fashioned adherents to the Church of England. The fact that the recent acts of Parliament have changed the marriage law regarding the deceased wife's sister is, of course, the justification of Mr. de Morgan's title; but the beauty of the title lies in the fact that it emphasises not the impossibility of the story ever being duplicated to the letter, but, on the contrary, the tendency of real life to duplicate it constantly in spirit. Whenever circumstances make it possible for a brilliant, attractive, and rather famous man to be lionised by fashionable society, invited constantly to dinners, receptions and week-end parties, while his wife is systematically ignored by a well-organised social boycott, the seeds of family discord are inevitably sown, and whenever, as is almost sure to happen sooner or later, such a man encounters some young woman who chooses to pity him and give him her sympathy, the seeds of discord have taken a pretty firm root. The admirable thing about Mr. de Morgan's story is the way in which he makes us see the first vague doubts and discords germinate and grow; the way he helps us to understand, how every hour of the day there is presented to every one of us a choice of actions that apparently matters so little and that really makes all the difference between happiness and misery. Like all of Mr. de Morgan's novels, *It Never Can Happen Again* is essentially a wise book, and its chief wisdom lies in proclaiming the importance of little things, in proving that we may learn to be independent of fate in large matters, that we may rise superior to the big fluctuations of success and failure, but that we never can escape from the tyranny of the gnat-like swarms of trivial circumstances. The hackneyed phrase of "crowded canvas" is one that seems curiously inadequate to describe this almost unwieldy mass of social portraiture, this spacious, kaleidoscopic picture of English life that constantly fades into a blur of dim vistas along thronging thoroughfares and down crowded and unsavoury alleys. In no earlier volume has the author shown a wider knowledge of human types, a deeper sympathy with human foibles and sorrows. But it is especially and all the time his understanding of the little things of life, the things that touch a responsive chord in every reader, man or woman, that will remain Mr. de Morgan's best claim to being remembered among the writers of permanent interest.

"Great Possessions"

It is interesting to ask how much of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's new story, *Great Possessions,* has any likelihood of happening again. Very little, one is apt to declare somewhat rashly at the first reading, for it is founded upon a substructure of artifice and accident. Imagine a gentleman and a soldier, a man of sufficient physical courage to have won the Victoria Cross, turning out to be such a moral coward that he allows an adventuress, who twenty years earlier obtained some sort of a hold upon him, to come once more into his life, levy limitless blackmail from him, and force him to make a will leaving her the bulk of his property, and

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practically disinheriting his young wife. Imagine, furthermore, that he is not only cowardly, but stupid; because, when on the eve of a battle in South Africa, he repents his action, makes a new will in his wife's favour, and writes an ambiguous letter to the other woman, declaring that justice must be done, he manages to send them in the wrong envelopes, so that the wife receives the letter, which she cannot understand, and the other woman receives the new will—which she understands so well that she promptly confiscates it. All this is merely the substructure, the events antedating the story itself. The latter is largely a history of the hunt for the missing will, whose existence is only vaguely suspected; but it also concerns the somewhat peculiar relations between Lady Rose, the dead soldier's widow, and Molly Dexter, the daughter of the woman who is a blackmailer and a thief. Molly has never seen her mother, and knows only vaguely that her mother was divorced, because of some scandal in India years before, and that the man who caused the trouble has since atoned by leaving a fortune, from which she, Molly, derives a handsome income. She knows that Lady Rose is that man's widow, and hates her accordingly; but it is only after her mother dies and the whole fortune passes into her own hands that the girl discovers the stolen will, knows her mother was a thief, and faces the temptation of becoming one herself. Viewed in this unsympathetic manner, the book offers little that seems either likely or desirable to happen again. But the character of Molly in a measure redeems it. A soldier dying in Africa, after drawing a belated will, is, after all, a non-essential. The real and significant problem of the book is this: where a weak, vain, ambitious girl, handicapped by an unfortunate heredity, finds that all she values in life has been secured her by her mother's sin, that by making atonement she will incur poverty, shame, and the loss of the man she loves, while merely by sealing her lips she may retain, apparently in perfect safety, all her advantages, will she prove herself her mother's daughter, or will she win the higher victory? In this sense, Mrs. Ward's book leaves the impression not only that such things may happen again, but that this is the way they are most likely to happen.

"In Ambush"

In Ambush, on the contrary, by Marie Van Vorst, is a mad riot of devil-may-care recklessness, a constant jesting with death, a melodramatic interposition of fate, just at the crucial moment, that makes us protest helplessly, "things never by any chance could have happened this way, even once!" The prologue which is enacted at Leaping Wolf, in the Klondike, is much more sane than anything that follows. Taken by itself, it is a strong, clear-cut episode of the Jack London type. Flanders and his wife have been well thought of in Leaping Wolf, until Punch Scranton shows Mrs. Flanders such open attention that everyone but the husband is gossiping about it. Then one night Scranton, feeling that public opinion is against him, attempts to turn the tide by telling some ugly facts about Flanders and how he robbed his former partner, Red Moody, of his money as well as of the woman. That same night Scranton is murdered in his cabin, and when a lynching party call upon Flanders the next morning, he quite coolly admits his guilt. At first sight, this appears impossible, for Flanders has an injured foot in which there are symptoms of gangrene, and the distance between the cabins is long. But the men recognise the power of jealousy; the primitive justice of the act appeals to them; and, for the woman's sake, they give him one chance in a thousand for his life. They provision his sled, and he starts out of camp, limping along on his tortured foot, and dragging the sled and the woman behind him, over the frozen snow. So much for the prologue. The book itself is an account of the gallant deeds of one Sydney Adair with Kitchener at Omdurman, his love for a beautiful Kentucky girl, Helena Desprey, and his fantastic and impossible adventures, while dodging and evading mysterious enemies. It takes some time to discover that Adair is really the Flanders of the prologue, that the enemies are seeking to avenge the wrongs of Red Moody and Scranton, and lastly, that Flanders had lied when he

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said it was he who killed Scranton because, as a matter of fact, it was the woman who did the murder. And after we have found this all out, we find ourselves wondering whether it was worth the trouble.

"John Marvel, Assistant"

John Marvel, Assistant, by Thomas Nelson Page, is a picture not only of what may happen again, but of what is happening in America now and all the time, right around us. In a general way, it belongs to the order of fiction represented by Robert Herrick's *Diary of an American Citizen,* and Miss Glasgow's more recent *Romance of a Plain Man.* It concerns itself in a rather big way with many of the vital social and political problems of to-day, especially those arising from the great modern tide of immigration, and the seething intermixture that has resulted. More particularly it deals with the way in which a young Southerner who quite justly describes himself as an "idle dog" is taken in hand by fate and rigidly disciplined through poverty and humiliation, loss of friends and utter hopelessness of winning the woman he loves, until in the end he becomes a very decent sort of fellow as well as a useful citizen. In the course of this transformation he is influenced and aided very largely by two other men whose acquaintance with him began in their college days—a highly cultured and intellectual Jew, named Wolffert, and a slow, plodding, but very earnest Christian, John Marvel. It is through these two characters, Wolffert, the socialist, and John Marvel, the preacher, that the very complex fabric of this book is held together. It is through them that we get in touch with all the varying and discordant social classes, and become acquainted, from an intimate, inside point of view, with the jealousies and animosities begotten by ignorance and poverty and differences of race. It is essentially a big book and one that sets the reader thinking rather seriously; for it lays an unerring finger upon many of the weak points in our social and economic system; and best of all, it is first, last, and all the time, sincerely, unmistakably, loyally American, in spirit and in substance.

"The Haven"

The Haven, by Eden Phillpotts, is one of the simplest and quietest; and at the same time, one of the best of this author's many works. It is a story of the average daily life of fishermen on the Devonshire coast; of the allurements, the rewards, and the dangers of the sea; of the simple, elemental facts of life, the gladness of youth and love, the greyness of sorrow and old age and death. It is all so natural, so much a part of every-day experience, so much the sort of thing that is bound to happen in the lives of men and women, whether they be fisher folk or persons of quality, that it is somewhat hard to give a clear cut, definite analysis of it. There are no highly dramatic and thrilling adventures, no single episode that persistently refuses to be forgotten; but the book leaves behind it something far better than this, namely, a sense of having known a few worthy people very intimately, of having come into close touch with a few warm and honest hearts.

"The Severed Mantle"

The Severed Mantle, by William Lindsey, belongs, on the contrary, very largely to the order of things that never can happen again. It is a picture of Provence in the latter half of the twelfth century, the time when the troubadours were in all their glory. Of its kind, this book is a really very charming thing, full of the soft, warm fragrance of the South, and the joy and melody of song. In spirit, it is not unworthy to be compared with some of the earlier writings of Maurice Hewlett, and the naïve simplicity of the style is quite in keeping with the child-like seriousness with which the people of that period regarded the essentially artificial conditions of life and love and romance. But, with all its charm, it belongs to the order of things that have passed away and, therefore, possesses an interest that is at best transitory.

"San Celestino"

Much the same verdict may be bestowed upon *San Celestino,* by John Ayscough, for this also attempts to revive the atmosphere of an age that is dead and gone. Of the two, it is far less successful be-

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cause it is really a page of history with only the merest sugar-coating of fiction. It is an attempt to retail the story of a thirteenth-century hermit, who afterward became Celestine fifth, one of the popes, it may be remembered, whom Dante placed in Hell—and at the same time an attempt to refute the verdict of history and vindicate his memory. An historical monograph on this subject might perhaps have been worth while, but to the average reader of fiction this book lacks not only a permanent, but even a passing interest.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Eugénie Paul Jefferson's "Joseph Jefferson"*

Joseph Jefferson, in his genial and charming autobiography, fails to give the year of his birth, and the omission is characteristic of the modesty and even reticence of personal statement which he engagingly displays therein. Consequently the many who wish to know something more about the man himself will be glad of the chance afforded by these Intimate Recollections. They are written by a member of his family, and dedicated to his great-grandson—a picture of whom appears, and for whom, she writes in an endearing foreword, she has been saving these old memories. One hesitates, then, to speak about them from another point of view, although they are now seeking a wider public. Yet it is doubtful if even the child to whom they are addressed will one day much care to know the reminiscences which fill up quite a third of this book. It cannot be of interest to him or any one else that once on a picnic in Hoboken, New Jersey, a terrific hailstorm came up and the actor's guests were obliged to protect their heads with dishpans or take refuge under the tables. There is also a deal of purely domestic interest that would seem to be inserted more for the completeness of a family record than anything else. Much of this book might better have been kept within the only circle which it could possibly concern. But though the outsider finds himself a-weary while getting to it, the remainder is well worth the attention of Jefferson's friends and admirers in the world at large.

Even here, however, the tone is indiscriminately reverential and the author has piously removed the shoes from off her feet. One might not reasonably expect intimate recollections to show a large element of the judicious, and too much of it would sacrifice both purpose and charm. But it seems scarcely wise, to quote the remark of a friendly critic, that if Jefferson had given to the arts of painting, oratory, or literature the time he gave to the perfecting of the art of acting there is no doubt that he would have enriched them as much as he enriched his chosen profession. To go no further than the first particular, this seems overmuch to say of a man who painted hundreds of pictures yet no one of note. Surely, too, it is ill judged for Jefferson's band of devoted friends to go on saying that he spent most of his life playing two parts because his audience wouldn't permit him to play anything else. Doubtless in their clamour for the old he found it difficult to build up a hearing for a new play, but so did Richard Mansfield when he commendably abandoned Dr. Jekyll, and so did Mr. Sothern when he relinquished light comedy parts. For half a dozen reasons Jefferson may have continued playing Rip, but certainly two of them were that his art did not imperatively demand another outlet and that he would rather bear the goods he had than flee to others that he knew not of. Quite soberly the author writes, too, that it was he who first said if Shake-

*Intimate Recollections of Joseph Jefferson. By Eugénie Paul Jefferson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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speare did not write his plays they were written by another man of the same name; and we are asked to read correspondence of overwhelming unimportance (as Speaker Reed used to say) merely because it is written to the Jefferson family by a Cleveland.

Aside from this perfectly uncritical attitude and the profundity of negligible anecdote, however, much is given here from many mouths of the charm and daily life of a man whom most people want to know more of. It is delightful to hear him confess that when he was a stock actor he looked upon a star as a conspirator, but that it was just the other way when he became a star himself. (And in Rip he was a star with a vengeance, since for an entire act of that piece he is the only one who speaks a word. How some of our stars must yearn for such a find!) Amusing is it also (though somewhat significant of his regrettable indifference toward the setting of his art) to know that in *The Rivals* all that he carried in the line of stage properties was an antique sofa. "I am afraid," he once remarked as he saw this carelessly bumped from the wagon to the station platform, "we shall have to have a new production." Many glimpses are given of the traits of the man that so endeared him to his friends. He possessed in private life also the gift of compelling tender laughter, and he was most faithful to the stories that he loved. One of his characteristics (which stood him in good stead on the stage) was that of being a fine listener, even to chatter in which he took no interest. The negroes on his Southern plantation all adored him for his kindly, friendly ways. They knew he did something of public importance while he was away, and they had a vague notion that it was something spectacular. "Now Marse Joe," said his old driver to him, "we is alone on de prayrie—no one lookin'. For de Lawd's sake, cut up a bit." Helen Keller, whom he regarded with a mixture of awe and reverence, wrote of him—"If you were blind and deaf and could hold Mr. Jefferson's hand, you would see in it a face and hear a kind voice unlike any other you had known." This is surely an exquisite tribute. When the publishers of his autobiography—not wishing to trouble him about so small a matter—wrote to his son for a bit of neglected information, his son had to apply to his father and received the following answer:

MY DEAR TOM: Your grandmother's name was Cornelia. Mine is Joseph.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

Some pleasant stories are told of his relations with Grover Cleveland, whose place adjoined his. "I don't seem to be in it at all, Joe," said the President, quizzically, at a village celebration near their summer home. Though he used to say that an actor should not vote (because it would cost him the sympathy of members of the opposite political party in the audience), he wished to help his friend along in the latter's first election. He read the names upon the ballot and then handed it back, saying that it was Mr. Cleveland he desired to vote for. Being told this was the only way he could do so, he filled it out, but under protest as he had not the acquaintance of any of the gentlemen mentioned. (Here was a Rip Van Winkle indeed!) In his will occurs this bequest: "To my friend, Honourable Grover Cleveland, my best Kentucky reel."

To Laurence Hutton he confided, for publication after his death, certain comments on himself as an actor, but these were unfortunately destroyed in transit by a rascally bell-boy, who wanted the autograph. This is a considerable loss, but we may guess something of their nature from his excellent remarks on acting, gathered together from time to time. He considered that the greatest tribute to his art was when three people on separate occasions told him they had seen Schneider, Rip's dog. "You saw him?" he would say. "But he was not there—there was no Schneider. When one can make another see the thing that exists only in the mind, the acme is reached—it is creation." In Rip, he found the greatest effects were produced when he had cut out all unimportant detail. In a play a lifetime is to be expressed in two or three hours, and there is not time enough to be ten minutes knocking the ashes off a cigarette. Let

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the audience fill in the details, and so suggest the part to others that each shall fill it in according to his ability, and thus make them partly play your part. He considered acting the highest form of art, though in general it was not creation but reproduction—to reproduce night after night the same emotions and effects as on the first night. Excellence in the drama depends on everything—in being able to comprehend the whole, to design, to colour, to harmonise the several parts. Actors, he thought, were followers of convention, and resented the free lances who strike across fields. Like the doctor in Molière's *Malade Imaginaire,* they wouldn't have anybody get well unless according to regular forms. They should remember that on the stage an ounce of effect is worth a pound of correctness. The actor's difficulty is that he must at the same time please three orders of the public intelligence; he cannot be too refined for one class, too crude for another, or too conventional for a third. In acting he himself preferred to have a cool head and a warm heart.

In his speech on Oratory and Acting he made many suggestive remarks. "The orator must be impressive, it is more important that the actor should be impressionable. The orator impresses the audience by what he says to it, the actor when he shows how he is impressed by what is said to him. In literature the journalist and essayist are the orators, the novelist gives the dramatic quality." And again of Art and Genius—"Art is quite simple, but genius is one of those slippery gentlemen that as soon as you put your finger on him he is gone. Genius is very apt to despise art and thus makes a very great mistake. Art is more important in acting than in any other profession, because the actor alone cannot alter his picture—what he represents is each night gone from him forever. Only art enables him to reproduce the effect over and over again. The actor cannot perform his part too often if he does not lose interest in it." "No," said a noted actress to Macready, "that speech failed to-night not because it is an old story with the audience, but because it is an old story with you." Personally Jefferson did not care for realism on the stage; he believed it was only a fad which would soon die out. Plays which border on the poetic or plays of the immortal Shakespeare should have nothing of realism in them. In the first act of *Rip* you can be as realistic as you please, but from the moment he meets with the ghosts in the Catskills all commonplace action must cease. It is then a fairy tale; you are in the region of poetry and cannot treat the subject in a realistic manner.

Enough has been quoted to show that this book—padded, repetitions, and uneven as it is—contains nuggets of value. It is unfortunate both for writer and reader that they should have to be hewn out. But something of the man is there to repay all who attempt it.

Algernon Tassin.

II

Arthur Symons's "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry"*

Since it became known that Mr. Symons was suffering from a malady that threatened to end his career it has become suddenly plain that he has done such work as to entitle him to a place of assured eminence among recent English critics. An early reputation for brilliant promise is not easily lived down, and Mr. Symons suffered too long under the patronising imputation that he might some day do something of permanent worth. Reviewing his entire work, it is now easy to see that he has made his own original and valuable contribution to English criticism. It is true that both his merits and his defects have been of a sort to hinder complete acceptance. Although he has written of the seven arts, he is not at his best in dealing with principles and theories, and it is perhaps no great loss that he has never produced the new synthesis of the arts which he once promised. But he has a peculiar sensitiveness to poetry in the concrete; he belongs, one now sees, to the line of those critics, like Lamb and Palgrave, whose appreciation is a touchstone of what is

*The Romantic Movement in English Poetry. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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good in poetry. Luckily, the proportions in his latest book are twenty pages of introduction, in which he theorises with indifferent success, to more than three hundred of illuminating concrete criticism. Being the least academic of critics, he has dared to adopt a plan hallowed by long use in the classroom—that of the handbook or manual, each poet being treated separately, in a longer or shorter article, arranged chronologically. Some of them, to be sure, receive short shrift in half a dozen sentences; to others, like Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, are devoted many pages of admirable criticism. The limits of the scheme are set with a cool highhandedness of which no pedagogue would ever be guilty; the romantic poets, for the purposes of this volume, are those who were born before 1800 and lived into the nineteenth century. Apparently he has gathered them all in. "My plan allows me no choice between good or bad writers in verse; I give each his due consideration, his due space, of a few lines or of many pages." There is a piquant contrast in the pedantic thoroughness with which Mr. Symons has carried out his artificial scheme, and the originality and force of the matter which he has put into it.

Naturally the most important criticism is to be found in the longer essays; not always, however, the most amusing comment. Mr. Symons has caught in his dragnet some queer fishes. He recalls to memory many a respectable versifier, now half or wholly forgotten, who cut a large figure in the literary annals of his day. Here, for instance, is Dr. Erasmus Darwin, wholly unconscious that he was to go down to fame as the grandfather of Charles Darwin. His *Loves of the Plants* is still known by its curious title, but never read. Mr. Symons quotes some choice effusions of the worthy scientist's muse. Of a statue of Lot's wife in the salt-mines at Cracow he observes how

> Cold dews condense upon her pearly breast,
> And the big tear rolls lucid down her vest.

Beside such lines as these he places a couplet from the famous *Anti-Jacobin* parody, *Loves of the Triangles,* and leaves the reader to judge which is the more absurd:

> The obedient Pulley strong Mechanics ply,
> And wanton Optics roll the melting eye.

In browsing among these forgotten poets he recovers what he calls a "splendid tune" in these nonsense verses by John O'Keeffe:

> Amo, amas,
> I love a lass,
> As cedar tall and slender;
> Sweet cowslip's face
> Is her nominative case,
> And she's of the feminine gender.
> Horum quorum,
> Sunt divorum,
> Harum, scarum, Divo;
> Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband,
> Hic, hoc, harum, genitivo.

"There, if you like, is nonsense; but how convincing to the ear!" exclaims the critic. Equally convincing he finds the extravagant rhymes of Richard Harris Barham, of whom he says: "Not Butler nor Byron nor Browning, the three best makers of comic rhyme, has ever shown so supreme an inventiveness in the art." In witness whereof he quotes the following:

> There's Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles
> Gave him the lie,
> Said he'd "blacken his eye,"
> And dashed in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees.

Nor is all of the humour in these pages quoted. Here is his complete commentary on one erstwhile noted poet to whom his scheme requires him to give heed: "Sir Egerton Brydges, who must be respected for the editions printed at his Lee Priory Press, in an 'Invocation to Poetry,' which he wrote at the age of twenty, but, twenty years afterward, still put at the beginning of his poems, represents himself as calling that 'wild maid' to go with him into the woods ('and let not coy excuse thy steps retard') and then falling asleep in her company, and dreaming of 'fame immortal.' The episode seems characteristic; Sir Egerton Brydges always fell asleep when he found himself in the company of Poetry."

Ward Clark.

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III

PROFESSOR ABBOTT'S "SOCIETY AND POLITICS IN ANCIENT ROME"*

This volume, which has many merits, serves to indicate quite clearly that the subject of Roman public and private life is Professor Abbott's *forte,* while Roman literature is his foible. It was unfortunate that he included the chapters on literature in a book whose title gives a somewhat inaccurate notion of its contents. The papers on municipal politics, on the public activities of Roman women, and, in general, those which deal with archæological topics, are not only of interest but of value. They represent the lighter moods of a scholar who is thoroughly familiar with at least one subject.

But his attempts at literary discussion are very weak, and in several cases almost lamentable. To take the most striking instance, let us turn to his paper on Petronius. One is reminded here of Speaker Reed when he congratulated President Roosevelt on his original discovery of the Ten Commandments. It would seem as though Professor Abbott almost believed himself to be the original discoverer of Petronius. If so, it is a pity that he did not discover a little more about him, since in fifteen pages he has made an astonishing exhibition of half knowledge, assumption, and presumption. He remarks that Petronius has been "strangely neglected." This, indeed, is news to us. If Professor Abbott had taken the trouble to consult the present writer's translation of the *Cena,* which appeared ten years ago, and if he had read the introduction and bibliography which that book contains, he would scarcely have said that Petronius has ever been neglected. To be sure, the realistic fragment is not read in the high schools, since it is hardly suited *virginibus puerisque;* yet among scholars, and even among cultivated men who are not technically scholars, Petronius is about as well known as Boccaccio or Shakespeare. Even in our own country, Professor Charles Beck, of Harvard, put forth a monograph on Petronius in 1856 and another in 1863. In the former year, an English translation of all that remains to us of the *Saturæ* was made by Kelly in London. Nor should Professor Abbott have allowed us to think him ignorant of the translations into French, Italian and German by Heinse (as far back as 1783), Nisard, De Guerle, Cesareo, and Schlüter, respectively, not to mention the renderings of the *Cena* by Wellauer and Merkens, and the translation and commentary by Friedländer. Nor does Professor Abbott speak of the two fine text-editions by Franz Bücheler.

One of the most striking instances of *naïveté* in Professor Abbott's "sketch of Petronius" is the following:

> The small circle of his admirers is likely to be enlarged in the near future, since two good translations into English of a portion of his work have lately appeared, and he may at last be rescued from the obscurity in which he languishes.

These "two good translations" obviously refer to the recent version by Mr. Lowe and the recent perversion by Mr. Ryan. If Professor Abbott can speak of Mr. Ryan's work as "good" it must be because he has never read it and has taken its merits wholly upon faith. But, looking to the history of Petronian study in the United States alone, has Professor Abbott nothing to say concerning the excellent commentary in English by Dr. Waters which is now seven years old, and which has made it quite possible for the *Cena* to be read with college classes? He might also have mentioned the interesting monograph by the late Dr. Hayley, of Harvard, which appeared in 1896. As for the French, it would seem as though Pétrequin, Collignon, Thomas, and Gaston Boissier, had surely done enough within the last thirty years to prevent any one from saying that Petronius is a neglected author. As a matter of fact, from the twelfth century until the present time, he has never been neglected, and now we even have a lexicon to the *Saturæ.*

But perhaps the choicest passage in Professor Abbott's "sketch" is the following:

> I am not aware that any one has called at-

*Society and Politics in Ancient Rome. By Frank Frost Abbott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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tention to the fact that the modern realistic novel made its first appearance in circumstances very similar to those in which the romance of Petronius was written.

It is surely unusual for any one to advertise the limitations of his own reading in what he professes to regard as his chosen subject. The fact of which Professor Abbott believes himself to be the proud discoverer, has been noted again and again, even in such an old-fashioned work as that of Dunlop, in English, not to mention the minute studies of Chandler on the various forms of the picaresque novel. What Professor Abbott regards as an interesting discovery has been known and discussed for something like a hundred years. He feels, however, satisfied to rest his assertion on the extraordinary *lapsus* of Professor Warren, who, in his laboured pages, leaves out, not merely Petronius but Apuleius also.

We might go on indefinitely providing kindergarten material for the author of *Society and Politics in Ancient Rome.* But what would be the use of this? We can merely advise him to do more reading and to abstain from writing on topics with which his unfamiliarity is glaring. We rather imagine that his present *milieu* will prove unsympathetic. As an expounder of Latin literature, Chautauqua fairly yawns for him.

Harry Thurston Peck.

IV

Mr. Lawton's "The Third French Republic"*

To the foreign observer of French history the annals of the present French Republic have their interest obscured by the maze of personal and political intrigue for which he cares little or nothing. To read so complete an account of contemporary France as that by M. Gabriel Hanotaux is, indeed, a difficult and unsympathetic task, however valuable the volumes may be to the specialist. One welcomes, therefore, a book like this by Mr. Lawton which keeps sordid and petty politics in the background and allows important events to stand out in full relief. Whatever be his defects, Mr. Lawton has, at any rate, drawn the history of the Third Republic down to the present time with a true sense of proportion. One reads his pages with almost as much interest as that which is evoked by the less authentic and more gossipy chronicles of the Second Empire by the late Albert D. Vandam.

In truth, the past forty years have been epoch-making for France. Americans care little for the records of the French presidents. Yet in this book these personages cease to be vague shadows and become living men with characteristics distinctly marked and as interesting as the creations of great fiction-writers. We see Thiers, the indefatigable septuagenarian, a dwarf in stature, yet a giant in mind, engaged in skilful sword-play with the overbearing Bismarck, saving for France some fragments of her territory where the Germans were still encamped, and upholding the Republic while himself devoutly believing in royalty. We see the bluff soldier, Macmahon, also a royalist, yet faithful to his presidential oath. There is also the miserly peasant Jules Grévy, hoarding his salary and finally driven from power because his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson, was implicated in the sale of decorations. There is Sadi Carnot, firm, dignified, unflinching, and destined to fall at the hands of an assassin. President Faure, whose gaiters call forth continual gibes from the frivolous Parisians, cemented the dual alliance with Russia and died a death which has lately been much discussed in the trial of Mme. Steinheil. Casimir Périer was a victim of the Dreyfus affair, though he resigned his high office with a reticence that did him honour. Loubet, the good-natured *bourgeois,* and Fallières, the man of humble stock but with great good sense, are both drawn for us with lucidity and meaning.

Then, think of the sensational episodes which belong to the history of the Third Republic. First, there is Bismarck's desire to renew the war and to bleed France so effectively that she should never again become a first-class Power—a design which was frustrated first of all by the

*The Third French Republic. By Frederick Lawton. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

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famous "beat" which De Blowitz achieved for the London *Times*. There is also the royalist aspirant for a French throne actually declining it because he would not accept the tricolour as his flag, even though the Pope pointed out to him his folly. There are the stirring scenes when the Germans evacuated the last bit of French soil which they had held. There is the curious episode of Boulanger with the red carnations, and a mistress on whose grave in Brussels he shot himself. There is the scandal of Panama, the colossal Humbert swindle, the gigantic figure of Gambetta, the storm and stress of the Dreyfus incident, the trial of Bazaine, the humiliation of France by England at Fashoda, another humiliation in Morocco at the hands of the German Kaiser, and then the clever *riposte* at Algeciras, where Italy and Spain and England and the United States faced down the Germans and made them withdraw their preposterous claims.

Here we have given only the briefest possible indication of the important themes about which Mr. Lawton writes. On the whole, his work has been well done. To be sure, at times, his English is peculiar, as in such expressions "natheless his skill"; and on page 28 he actually gives the well-known story by Alphonse Daudet, *Le Siège de Berlin,* as authentic history instead of admirable fiction. But these are small things and do not mar the merit of his book when read in its completeness. The chapters in which he gives an account of French literature, science and art during the past forty years form an instructive and excellent summary which one can read with pleasure and also use for reference. The illustrations are numerous and good, and the index is a very fair one.

Richard W. Kemp.

V

W. H. Hereford's "The Demagog"*†

A first book, when it is the work of a writer used to expressing himself in print, and who has clear and definite thoughts on life, is possessed of an interest aside from the story it tells or the characters it portrays. The author, trusting to his acquired facility with the pen and yet hampered by the habit of a different form, be it newspaper work or the short story, has at once the tentativeness of the amateur and the authority of the professional. It is an interesting *mélange,* particularly as it is revealed in the man of brains, and it can result in work of an unusually vital quality, though it is also pretty certain to be uneven. The book as a whole will not be so complete as others to follow. But portions of the story, some of its phases, one or more of its characters, will possess a peculiar vividness and enthusiasm, a colour which in a more ordered and balanced work would be unlikely to exist. To liken it to another art, it will resemble a sculptor's work in clay, where the finger marks still show, but where there subsists a life too often lost in the marble.

The Demagog, by William Richard Hereford, is such a book. The story it tells is in itself instinct with the life of to-day, and parts of this story are recounted with a verve and power that fairly sweep the reader off his feet. For instance, the chapter entitled "Wormwood" is a remarkable picture of a mental phase induced in a keen and sensitive mind by the aftermath of a great exaltation followed by a hideous awakening. It is a picture worthy to stand by itself as a human vignette portrayed with remarkable poetic insight. The Convention chapter is another *tour de force,* in which Mr. Hereford had quite astonishingly succeeded in conveying the effect of an immense mass of humanity swayed by a compelling emotion, and yet keeping the individual interest and the personal outlook—the sensation produced as it were on you yourself by the impact of the multitude.

If the book as a whole kept to the level of these and certain other chapters it would be the most notable American novel of the year. But it would hardly be a first book. When the author is more accustomed to this form of literary expression he will bring more unity and more simplicity to his work. This is plainly shown in those portions of the present story where he is most truly him-

*The Demagog. By William Richard Hereford. Henry Holt and Company.

†The Bookman, of course, disclaims responsibility for the above spelling.

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self and least conscious of the new medium he is employing.

The story itself is an excellent one. The demagogue is a type of man eminently American and thoroughly the product of the hour. Commanding an army of men by reason of his huge wealth and long string of newspapers, he has secured an immense following by posing as a friend and champion of the People and by sensational attacks on what he terms the privileged classes. Thus backed he seeks the nomination for President, and plays the game of politics, plays it solely and entirely for himself.

The mingled and allied worlds of newspaper and political life in which the story moves is described with the skill and knowledge of a man intimate with both; of one who has lived within sound of the presses and to whom the dizzy whirl of the city room is as ordered as the ticking of a clock; one who has written up the boss and chummed with the followers as occasion dictated, who has observed and understood the locking of wheel and wheel. The demagogue plays his game with consummate power and unwaveringly follows the path he has planned over whatsoever suffering or evil it may lead. He plays the game of love, too. His success is foreordained. What can withstand the power of millions, a clear brain and a cold heart?

The outcome is surprising and dramatic, and based on a higher law than any conceived of by the demagogue. Something besides money and deception does rule the fate of the world, and the hero of this story comes face to face with it. It would be unfair to tell it. The book goes boldly into present conditions and does not hesitate to point at the dangers of our political and social situation, although the author is confident of the inherent strength of the Republic. One cannot help seeing a play in the story, with its contrasting types of women, its dominant figure riding high on his ambition, its speaking portraits of the party boss and of society and newspaper types; and then that great scene in the Garden. Possibly the personages of the story will suggest others in real life to various readers; but there is certainly no definite portrait, though traits of several of the characters may well apply to some of the men in public life to-day.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

VI

Henry Newboldt's "The New June"*

The enigmatic title of Mr. Newboldt's novel exhales suggestions of poetic symbolism, and leaves the reader free to expect anything from the story itself, until a casual reference in the text reveals the fact that "The New June" is the name of a house. This was the London mansion of John Holland, Earl of Kent, and half-brother of Richard II—Shakespeare's Richard, concerning whom there has been so much discussion among modern interpreters. According to Professor Dowden, he is presented with contempt as the type of royal *faineantise* and failure, the antithesis of that bluff embodiment of military virtue, Henry of Monmouth. For Mr. Yeats, on the other hand, Richard is the poet's profoundest portrayal in his gallery of English sovereigns, his tender and ironic commentary on nature's ruthless waste in dealing with what is rarest and loveliest among her creations. For this fragile and charming figure, which foreshadows the future *Hamlet,* Henry is but a foil, and serves as the symbol of vulgar success. Mr. Newboldt's Richard—a graceful and sensitive sketch rather than a finished portrait—preserves a distinct individuality of its own, and perhaps comes closer to what was in Shakespeare's mind—as to what was also the historic truth—than either of the other conceptions. Here he is neither the ignoble weakling nor the over-refined sensualist and philosopher unfitted for the rôle of action forced upon him. He is a dreamer, a poet, an actor, and, at moments, a mystic enthusiast whose "wide hart-like eyes" give him "a strangely innocent expression." But he is endowed with a deep-seated purpose, and he slowly acquires a mastery over men, though not so much by brute force of arms as by the combinations of a singularly active mind and far-reaching

*The New June. By Henry Newboldt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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imagination. There is the dawning of the Renaissance in the duplicity by which he effects his ends, in his reckless sense of royal irresponsibility, and in the ideal of despotism which he frames for himself, no less than in his love of learning, the arts, and material splendour, and in his concern for peace and the wise administration of government. There are both good and bad in his character, but neither is of the conventional sort for his race and age, and it is this fact that lies at the basis of most of the misunderstanding of the monarch who presages the transition from feudal to modern ideals in England.

Like most recent historical novelists, Mr. Newboldt shows a great respect for historic verity, and is anxious to have his reader know how little invention there is in this work of his. As a novel, it would gain, rather than lose, by a somewhat greater freedom in this respect, and the reader is almost painfully aware of a certain constraint which keeps the narrative straight to its predestined course. It is not, however, as a novel, but as an attempt to reconstruct the scene and to revive the human significance of a past age, that the book is, perhaps, to be judged. In the first instance the author's success is complete. There is a wonderful succession of pictures—court, tourney and foreign travel—whose fine breadth of effect is achieved through a wealth of antiquarian detail that in the hands of another and more pedantic writer would choke the reader with the dust of ages. On the human side, in his attempt to realise the life of a remote period vividly and vivaciously, Mr. Newboldt has recourse to an interesting but somewhat doubtful expedient. Taking as his text Mr. Bryce's remark that "to be a true historian is to be able to look at the present as if it were the past, and at the past as if it were the present," he deliberately makes his characters employ the colloquial idiom and even the slang of modern speech. Thus the English knights who break lances with the French champions are referred to as "our team," and Gloucester's following becomes his "gang." The talk of the squires is that of an officers' mess, and noble intriguers discuss plans for plunder in the elegant vernacular of political spoilsmen. The absence of the Wardour Street dialect is a welcome relief, but it is possible to go to the other extreme. In order to feel the fundamental identity of the present with the past, it is not necessary to obliterate all sense of minor differences. In doing so, what is gained in simplicity is lost in richness of impression, and the past is deprived of what is, after all, its prime source of fascination. There is a false naïveté about the process which would establish for the historical novelist as his model those mediæval romances in which Alexander and Cæsar talked and acted as though they were mediæval knights. Mr. Newboldt is too accomplished an artist to make use of such specious aids for the imagination.

W. A. Bradley.

VII

Meredith Nicholson's "The Lords of High Decision"*

Mr. Nicholson has learned much from the experience of a successful dramatisation of an earlier novel. Almost too much. For his use of the technique of the stage is fatal at times. His "planting" of a development to come—something necessary in a play, if carefully handled, but not in a novel—spoils in several cases what might be a pleasant surprise for the reader. We are so carefully prepared for what is to come, that we lose interest when it does come. The reader of a novel naturally gives closer attention to its lines when alone by the lamplight, than does the casual visitor to a theatre. In fact, all through this new novel the framework of calculated construction is too plainly seen. It is all so obvious, every chapter leads on to what must come in the next, and in case some little surprise *should* creep in, the chapter headings, with their italicised quotations, kill the possibility completely. Mr. Nicholson evidently does not understand the joy of a sudden shock, of the starting out of the unexpected as one turns the page. It is too bad, for he has such a

*The Lords of High Decision. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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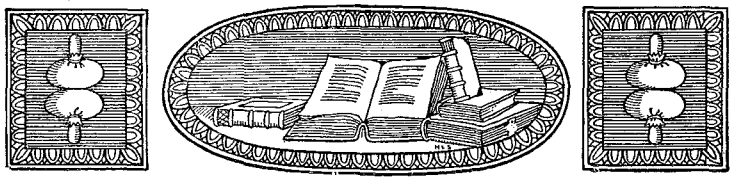
decided gift at telling a good story that he could write a still better one, if he did not let it be so very cut-and-dried along the lines of the construction of the popular novel—shall one say of the "best seller"?

Yet in this case Mr. Nicholson has endeavoured not only to tell a good story, but to paint the development of a character. A praiseworthy effort and one that lifts this book above his others even though his facility in the lesser standard betrays him. Crude as it is, there is much that is good and wholesome in the portrayal of a type now growing up in our American cities, the rich man's son whom luxury has spoiled. In Wayne Craighill's dissipated youth, in the strength that makes his vices worse because they are but perverted good qualities, and in his gradual development into a man whose life is worth while, a development that comes through sin and sorrow, we find the best writing in Mr. Nicholson's latest book. And it is at times so good that we wish he would stop writing "stories" and give us for once a novel of character. Colonel Roger Craighill, the suave dignified financial figure-head, the kid-glove reformer and after-dinner speaker, the hollow bubble of whose vanity is pricked by his own son, is also an artistic piece of work, and some of the minor characters live. Also Pittsburg as a setting is very interesting, and Mr. Nicholson has made a vivid picture of this City of the Iron Heart, with its fever and greed, its stupendous industrial activity, and its amusing social pretences. A delicate satire runs through the glow of genuine admiration in the painting of the city's life, and the rough-hewn colossus that is Pittsburg rises as an entity distinct and individual, a background much too good for the intrigue and incident of the usual sort of "good yarn." There are many of our American cities developing an individuality of their own, and Mr. Nicholson, in the artistry of his portrayal of the real Pittsburg, not of the Pittsburg of the comic papers, has set a good example to aspiring American writers.

As to the story itself—it is the usual sort of thing. The old man marrying a young and pretty girl who loved his son, but was kept for sale to the highest bidder by an unscrupulous mother; the flighty society matron with the good heart; the settlement clergyman; and the art student from the country who turns out to be a divorced woman, and whose coal-miner-ex-ball-player-chauffer husband naturally has to be killed in a mine accident that Jean can marry the hero, all these things and people follow out their fate according to the most approved rules. When the mysterious Walsh turns out to be the fair Adelaide Craighill's father we might enjoy a surprise, but no, we are carefully prepared for that by several well-arranged "plants," as the playwright calls them, strung along through the story. Also, just as we begin to think that the best in Wayne Craighill's nature is to be brought out by a permanent renunciation of the woman he loves, we find ourselves in the coal mines, and when we come to a chapter entitled "They're calling strikes on me," we know in advance that the inconvenient self-sacrificing Joe is to be killed in an accident, leaving his wife free to marry Wayne. And sure enough so it happens. The book is a queer mixture of the good and the bad. Perhaps it marks the parting of the ways for Mr. Nicholson, and points to a higher endeavour? There are many things in it that would justify such a hope.

J. Marchand.



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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE BRIDGE FIEND. By Arthur Loring Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

It is said that beauty and brains are rarely, if ever, seen in the same individual.

It is equally true that a good bridge-player rarely has a sense of humour. But Mr. Arthur Loring Bruce, in *The Bridge Fiend,* proves his skill at the game and also his enjoyment of the humorous side of it.

Moreover, he has a keen insight into human nature, which, of course, intensifies both his serious and frivolous appreciation of Bridge.

His cheerful little book, the author advises us, is intended not to instruct, but to amuse. With the exception of his logical and clear-headed explanation of why the Rule of Eleven *is,* the pages are devoted entirely to amusement.

Of course, instruction might be gained from perusal of those weird passages that begin:

2. Dealer: Ace, king, 9, 2, hearts; 8, 7, clubs; ace, king, 4, 3, diamonds; 10, 7, spades. But nobody ever puzzles out such things except in a prize contest. The chapter devoted to "The Ladies" is too true to be good. Femininity rises to its greatest heights in Bridge, and, as a consequence, offers tempting pegs to hang jests upon. Who does not know the lady who is eternally fussing with her dummy cards? Or the one who "gathers and stacks her tricks with professional rapidity," all the while nodding her head slowly and solemnly, while a far-away expression in her eyes implies a prodigious feat of mental calculation? Or the "curious maiden who, when dummy, insists on peeking at the hands of the leader and third hand"? Or the one who is always remarking, "Well, Elwell says . . ."? Yes, Mr. Bruce does score the ladies, though with gentle pen, and in no case so roundly as they deserve. But surely it is of a clever lady that he tells this anecdote:

"Yes," she said, "I teach a Ladies' Bridge Class. I was so poor that I had to do something, and, as I like playing cards better than anything else, I thought I would teach Bridge. I am doing splendidly, and as soon as I can lay aside a little money I mean to take lessons and learn something about the game myself!"

Another feminine type Mr. Bruce holds up to reproach is the Chatterbox. But as all women are Chatterboxes, this should be an accepted premise, and unless men are in the game, chattering is not a drawback. I recently played in a game of three women and one man. One of the women had just returned from Egypt. She had had a most thrilling experience while prowling in the interior of a pyramid, and as she dealt she began to tell us about it. She sorted her cards, still talking, and passed the make, chattering yet. Dummy declared Hearts, and the game proceeded. We were deeply interested in her recital, and watched her dramatic effects as she talked. The three women put up an especially good game, the Chatterbox scored three tricks, and—went on talking. The man of the quartette laid down his cards and left the house.

Mr. Bruce's anecdotes are new and good ones. I like the one of a charming woman who, being asked concerning her discard, replied: "Oh, I always discard my clubs; I think clubs are so inartistic!"

And another, of a beginner, states that when asked if she played a good game, responded shyly: "I think I must—because when I go to Bridge parties I'm always placed at the table with my hostess!"

Then there is the chapter on "Bridge in Society." It is time somebody gave the lie to the ridiculous stories that fill the Sunday newspapers on this subject, and to the misinformed individuals who preach or talk about it. And it is quite certain that the majority of his readers will excuse the "heated little digression" for which Mr. Bruce apologizes. A delightful bit of the book is the reported discussion between author and artist anent the frontispiece.

In this connection one would like to ask why the ladies are still in afternoon gowns at twenty past seven. But the answer would doubtless be that their zeal in the game makes them forget all time; or that they manage these things better in France; or that that kind of a clock never does go, anyhow.

There is a chapter, too, devoted to "Girls," but girls and Bridge are incongruous. Bridge is only for those who are too old or too married to flirt, and girls' reluctant feet should come to Bridge only when the brook and river meet.

Bridge, according to Mr. Bruce, is a welcome substitute for "after-dinner speeches," a life-preserver for guests drowning in social boredom; and one of the best *bon-mots* in his clever book is:

Take Bridge away from New York society and it will become—what? An "Elsie" book without Elsie!

Carolyn Wells.

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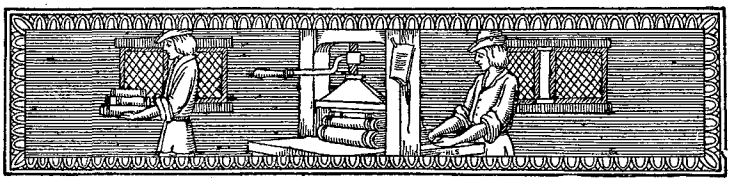
THE ROMANCE OF MODERN CHEMISTRY. By James C. Philip, Ph.D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Company.

The title of this book is well chosen, for when the layman gets even a glimpse of what modern industrial chemistry is accomplishing, he finds the story more wonderful than anything which the imagination of the romancers has ever evolved. A great laboratory such as that, for example, of Siemens and Halske in Germany, witnesses marvels that transcend the aspirations of the alchemists. Electricity, which has made possible a temperature of more than 5,000° Centigrade, and the liquefaction of air, which has given to the chemist an intensity of cold such as Fahrenheit never dreamed of, have made almost all things possible; and even now the work of the chemist seems to be in its infancy. It was a paltry result which the alchemists sought to attain when they believed that the baser metals could be transmuted into gold. Had they succeeded in their quest, they would simply have made gold worthless. Modern chemistry creates that which is of infinitely more value to the human race. It draws from the atmosphere free nitrogen with which to re-fertilise the earth and keep it from exhaustion. It utilises hundreds of by-products which once were only a nuisance to mankind, and has turned them into channels of usefulness. Synthetic chemistry creates from coal-tar scores of valuable drugs; it makes perfumes of exquisite delicacy; it gives us dyes, infinitely more brilliant and more lasting than the dyes which Nature made. It has begun to outdo the alchemist, since it has succeeded in making gems that are not merely as beautiful as those for which men have given their very lives, but which are actually identical with those gems. Thus far, to be sure, only the minutest diamonds have come from the chemist's laboratory; but Le Pasquier in Paris makes rubies which no one can distinguish from the rubies of India, so that, in fact, pawnbrokers have barred rubies from the gems on which they will lend money. And yet, as we said, industrial chemistry is only beginning to show what it can do. Even now, according to the scientist, the water-courses of England carry to the sea each year sewage to the value of more than eighty million dollars,—a sheer waste, because the chemists have not yet erected establishments vast enough to utilise it.

This book by Dr. Philip, who is a professor in the Imperial College of South Kensington, takes up some of the marvels of his specialty. He deals with high temperatures and low temperatures, with explosives, with Nature's stores of fuel, with the chemistry of the stars, and he tells in a very interesting chapter how man competes with Nature and what is the value of the once-despised by-product. The reader who is at all familiar with popular works on chemistry will be led to compare this book with the volume entitled *The Chemistry of Commerce,* published four years ago by Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan of the University of Kansas. Dr. Philip writes of a greater variety of subjects, but he has not treated them quite so fully or so clearly as did Professor Duncan. He is less fond of the concrete. He does not mention names and places and actual experiments, and thereby his story loses something of its point, nor is it always quite so clear and satisfactory. None the less, he has written a most interesting volume, which deserves a place on the shelves of every intelligent and well-educated man. One may care nothing for chemistry in the abstract; but he will read a book like this for the pure interest of it, and because it will broaden his knowledge of life and give him an insight into the extraordinary practical achievements of modern science.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE, DRAMA

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Poetry of Nature. Selected by Henry Van Dyke for *Country Life in America.*

The selection includes sixty poems. There is also an introduction by Dr. Van Dyke and sixteen illustrations in photogravure by Henry Troth.

Paul Elder and Company:

You and Some Others. Being Poems for Occasions. By Agnes Greene Foster. The Decorations by Will Jenkins.

A new and enlarged edition.

Rubá'iyát of Omar Khayyám. By Edward FitzGerald. (Author's Final Revision.) With the Literal Omar. Edited by Arthur Guiterman. With Eight Illustrations by Gilbert James.

Being a version of those quatrains of the original upon which FitzGerald's poem was based.

The Macmillan Company:

The Great Divide. By William Vaughn Moody.

A play in three acts.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Yzdra. By Louis V. Ledoux.

A tragedy in three acts.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

D. Appleton and Company:

Louis Renée de Kérouallé. (Duchess of Portsmouth.) By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant.

Concerning the life of Charles II's famous mistress, whom he created Duchess of Portsmouth.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley. Edited by his Wife, Dorothy Stanley.

A complete story of Stanley's life; his youth in America, his service and experiences in the Civil War, his return to England, his early dreams and ambitions, with the inspiring narrative of their complete fulfilment. The volume is fully illustrated with portraits, maps and other illustrations.

Recollections. By Washington Gladden.

The story of a long life and varied career as editor, preacher and civic reformer. The volume contains many anecdotes of prominent men, and many commentaries on the political, industrial, social and religious movements with which Dr. Gladden has been connected.

The Macmillan Company:

My Day. Reminiscences of a Long Life. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

The whole length of Mrs. Pryor's eventful life is reviewed, beginning with her childhood in an old Virginia home. Seventy odd years are covered by this record. In them Mrs. Pryor saw and knew many of the great figures, both Northern and Southern, who made our history.

A Lady of the Old Régime. By Ernest F. Henderson.

The book treats of the sister-in-law of Louis XIV who for more than forty years was an inmate of his palace. Being a woman of wit and with uncommon gifts of expression, she has left in her letters a striking picture of what the court was and what went on there. From these letters and all other available sources of information Dr. Henderson has made a remarkably vivid picture of life in the old French court and of the part played in it by this remarkable woman.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Home Letters of General Sherman. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

These letters tell not only of Sherman's life at West Point and later in California before the war, but they give his first impressions of such important events as Bull Run, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and the March through Georgia, and incidentally his opinions of the many distinguished men with whom he came in contact.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

Paul Elder and Company:

The Works of Jesus. Being the Bible Narrative of His Acts of Healing and Other Deeds, in Chronological Order. Arranged by Edna S. Little.

No comment whatsoever is given, but "The Sermon on the Mount" is appended as Christ's own summary of His teachings.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Doors of Life, or Little Studies of Self-Healing. By Walter DeVoe.

The author's purpose in the fifty-five brief chapters of this volume is to show

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that one may reasonably expect to attain youth and health of mind and body through the exercise of his own will made flexible to varied conditions of life and to the tenor of his own disposition.

The Education of the Will. The Theory and Practice of Self-Culture. By Jules Payot, Litt.D., Ph.D. Authorised Translation by Smith Ely Jelliffe, M.D. From the Thirtieth French Edition.

The volume opens with a discussion of the evils which must be combated in educating the will, and then proceeds to show the possibilities that lie in its judicious training. The author touches, for example, upon the relations to athletic exercise, to intellectual labour, while bodily hygiene, eating, drinking, etc., are considered from the point of view of education for the will.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

American Foreign Policy. By a Diplomatist.

The author analyses the present situation of the world's diplomacy. He states the newly gained importance of America in the balance of international affairs, and lays down both suggestively and convincingly the policy which she must pursue for the future. The scope of the book is shown by the titles of its chapters: "The Policy of Understandings"; "Relations with Europe"; "The Recognition of the Monroe Doctrine"; "The Latin Republics"; "The Far East"; "The Near East"; "Diplomatic Service in the State Department"; "The Future of Our International Position."

The American People. A Study in National Psychology. By A. Maurice Low.

Mr. Low traces the development of the American national consciousness from the earliest times to the Revolution, and shows that we are a new race and not a mere amalgam of races. He observes that America is not simply a geographical expression, but the name of a country whose people present distinct, coherent and highly individual traits and characteristics distinguishing them from all other peoples.

Religion and Miracle. By George A. Gordon.

Dr. Gordon examines the relation of miracles to the Christian religion, not because he wishes to destroy the belief in miracles, but to show that where miracle has ceased to be regarded as true Christianity remains in its essence entire; and that the fortune of religion should not be identified with the fortune of miracle. He takes up successively "Belief in God and Miracle." "Jesus Christ and Miracle," "The Christian Life and Miracle."

Little, Brown and Company:

Nerves and Common Sense. By Annie Payson Call.

Containing practical suggestions for immediate and continued relief for those who are suffering from nervous strain, which they are unable to account for or to throw off. Some of the chapter headings are: "Habit and Nervous Strain"; "How Women Can Keep From Being Nervous"; "Quiet *vs.* Chronic Excitement"; "The Tired Emphasis"; and "How To Be Really Ill and Get Well."

The Macmillan Company:

(The Columbia University Press.)

Light. By Richard C. MacLaurin, LL.D., Sc.D., President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Consisting of lectures given at the American Museum of Natural History during the winter of 1908-09. The subjects are as follows: "Early Contribution to Optical Theory"; "Colour Vision and Colour Photography"; "Dispersion and Absorption"; "Spectroscopy"; "Polarisation"; "The Laws of Reflection and Refraction"; "The Principle of Interference"; "Crystals"; "Diffraction"; and "Light and Electricity."

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Social Service and the Art of Healing. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D.

The author's aim in *Social Service and the Art of Healing*, dedicated "To the Social Workers of the Massachusetts Hospital, whose fruitful labours this book lamely but most gratefully describes," is to set forth the methods by which the medical, social and educational work are now being drawn together for the public good.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

The Apocryphal Acts of Paul, Peter, John, Andrew and Thomas. By Bernard Pick.

Being a picture of Christianity toward the end of the second century, and giving an account of Christian development. With notes, index and bibliography.

The Problem of Evil. By Marion LeRoy Burton, B.D., Ph.D. (Yale).

A criticism of the philosophical basis of the Augustinian treatment of the problem of evil.

The Pilgrim Press:

Talks on High Themes for Young Christians. By Charles E. Jefferson, D.D.

Presenting lofty ideals, with helpful hints as to the way to reach them.

The Song of the Infinite. By Frank Crane.

A monograph on the One Hundred and Third Psalm.

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A Crusade of Brotherhood. By Augustus Field Beard.

A history of the American Missionary Association for the past sixty years.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

In Starland With a Three-Inch Telescope. By William Tyler Olcott.

A conveniently arranged guide for the use of the amateur astronomer. With forty diagrams of the constellations and eight of the moon.

The University Press:

(Sewanee, Tenn.)

The Teaching of Our Lord as to the Indissolubility of Marriage. By Stuart Lawrence Lyson, M.A. (Oxon.)

Based on a paper read before the clergy of Chicago in the autumn of 1908, and which, somewhat expanded, was again read last August to the Extension Session of the University of the South.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Secret History of the Court of Spain During the Last Century. By Rachel Challice.

During her long stay in Madrid the author was afforded particular facilities for the study of the facts which she sets forth in her history of Spanish court life in the past century. The volume is illustrated with portraits of the great celebrities of Spain.

The Confidantes of a King. The Mistresses of Louis XV. By E. DeGoncourt. Translated by Ernest Dowson.

An account of the inner life of the Court of France in the time of Louis XV and a study of the influence on his character and actions of many well-known Queens of Beauty, amongst them Mme. de Pompadour. Mme. du Barry and the Demoiselles de Nesle.

Francis Joseph and His Times. By Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart.

The first two or three chapters deal with the family of the Emperor and his two predecessors upon the throne. The author then takes up the important political events since 1830 or thereabout until the present time. These chapters include the revolutions in the forties in Austria-Hungary, the German disturbances about the same time; the French revolution of 1848, the war with Prussia, the war with France, the war of independence in Italy, the Franco-Prussian war, the different important political congresses; and the final chapters discuss the present Balkan changes and the relations of Austria with Turkey.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Famous Cathedrals. As Seen and Described by Great Writers. Collected and Edited by Esther Singleton.

In her introduction to the descriptions of the cathedrals Miss Singleton writes: "I have endeavoured to bring before the reader a varied list, at the same time not omitting those that all the world agrees are the most celebrated. I have also tried to vary the text as much as possible, making some selections that are architectural; some that are descriptive; some that are historical; and adding a few impressionist pictures, like those of Bourges and St. Isaac's."

Duffield and Company:

The Literary History of the Adelphi and Its Neighbourhood. By Austin Brereton.

A second edition with new introduction, photogravure frontispiece and twenty-seven other illustrations.

Harper and Brothers:

Seven English Cities. By W. D. Howells.

Mr. Howells describes his modest liking for Liverpool, discusses some merits of Manchester, enjoys himself in "smokiest Sheffield," finds a nine-days' wonder in York, spends the day at Doncaster, visits Old Boston, and finally indulges in a good-tempered chronicle of English characteristics.

A Fantasy of Mediterranean Travel. By S. G. Bayne.

A humorous account of a cruise through the Mediterranean with visits to Madeira, Spain, Cadiz, Seville, Alhambra, Algiers, Malta, Greece, Turkey, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Smyrna, Holy Land, Jerusalem, River Jordan, Jericho, Dead Sea, Egypt, Cairo, The Nile, Messina, Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Villefranche, Nice, Monte Carlo, England.

Henry Holt and Company:

Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America During 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801 and 1802. By John Davis. With an Introduction and Notes by A. J. Morrison.

The work was first published in London in 1803. It is a story of wanderings from New York to South Carolina, and as such affords an interesting picture of the greater part of the United States at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Little, Brown and Company:

Old Boston Days and Ways. By Mary Caroline Crawford.

An account of the phases of life and the famous events during the period "from the dawn of the Revolution to

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the time when the town became a city. Some of the chapters deal with such interesting subjects as the literary folk, the journalistic enterprises, the growth of the social life, the establishment of the first Boston theatres, and the adventures of some of their famous stars."

The Macmillan Company:

The Old Town. By Jacob A. Riis.

Mr. Riis gives a picture of his boyhood home, the queer little Danish town of Ribe. He tells of life in the old days, of the sports and pranks of children, of the quaint and curious customs of their elders.

L. C. Page and Company:

Inns and Taverns of Old London. By Henry C. Shelley.

Setting forth the historical and literary associations of those ancient hostelries, together with an account of the most notable coffee-houses, clubs and pleasure gardens of the British metropolis. The volume is fully illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Through the French Provinces. By Ernest Peixotto.

Being a series of sketches of out-of-the-way towns and chateaux in Touraine, Gascony, Auvergne, Provence and the Northern Provinces. The volume contains eighty-five drawings by the author.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Historical Guide to the City of New York. Compiled by Frank Bergen Kelley. From Original Observations and Contributions Made by Members and Friends of the City History Club of New York. With Seventy Maps, and Diagrams and Forty-Six Illustrations.

A guide-book to New York City and its environs, in the form of various excursions, carefully laid out, with full directions and maps. It describes buildings and landmarks now standing, and refers to historical events which have taken place either in them, or on their sites. There are excursions to all points of the city, and special ones to museums and art galleries, by water, by automobile, for children, etc.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Practical Agriculture. By John W. Wilkinson, A.M.

A brief treatise on agriculture, horticulture, forestry, stock feeding, animal husbandry and road building.

Harper and Brothers:

The Technique of Speech. A Guide to the Study of Diction According to the Principles of Resonance. By Dora Duty Jones.

The author's basic principle is pure pronunciation, and she shows that this is all-important, not only to clearness of speech, but to resonance of voice in speaking and singing. She teaches conscious control of the vocal organs, and explains their positions in proclaiming each sound.

Henry Holt and Company:

Esthetics. By Kate Gordon.

A text-book for courses in esthetics such as are given in the third or fourth year of the college curriculum.

College Algebra. By H. L. Rietz, Ph.D., and A. R. Crathorne, Ph.D.

Selections from the Critical Writings of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by F. C. Prescott.

Logic. Inductive and Deductive. By Adam Leroy Jones, Ph.D.

An introduction to scientific method.

Narrative and Lyric Poems. For Students. Edited by S. S. Seward, Jr.

This recollection is supplemented by Notes, Suggestive Studies and a General Survey.

Laboratory Manual of First Year Science. By Waterman S. C. Russell, A.M., and Howard Clinton Kelly, A.B.

For Secondary Schools.

A College Text-Book of Geology. By Thomas C. Chamberlain and Rollin D. Salisbury.

In the American Science Series. It is intended primarily for college students who are already in possession of the elements of physics, chemistry and biology.

Exercises in French Composition for Schools and Colleges. By William Koren.

The Macmillan Company:

Select Orations. Illustrating American Political History. Selected and edited by Samuel Bannister Harding, Ph.D.

Comprising a large number of orations which have vitally affected American history. It is therefore of interest to students of two classes—students of United States history looking for source material and students of oratory looking for specimen orations of especial worth.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Seymour Charlton. By W. B. Maxwell.

On the eve of his marriage to Gladys Copland, the daughter of a London

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shopkeeper, Seymour Charlton becomes the heir of Brentwood, a title which, being the youngest son, he had never really expected to come to him. Suddenly thrust into a position of unexpected prominence, the young wife finds it a difficult task to fulfil the demands made upon her as mistress of Andover House. The story deals mainly with the troubles of their married life, their estrangement, due to the man's neglect, and his struggle and ultimate success in winning again the love and respect of his wife.

The Deeper Stain. By Frank Hird.

The heroine of this story of English life is Beatrice Stratton, the daughter of a family in straitened circumstances. It falls to Beatrice to bear the troubles of the family, which consists of herself, her father, mother, a sister and a brother in India. This brother, Beatrice discovers, has forged the name of the man she is to marry. She accepts one burden after another, but finally happiness comes into her life.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Diamond Master. By Jacques Futrelle.

In the same mail five prominent dealers in precious stones in New York each received in an ordinary box a large, sparkling diamond of almost priceless value. The boxes bore no marks of identification and the dealers were greatly puzzled. Later each one is advised that the diamond is a gift, and the sender arranges for a conference with the dealers. He then explains to them that he has at his command an enormous supply of these precious stones, and that unless they accept his proposition to purchase from him one million dollars' worth he will cause to be placed on the market such a quantity of diamonds that the whole trade in these stones will be ruined. The dealers' suspicions are aroused and detectives are at once set to work to discover the young man's secret. He is traced to a small town in New Jersey, where a man by the name of Kellner had been making the diamonds, and for whom Wynne had been acting as agent. Kellner is found to have been mysteriously murdered and his secret dies with him.

Brentano's:

The Dupe. By Gerald Biss.

The plot centres about the murder of Geoffrey Cahil, a young man from Australia, on his way to visit wealthy relatives in England. About to commit suicide, Roger Severn is rescued by a man who cares for him at his lodgings. This man, Scobell, explains the object of Geoffrey's visit, which he says was distasteful to him, and tells Roger that instead of continuing he had gone to Paris. For a certain sum Scobell persuades Roger to impersonate Geoffrey and make this visit. At Scobell's request Roger takes a box in the cab as far as Victoria Station. This, Scobell said, contained Geoffrey's clothes, and that he would call for it that evening. Roger followed instructions, made the visit, which ended sooner than Scobell expected, and returned to London. He knows nothing of the trickery until he reads in the paper about the "Victoria Station Mystery." All this time the black box which contained, instead of Geoffrey's clothes, the dead body of the young man, had remained unopened at the station. Roger immediately states the facts at Scotland Yard, and, under police supervision, is allowed to aid in the search for the daring criminal.

Cassell and Company:

The Red Saint. By Warwick Deeping.

A romance of the troublous times in England during the reign of Henry III. The heroine is Denise, who lives a lonely life in a forest hermitage. She is looked upon by the country people as being almost a saint and, owing to her mass of copper-coloured hair, becomes known as "The Red Saint."

The Century Company:

Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding. And Other Stories. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.

Four short stories of negro life in the South: "Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding"; "Petty Larceny"; "The Hair of the Dog"; and "Thanksgiving on Crawfish Bayou." The volume is illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele, A. B. Frost and others.

Little Sister Snow. By Frances Little.

Picturing the life of a little Japanese maiden. Love comes into her life when the young American, Richard Melton Merrit, who has a government position in Japan, makes his home with Yuki San's parents. When Merrit goes back to America to wed the girl of whom he had told Yuki San he leaves without a knowledge of the love the Japanese maiden bears for him, and she confides it only to her diary. This she afterwards gives to the flames in the temple of Buddha and dutifully resigns herself to a marriage arranged by her parents with a Japanese officer.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Alice in Sunderland. By Jane Anne Torrey.

Being experiences from the day-book of a country school teacher.

Kentucky of Kentucky. By H. Henderson Kniffin.

A romance of the blue grass region.

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G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Fortunate Prisoner. By Max Pemberton.

After being released from prison, having served a term of seven years, John Canning finds himself heir to millions. Through Ernest Holly, the one friend who remains true to him despite his prison life, he learns that Bell Island is for sale, and with his newly acquired wealth he is enabled to make the purchase at once. When the inhabitants of the island hear of the purchase they resent the intrusion of the newcomer, and Japhon Fearney, the keeper of the Castle at Bell Island, even goes so far as to plan a shipwreck for the vessel which is carrying Canning to his new home. The plans, however, are frustrated by Fearney's daughter, and Canning comes to live on the island notwithstanding the resentment of its people. But when they discover that he is an ex-convict his struggle for existence among them becomes a very strenuous one. He finally returns to London, where he is met by Jessie Fearney, who loves him in spite of all.

The Long Shadow. By B. M. Bower.

A Western story in which Billy Boyle, a cowboy, tries in vain to make a success of a large cattle ranch owned by a man in the East.

Samantha on Children's Rights. By Josiah Allen's Wife. (Marietta Holley.)

Here Samantha, who has had a wide experience with children, sets forth her views on the subject of their training. She advocates common sense as one of the great essentials in the proper training of a child, and believes that parents should be as fair and courteous in their dealing with children as they would be with people of their own age.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Where Snow is Sovereign. A Romance of the Glaciers. By Rudolph Stratz. Translated from the German by Mary J. Safford.

An intense desire to feel and to know the freedom and inspiration of the heights leads Elizabeth von Randa, against her husband's wishes, to climb the Alps. She braved the dangers of mountain climbing, and felt repaid in that it made her a different creature. She felt that she had looked death in the face, had accomplished things that she had believed impossible, had conquered her own weakness, and thus gained a feeling of self-respect. In this mood, high up in the Alps, she meets a man of great strength and magnetism. The two are drawn together and they discover that a deep love exists in the heart of each for the other. After an earnest struggle Elizabeth knows that nothing, not even her love for the strong man of the mountains, could cause her to break up the home where she had known love and to bring unhappiness to her little daughter. Then, with a strong sense of duty, Elizabeth, in the presence of the High Alps which had brought them together, bade farewell to her dear friend of the mountains.

The Island of Regeneration. A Story of What Ought to Be. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A young woman after having been tossed about in a small boat in the Pacific, is cast ashore upon a tropical island which is uninhabited save by a young man she finds there. He appears to be a European, but is dressed as a savage and incapable of any speech. From a few relics which the girl finds she deduces that the man had been cast upon the island in early childhood in company with a mother, who had died there. The newcomer is a brilliant, highly educated woman, with very radical views on many subjects. She at once undertakes the education of the young man, and in the course of the three years which they spend on the island together imparts to him all that her training and education have given her, and he in turn influences her to give up her hostile attitude toward the Bible and Christianity. Then the love for each other which comes to them gradually is at first surrounded by difficulties, but these eventually are swept away and a happy union made possible.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Daphne in Fiztroy Street. By E. Nesbit.

At the opening of the story the heroine, in company with her little sister Doris, is about to leave the select school in France where she has been a pupil for many years. They arrive in England on the day of their father's funeral. This, however, seems to be a mere incident in their lives, as the parent had been almost a stranger to them. Life at home under the management of relatives for whom they have no regard becomes intolerable to the young people and "Daffy" decides to put an end to it. They run off to London and rent a room in Fitzroy Street. Here the girls make many friends, mostly among the art students, and after a number of romantic experiences "Daffy" falls in love with one of them.

Harper and Brothers:

The Involuntary Chaperon. By Margaret Cameron.

The story is told in a series of letters written to a friend by a young widow who, on a trip to South America, acts as chaperon to a girl of seventeen who

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is being sent away from a suitor with whom she had been willing and ready to elope. Cupid, however, wins the day, for eventually the young man from whom the girl's mother had determined to separate her follows the party to South America.

Carlotta's Intended. By Ruth McEnery Stuart.

The scene is laid in an Italian quarter of New York, and the story tells of the love affairs of Carlotta, who is the daughter of an Italian fruit dealer.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Phoebe Deane. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz.

Phoebe Deane, who is an orphan, figures as the principal character in the author's new story of life in New York in 1830. Phoebe makes a brave struggle against the plotting of a disagreeable sister-in-law, and in the end, with the assistance of Marcia Schuyler, who was the heroine of Miss Lutz's book by that title, which was published last autumn, sets aside the plans made for her against her will and marries the man of her own choosing.

The Macmillan Company:

My Pets. By Alexandre Dumas.

Newly translated by Alfred Allison.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Homesteaders. By Kate and Virgil D. Boyles.

Jack Carroll and his sister leave their home in Kentucky and travel West to take up claims in the free range cattle district. They are looked upon as intruders by Frank LaDue and a band of his lawless followers, and Jack has a desperate struggle in making a settlement. Eventually he loses his life, which is avenged by neighbour Tom Burrington, who had fallen in love with Jack's sister. Tom takes Josephine back to Kentucky, but later she returns to the West, determined to maintain the claims for which her brother had lost his life.

A Volunteer with Pike. By Robert Ames Bennet.

The time of the story is the early part of the last century, and the character of chief interest is Dr. John Robinson, who was a member of Zebulon Pike's exploring expedition. The theme is the love of Dr. John for the beautiful Mexican girl, Senorita Vallois.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Shepherd of Jebel Nur. By William Allen Knight.

The scene of this new portrayal of shepherd life in the Orient is located definitely in a region brought afresh to the attention of the world by the terrible massacres at the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

JUVENILE

D. Appleton and Company:

Florence Nightingale. The Angel of the Crimea. By Laura E. Richards.

A story for young people. The author here tells of the nature and scope of the work of Florence Nightingale, and sets forth the difficulties and discouragement under which it was accomplished.

The Red Caps of Lyons. By Herbert Hayens.

A story of the French Revolution.

Tales of the Red Children. By Abbie Farwell Brown and James Mackintosh Bell.

Consisting of American and Canadian Indian legends which deal principally with wild animals, both in their native haunts, where the Indian children met and talked with them, and in their daily life among themselves.

The Century Company:

When I Grow Up. Verses and Pictures by W. W. Denslow.

A lad's day-dreams of what he would like to be when he grows up—an autoist one day, a clown another, a hunter, a baseball player, cowboy, pirate. With twenty-four full pages in colour; twenty-four full-page half-tones; also chapter headings, tailpieces and marginal drawings.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Story of Hereward. The Champion of England. By Douglas C. Stedman, B.A.

The life story of "the last of the Saxon heroes."

Stories from the Faerie Queene. Retold from Spenser. By Lawrence H. Dawson.

With numerous coloured illustrations by Gertrude Hammond.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Kite Book. By B. Cory Kilvert.

Clever and amusing verses about Wally Wimple and his kite. With twenty-four large full-page illustrations in colour by the author.

Dick and Dolly. By Carolyn Wells.

Dick and Dolly are brother and sister, who have been left to the care of two maiden aunts. They are bright and happy children and manage to keep things lively at the old Dana homestead.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Arabian Nights.

A new edition with about one hun-

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dred and thirty illustrations by W. Heath Robinson, Helen Stratton and others.

The Wonders of the Zoo. By Lilian Gask.

Stories about the birds and animals of the zoo, with original illustrations by Dorothy Hardy.

Stories from the Iliad. By H. L. Havell.

Mr. Havell prefaces these *Stories from the Iliad* with an introduction in which he speaks briefly of "The Story," "The Divine Characters," "The Humorous Characters" and "The Similes."

Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found there. By Lewis Carroll.

With ten full-page illustrations in colour and numerous pen-and-ink sketches by Bessie Collins Pease.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by John Hassall, R.I.

A collection of over four hundred of the old favourite nursery rhymes. With over two hundred pictures.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Tales of Wonder. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

The fourth and last volume of the Fairy Series in the Children's Classics.

Undine. By De La Motte Fouqué. Adapted from the German by W. L. Courtney and illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

To this new edition of Fouqué's famous classic Mr. Rackham has contributed many illustrations in colour and black and white.

Trees That Every Child Should Know. Easy Tree Studies for all Seasons of the Year. By Julia Ellen Rogers.

In a simple and interesting manner the author sets forth the distinctive traits of each tree, so that a child can recognise the tree and tell how he knows it. Romantic tree lore is interwoven with practical information as to the uses of trees, and of woods and other forest products. There are forty-seven pages of illustrations.

Duffield and Company:

The Animals of the Ark. From the French of P. Guizou by Edgar Mills. Pictures by A. Vimar.

The pictures show the animals in all sorts of occupations as they while away the time for the forty days and forty nights of the flood.

Grimm's Animal Stories. By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm. Translated by Lucy Crane.

A collection of all those stories by the Grimm brothers which contain animals. They are illustrated with pictures by Mr. John Rae.

Yesterday's Children. Illustrated by Millicent Sowerby. Written in Verse by Githa Sowerby.

A book of verses and pictures about children of the long ago.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Gulliver's Travels. Into Several Remote Nations of the World. By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

A new edition with twelve full-page illustrations in colour, many head and tailpieces in black and white, decorative end papers and cover design in gold by Arthur Rackham.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Tales arranged for the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare. This new edition has twelve full-page illustrations in colour, head and tailpieces throughout, decorative end papers and special cover design in gold on red ground by Arthur Rackham.

Dana Estes and Company:

Chatterbox. For 1909. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.

Containing about forty stories (all with illustrations), anecdotes, natural history papers, poetry, and numerous articles of general information.

The *Sarah Jane;* Dicky Dalton, Captain. A Story of Tugboating in Portland Harbour. By James Otis.

The second volume in the series of Business Venture Stories. It deals with the efforts of two venturesome American boys to manage and operate a small tugboat.

The Minute Boys of New York City. By James Otis.

The story has to do with that time in New York City from the middle of May, 1775, until the return of Governor Tryon in July of the same year, being chiefly concerned with the encampment of General Wooster at Harlem.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Pilgrim's Progress. From this World to that which is to Come. By John Bunyan.

A new edition illustrated in colour by Ambrose Dudley.

Harper and Brothers:

When Roggie and Reggie Were Five. By Gertrude Smith.

When Roggie and Reggie's father becomes a U. S. Senator they leave their home in Southern California and take up life at Washington. Here Roggie and Reggie visit the President, see the

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White House, and thoroughly enjoy their new life.

On the Gridiron, and Other Stories of Outdoor Sport. By Jesse Lynch Williams, S. Scovile, Jr., J. Conover, W. J. Henderson and Paul Hull.

The second book in Harper's Athletic Series. The sixteen stories tell of football contests and other popular school and college sports.

The Swiss Family Robinson, or The Adventures of a Shipwrecked Family on an Uninhabited Isle Near New Guinea. By David Wyss.

A new edition with numerous illustrations done from sketches made in the tropics by Louis Rhead and an introduction by W. D. Howells.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Secret of Old Thunder-Head. By Louise Godfrey Irwin.

The story of a Vermont vacation, giving the experiences of a boy and girl who visit their country cousin.

The Cave of the Bottomless Pool. By Henry Gardner Hunting.

The scene of this detective story is a summer camp school.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Warriors of Old Japan, and Other Stories. By Yei Theodora Ozaki.

Dealing with the myths and legends of old Japan, as well as her heroes and traditions. The volume is illustrated by Japanese artists and contains a sketch of the author's life by Mrs. Hugh Frazer.

The Garden of Eden. Stories from the First Nine Books of the Old Testament. By George Hodges.

A new volume of Bible stories by the author of *When the World was Young.*

When Sarah Saved the Day. By Elsie Singmaster.

The story of a young Pennsylvania German girl, an orphan, and her efforts at home-making while one of her brothers is away in Alaska.

The Bunnikins-Bunnies in Camp. By Edith B. Davidson.

A book that will interest children from three to eight years of age. It tells about a family of rabbits and their friends, the grey squirrels, who camp out for the summer.

John of the Woods. By Abbie Farwell Brown.

The story of a little boy who lives in the forest with a good hermit and learns from him a secret power over the wild creatures of the woods, which leads to many curious adventures.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

At the Back of the North Wind. By George MacDonald.

A new edition of one of George MacDonald's fairy tale classics. The volume is uniform with *The Princess and the Goblin* and *The Princess and Curdie.* With twelve full-page illustrations in colour by Maria L. Kirk.

Little, Brown and Company:

Wigwam Evenings. Sioux Folk Tales Retold. By Charles A. Eastman and Elaine Goodale Eastman.

Containing twenty-seven Indian myths which Dr. Eastman heard in his boyhood when he lived among his own Indian people.

The Girls of Fairmount. By Etta Anthony Baker.

Concerned with the doings of a lively group of girls who attend the Fairmount Boarding School.

Polly and Dolly. By Mary Frances Blaisdell.

A story about Polly, Dolly, Ned and Ted for little readers between the ages of five and seven. The four children and their dog Jack have some busy, happy times working and playing together.

Redney McGaw. A Story of the Big Show and the Cheerful Spirit. By Arthur E. McFarlane.

Redney starts out to tramp from New York to the West in order to join a chum. On his way he meets a travelling circus, with which he decides to connect himself. While with the circus Redney has some lively experiences. He helps to save a panther-tamer, prevents a train wreck and has a wild ride on an elephant.

Betty Baird's Golden Year. By Anna Hamlin Weikel.

The third and concluding volume of the Betty Baird Series. Here we find Betty the same sweet and lovable girl as in the previous volumes and still earnest in her purpose to pay off the mortgage.

For the Norton Name. By Hollis Godfrey.

This book starts a new series entitled The Young Captains of Industry. The story ran as a serial in the *Youth's Companion.* It tells of the struggle of a young man to successfully maintain a glass factory of which, at his father's death, he becomes the owner.

Overheard in Fairyland. By Madge A. Bigham.

Stories about the flowers, trees and other elements of woodland life.

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Wonderful Little Lives. By Julia Augusta Schwartz.

A story of some of the smaller inhabitants of the field and the forest, including such creatures as the grasshopper, the house-fly, the earth-worm, the spider, the ant, the busy bee, the robin, etc.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Helen Grant, Teacher. By Amanda M. Douglas.

The seventh volume of Helen Grant Series. Helen Grant, the interesting young college graduate, is a teacher in the new high school in a small town. Her experiences and encounters with the pupils, among whom are some very active youths, offer opportunities for the young teacher to show herself earnest and capable.

With Pickpole and Peavey; or, Two Live Boys on the East Branch Drive. By C. B. Burleigh.

The second volume of Norman Carver Series. Norman Carver is placed in charge of a crew of river-drivers, and he and his friend, Fred Warner, experience some exciting adventures that tax their strength and courage severely.

For the Stars and the Stripes. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

The first volume of the War for the Union Series. The story is based on true happenings, and the thread of it is the escape of a young Union soldier from a Southern prison.

Dorothy Dainty in the Country. By Amy Brooks.

The eighth volume in the Dorothy Dainty Series. After the close of school Dorothy and her dear friend Nancy go to a fashionable resort, where they spend the summer and where, with a number of other children, they have a delightful time.

American Patty. A Story of 1812. By Adele E. Thompson.

The fifth volume of Brave Heart Series. Patty is a brave, winsome girl of sixteen whose family have settled across the Canadian border and are living in peace and prosperity, and on the best of terms with the neighbours and friendly Indians.

Mother Tucker's Seven. By Angelina W. Wray.

"Mother Tucker" is the refined, delicate widow of a country clergyman who lost his life in an act of heroism, and the seven children are of varying ages, but all are busy and cheery.

The Coming of Hester. By Jean K. Baird.

Hester comes as a mysterious waif to the home of a lone woman, still young, but who has settled down into a narrow life, which expands as the child rapidly develops into maturer girlhood.

The Boy with the U. S. Survey. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

The first volume of U. S. Service Series. It describes the thrilling adventures of members of the U. S. Geological Survey.

The Football Boys of Lakeport, or More Goals than One. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The fourth volume of the Lakeport Series. Telling what the jolly and dauntless boys of Lakeport did when the football season came around.

Winning His Shoulder-Straps, or Bob Anderson at Chatham Military School. By Norman Brainerd.

The first volume of Five Chums Series. A story of life at a military school in the northwestern part of the State of New York. The dearest honour to a student is to become an officer, and these coveted honours are secured partly by competitive rank and partly by popular vote.

The Macmillan Company:

The Faery Queen and Her Knights. Stories Retold from Edmund Spenser. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A.

This famous Elizabethan classic retold for children. Illustrated.

The Children's Book of Gardening. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick and Mrs. Paynter.

A book which tells the young reader how to make his garden grow. It is written from the child's point of view and supplies the information a child can understand and use. The illustrations are by Mrs. Cayley-Robinson.

The Water-Babies. A Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby. By Charles Kingsley.

A new and attractive edition for which Mr. Warwick Goble has furnished thirty-two illustrations in colour.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Maggie McLanehan. By Gulielma Zollinger.

A new holiday edition with twelve illustrations by Florence Scovel Shinn.

Sure-Dart. By Frederick H. Costello.

Described as a story of strange hunters and stranger game in the days of monsters.

Ladder of Moonlight. Cotton Myth.

Polar Star. Aurora Borealis.

The Mocking-Bird. Sunrise and Sunset.

By Edith Ogden Harrison.

Biblical stories retold for children. Each book contains two stories.

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Donkey John of the Toy Valley. By Margaret Warner Morley.

A tale of the wooden-toy makers in a famous Austrian valley. The illustrations are reproduced from a collection of these quaintly carved toys.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Barty Crusoe and His Man Saturday. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

A continuation of the story of *The Good Wolf.*

The Seven Ages of Childhood.

With pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith and verses by Carolyn Wells.

The Children's Book. Edited by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Associates: Katharine Newbold Birdsall and Vivian Burnett.

Containing stories, poems, humorous verses and useful bits of information. With many illustrations, some of which are in colour.

L. C. Page and Company:

Seven Christmas Candles. By Frances Margaret Fox.

This new story by the author of *How Christmas Came to the Mulvaneys* tells of the now fortunate Mulvaney children who shared their beautiful Christmas with the alley youngsters.

Sweet Nancy, or More About the Doctor's Little Girl. By Marion Ames Taggart.

Continuing the story of the little maid and her comrade father.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales. By Marion Washburne.

Retold from the poetic version of Tom Hood. Illustrated by Margaret Webb.

The Little Lame Prince and His Travelling Cloak. By Miss Mulock.

A new edition with pictures by Hope Dunlop.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

Billy Whiskers at the Fair. By F. G. Wheeler.

Relating the strange adventures of a goat who visits a fair. Illustrated in colour.

Dicky Delightful in Rainbow Land. By James Ball Naylor.

The experiences of a little boy who goes in search of the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow. Illustrated in colour.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Story of Rustem and Other Persian Hero Tales from Firdusi. By Elizabeth D. Renninger.

The great hero stories of Persia, retold from the Shah Naameh of Firdusi. These stand among the great folk-lore of the world. The book is illustrated in colour by J. L. S. Williams.

A Child's Garden of Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

A new edition with eight full-page drawings in colour and more than fifty others in black and white by Florence Storer.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Rose and the Ring, or the History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. By M. A. Titmarsh (W. M. Thackeray). Illustrated by Gordon Browne.

Described as "A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children." With twelve illustrations in blue and black and many in black and white.

The Circus and All About It. By E. Boyd Smith.

A humorous account of the circus illustrated in colour.

The Complete Mother Goose. Illustrated by Ethel Franklin Betts.

A complete collection of real Mother Goose rhymes, together with many others of later origin.

Billy Possum. By J. Carter Beard. With Twelve Illustrations in Colour and Many in Black and White by Culmer Barnes.

Being a story about an opossum as well as a lesson in natural history.

Blue Goops and Red. By Gelett Burgess.

Arranged with changing colours, showing how blue or bad goops may be converted into red or good goops.

Great Operas Told for Children. Tales from the Great Operas Retold. By John Prendergast.

Mr. Prendergast tells in picture and story form the action of three of the best-known operas, *Faust, Aïda* and *Lohengrin.*

The Helter Skelters. By George Daulton.

The adventures of a group of thoroughly likable children whose imaginations lead them into wonderful fun and occasional mischief.

Dick in the Everglades. By A. W. Dimock.

An exciting tale of the adventures of two boys who take a hunting and exploring trip in the Everglades. Containing thirty-two half-tones from photographs of alligators, tarpon, etc.

Joseph M. Tally. (Providence, R. I.):

The Divine Story. By Rev. Cornelius Joseph Holland, S.T.L.

A story of the life of Christ written specially for young people.

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MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

American Business Law. With Legal Forms. By John J. Sullivan, A.M., LL.B.

The author's purpose in this volume is "to provide a text-book for students taking a course in business law, and to answer such practical legal questions as are likely to perplex the business man." After an introductory chapter on The Law in General, Mr. Sullivan divides his work into the following books: I. "Contracts in General"; II. "Agency, Partnerships and Corporations"; III. "Personal and Real Property"; IV. "Suretyship and Guaranty and Insurance"; V. "The Estates of Decedents."

Elements of Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson, Ph.D.

A discussion of steam railroad, electric railway, and ocean and inland water transportation. With numerous illustrations and maps.

Army Letters from an Officer's Wife. By Frances M. A. Roe.

These letters relate some of the author's experiences during her life with the army in the Far West from 1871 to 1888.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Essays. By Mary Eliza Gully Cole.

Twelve brief essays, among which appear: "The Social Life of the Italian Renaissance"; "Savonarola"; "Shelley"; "An Interpretation of Emerson's *Sphinx*"; "Woman's Work in the Nineteenth Century."

The Century Company:

The Training of Farmers. By L. H. Bailey.

A practical discussion of the rural problem. It points the way to making the farm more attractive to the young man and more profitable to the farmer, to broadening and uplifting the farm home-life, and to building up all-around development.

Dry-Farming: Its Principles and Practice. By William Macdonald.

A study of the theory and practice of agriculture and of the problem of tillage. With illustrations from photographs.

Great Hymns of the Middle Ages. Compiled by Eveline Warner-Brainerd.

A new volume in the Thumb-Nail Series. A collection of the great hymns like "Dies Iræ," "Hora Novissima," "Veni, Creator Spiritus," "Stabat Mater," "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," etc., etc.

Classic Publishing Company:

Classics of the Bar. By Alvin V. Sellers.

Stories of the world's great jury trials and a compilation of forensic masterpieces.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Lead, Kindly Light. Intimations from Cardinal Newman's Hymn by John Sheridan Zelie, D.D.

Eleven short chapters based on the different richly suggestive phrases of Newman's famous hymn. "O'er Moor and Fen" takes up the discipline of dulness and monotony, and "O'er Crag and Torrent" deals with life's passages of turmoil and excitement. "The Distant Scene" treats of anxiety about the future, and "One Step Enough" the restlessness which is never content with a step, but will only be satisfied with a stride. "Amid the Encircling Gloom," "The Garish Day," "Remember Not Past Years" and "Lead, Kindly Light" are other chapters illustrated by events in the life of Newman and his friends.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Girl who Earns Her Own Living. By Anna Steese Richardson.

A practical hand-book for would-be workers, the summing up of numerous articles by the author, and the correspondence with thousands of girls during her associate editorship of the *Woman's Home Companion.*

Duffield and Company:

Pippa Passes. By Robert Browning.

Nature. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

A Christmas Carol in Prose. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By Charles Dickens. Recently added to the Rubric Series.

Practical Recipes. By Mrs. B. B. Cutter.

A collection of recipes never before published and now gathered together by a prominent lady in San Francisco society.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

We have received a letter from Messrs. L. C. Page and Company of Boston on the subject of *Anne of Avonlea* and the lists indicating the sales of books in various cities of the country. We reprint the letter in part.

GENTLEMEN:

At the risk possibly of your considering that the following does not come appropriately

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within the limitations of our own affairs, we take the liberty of writing you with regard to your tables of best sellers, which have been a feature of THE BOOKMAN for so long.

Whether or no all publishers admit openly the value of this guide in determining the popularity of books, we feel sure that practically all do inwardly; at any rate, we do. We also appreciate that it is next to impossible to arrive at a really mathematically accurate rating, although we do appreciate that your system does so as nearly as possible—as a rule, certainly in most cases until recently; but, may we point out to you that since you have been making the subdivision between fiction and juveniles this tends to work an apparent injustice in some instances. For example, our leading publication, from the viewpoint of popularity, and properly one of the "six best sellers," is Montgomery's *Anne of Avonlea*, published on September 1st, of which we have already printed four rather large editions, with a fifth edition now on press, or to all intents and purposes, five editions in two months. *Anne of Avonlea* is not listed in your summary among the "six best sellers," because of this distinction between fiction and juveniles.

As you will see from the enclosed table, worked out from your printed records, *Anne of Avonlea*, classified in your fiction tables, had 83 points, including 2 firsts, as against the sixth of the "six best sellers," *The Calling of Dan Matthews*, which you credited with 98 points, including one first. But *Anne of Avonlea* also received 5 firsts as a juvenile and one second, with a total of 58 additional points, or a grand total of 141 points. Accordingly, under your old system, *Anne of Avonlea* would have been ranked No. 4; but, under your present system, received no rating at all.

Of course, we appreciate that you print the reports as you receive them, and that six of your reports classed *Anne of Avonlea* as a juvenile instead of as fiction. These were, doubtless, reports from the larger department stores, who usually make a custom of selling good fiction, suitable for younger readers, on their so-called juvenile tables; but we are quite certain that each one of these dealers, the department stores or regular booksellers, would, if the point were brought to their attention, class *Anne of Avonlea* as one of the "six best sellers"—fiction, and not only, or even as first choice, as a juvenile.

Now, in the first place, we must say that we consider the point in the above letter to be very well taken. In the second place, we are making the letter an excuse for a few direct words to our correspondents on the subject of the lists. We consider this department of THE BOOKMAN a very important one—important to our readers, to the booksellers throughout the country, to the publishers, and to the magazine. It is our aim to make these lists and the story they tell as accurate, comprehensive, and reliable as possible. To this end we ask of our correspondents a more careful co-operation than they have given us in the past. For a number of years the writer of these lines personally received and edited the lists. During those years he never found one absolutely perfect list—one list that did not call for at least some slight change. This does not imply that positive correction of error was often necessary. Far from it. But there was always the need for some erasure, or for the addition of a word or two to fill out a title properly. This, in itself, is not important, but it is significant. It is more serious when we are confronted with inaccuracies which we must let go uncorrected or else guess at our correspondent's meaning. For example, one list this month informs us that the second book in the city in question is *The Doctor*, by Connor, published by Hodder & Stoughton. Now, there is *The Doctor* published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, and there is *The Foreigner* published by Hodder and Stoughton, represented in this country by Doran. The same list contains *When Wilderness was King*, "by Wheeler," published by "R. & B." Does the person who made out this list mean *When Wilderness was King*, by Parrish, published by McClurg? Cases like these are naturally just a little exasperating. We do not feel that we have the right to question these lists as they come in. We believe implicitly in the good faith of our correspondents. In return we ask of them in the future a greater care and a heartier co-operation. It is well worth while.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Italian Hours. James. (Houghton Mifflin.) $7.50.
2. Autobiography of M. Henry Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

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4. New New York. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Danger Mark. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Half a Chance. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of the Antarctic. Shackleton. (Lippincott.) $10.00.
3. Meaning of Truth. James. (Holt.) $1.25.
4. New New York. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $4.00.

JUVENILES

1. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Jack Hall at Yale. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Redemption of Kenneth Galt. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Selina Lue. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Quest of the Yellow Pearl. McFarland. (Revell.) 50 cents.
2. Dynamic Factors. O'Shea. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Mental Medicine. Huckel. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Master Bob Robin. Stannard. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. As They Were and As They Should Have Been. Morgan. (Stokes.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lantern of Luck. Douglass. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Severed Mantle. Lindsey. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. House on Cherry Street. Barr. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of M. Henry Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
2. Home Letters of Sherman. Howe. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Conquest of the Air. Rotch. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
4. Promise of American Life. Croley. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Animal Stories for Little Children. Holton. (Children's Pub. Co.) 60 cents.
2. Red Book of Heroes. Lang. (Longmans.) $1.50.
3. Boy Pioneers. Beard. (Scribner.) $2.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Stradella. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. Old Boston Days. Crawford. (Little, Brown.) $2.50.
2. Inns and Taverns of Old London. Shelley. (Page.) $3.00.
3. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. The Gateway to the Sahara. Furlong. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy Brown. Rhoades. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Ralph Osborn, Midshipman. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Old Masters. (Dutton.) $8.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys Adrift. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Billy Whisker's Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer & Barse.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

NON-FICTION

1. Cyrus H. McCormick; His Life and Work. Casson. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Spirit of Youth and the City Street. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Autobiography of M. Henry Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chet. Yates. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. Forty Minutes Late. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Sailor Knots. Jacobs. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
5. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Studies in Christianity. Bowne. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Christian Science in Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Commentary on the Bible. Dummelow. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.20.
2. Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

1. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
2. Their Heart's Desire. Perry and Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt) $1.75.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Problem of Human Life. Eucken. (Scribner.) $3.00.
2. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Autobiography of M. Henry Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The White Prophet. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Know Oriental Rugs. Langton. (Appleton.) $2.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

Juveniles

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fiction

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiction

1. My Lady of the South. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Fiction

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Actions and Reactions. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Poetry of Nature. Van Dyke. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. Old School Day Romance. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Kite Book. Kilvert. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Animals in the Ark. Mills. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. Bunnikins-Bunnies in Camp. Davidson. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. The Spell of Italy. Mason. (Page.) $2.50.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.20.
4. Religion and Miracle. Gordon. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Northern Lights. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Their Hearts' Desire. Perry and Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
3. Melba. Murphy. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.75.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Pleasure Trip. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Crimson Sweater. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

1. The Golden Staircase. Chisholm. (Putnam.) $2.50.
2. Peter Pan. (Scribner.) $5.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Open Country. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times. Sale. (Lippincott.) $5.00.
2. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Their Hearts' Desire. Perry and Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
4. Song of the Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Ralph Osborn, Midshipman. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. A Little Girl in Old Pittsburg. Douglas. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. When Wilderness was King. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Severed Mantle. Lindsay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Friendship. Black. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. Prince of Peace. Bryan. (Reilly & Britton.) 25 cents.
4. Self-Control. Jordan. (Revell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Little Men and Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

1. American Girl. Fisher. (Scribner.) $3.50.
2. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Margarita's Soul. Lovell. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Northern Lights. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Gateway to the Sahara. Furlong. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Joan of Arc. Frank. (Lane.) $8.00.
4. Memoirs of Lady Cardigan. (Lane.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Land of Long Ago. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. Nerves and Common Sense. Call. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Inns and Taverns of Old London. Shelley. (Page.) $3.00.
4. Recollections of Grover Cleveland. Parker. (Century Co.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Playmate Polly. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) $1.00.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Susanna and Sue. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Northern Lights. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Pillars of Eden. Mighels. (Fitzgerald.) $1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mrs. Rorer's New Cook Book. Rorer. (Arnold.) $2.00.
2. A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) $1.00.
3. Hunter's Camp Fires. House. (Harper.) $5.00.
4. Blast Furnace. Forsythe. (Williams.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Jack, the Young Explorer. Grinnell. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Winning His Shoulder Straps. Brainerd. (Lothrop.) $1.25.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

1. Their Heart's Desire. Perry and Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. Girls of To-day. Underwood. (Stokes.) $3.00.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Home Letters of General Sherman. Howe. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Ships and Sailors of Old Salem. Paine. (Outing.) $3.50.
4. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. With Pickpole and Peavey. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. The Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Columbia River. Lyman. (Putnam.) $3.50.
2. The Courtin'. Lowell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
4. American Girl. Fisher. (Scribner.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Ward. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

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3. The Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Labrador. Grenfell. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
2. My Day. Pryor. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Recollections. Gladden. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
4. Autobiography of M. Henry Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley. Stanley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
2. George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
4. Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyam. Dulac. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Redney McGaw. McFarlane. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Mother Tucker's Seven. Wray. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. A Wanderer in Paris. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.50.
3. What Is Physical Life? Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Health and Happiness. Fallows. (McClurg.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Suitable Child. Duncan. (Revell.) 60 cents.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Hungry Heart. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Title Market. Post. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Shadow on the Dial. Bierce. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. The City That Is. Steele. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
4. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb. (Dutton.) $2.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. A Certain Rich Man. White. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Chronicles of Oldfields. Allen. (Harriman.) $1.50.
2. Haremilk. Vaka. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
4. Marcus Whitman. Eels. (Harriman.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Arabian Nights. Wiggin and Smith. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The School Four. Dudley. (Lothrop.) $1.25.

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SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Grizzly Bear. Wright. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. How to Be Happy Though Civil. Hardy. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Ballads of a Cheechako. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Chatterbox. (Estes.) $1.50.
2. The Road to Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

1. Their Hearts' Desire. Perry and Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. American Beauties. Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
2. The Goose Girl. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Foreigner. Connor. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The American People. Low. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.25.
2. Some Wonders of Biology. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Double Play. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Pool of Flame. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Those Nerves. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Boys and Girls of '77. Smith. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives 10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	" 8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	" 7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	" 6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	" 5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	" 4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

		POINTS
1.	John Marvel, Assistant. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50	195
2.	Bella Donna. Hichens. (Lippincott.) $1.50	149
3.	Little Sister Snow. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00	133
4.	Truxton King. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	125
5.	The Silver Horde. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50	118
6.	When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	78
	It Never Can Happen Again. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75	78

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO LISTS
Truxton King	6
John Marvel, Assistant	5
Little Sister Snow	5
The Foreigner	5
The Silver Horde	4
When a Man Marries	4
Bella Donna	2
A Certain Rich Man	2
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO LISTS
John Marvel, Assistant	12
Bella Donna	10
Little Sister Snow	8
It Never Can Happen Again	7
Truxton King	5
The Silver Horde	5
Anne of Avonlea	4
A Certain Rich Man	2
When a Man Marries	2
Northern Lights	2
The Foreigner	2
The Lords of High Decision	2
The Pool of Flame	2
Old Rose and Silver	2

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO LISTS
John Marvel, Assistant	7
The Silver Horde	4
Bella Donna	4
Little Sister Snow	4
Open Country	2
Truxton King	2
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
The Music Master	2
The Goose Girl	2

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO LISTS
Little Sister Snow	5
Truxton King	4
Bella Donna	4
The Foreigner	4
It Never Can Happen Again	4
A Certain Rich Man	4
The Silver Horde	3
My Lady of the South	3
When a Man Marries	3
The Calling of Dan Matthews	2
The Land of Long Ago	2
John Marvel, Assistant	2
The Lords of High Decision	2
The Goose Girl	2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
College Years	Double Play	Patty's Pleasure Trip	The Road to Oz
Chatterbox	Dorothy Brown	Ralph Osborn	Airship Boys
The Road to Oz	Betty Wales	Arabian Nights	Anne of Avonlea
Betty Wales	Playmate Polly	Betty Wales	Chet
Anne of Avonlea	Arabian Nights	Double Play	Little Colonel Series

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
George Bernard Shaw	England and the English	Studies in Christianity	George Bernard Shaw
The Columbia River	Italian Hours	Out of Doors in the Holy Land	Why Worry?
Chronicle of Oldfields	Labrador	Manors of Virginia	How to Know Oriental Rugs
The Grizzly Bear	Mrs. Rorer's Cook Book	The Human Way	The Shadow on the Dial
American Beauties	Religion and Medicine	The Blue Bird	A Wanderer in Paris

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